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FAITH CURES FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

STEINWAY

The American MERCURY

January 1931

THE YOUNG DOCTOR IN NEW YORK

BY LEWIS G. ARROWSMITH

I HAVE met and spoken to over a thousand physicians in New York. With about three hundred I am fairly intimate today, meeting them at regular intervals and having friendly conversations. They practise among the lower and middle strata of the city and represent a good cross-section of the peoples who make up its population. About one-third are Jewish, about one-fifth are Italian, and there are smaller percentages of Americans, Irishmen, Germans and Poles, and fractions of Czechs, Spaniards and Syrians. I do not know why I have never made the acquaintance of a Negro doctor; I am not unfriendly to the race. I was in practise myself for a number of years and still do business with the profession. I have been a member of the county and State medical societies and of the American Medical Association. I can claim, therefore, to be fairly well qualified to write about the medical men in New York, and to know what awaits the young physician there.

Except for a negligible percentage, young doctors enter upon practise with a zeal for service and a willingness for sacrifice that cannot be approached by members of any other profession. They are

keenly interested in the scientific aspects of medicine and eager to apply their knowledge for human relief. I believe it speaks well for their characters that it takes at least two years before most of them will take a split fee; a good many, indeed, hold out for as much as ten years, even though they occasionally refer cases to specialists known to pay such fees. When they finally accept them, it is usually not because they sought them, but because such fees were thrust upon them repeatedly until circumstances softened their resistance.

I am not an advocate of fee-splitting, but it is very difficult for a young doctor in New York to survive without resorting to the practise. Consider the heavy cost of his medical training, the enormous amount of free or cheap services that he performs in dispensaries and clinics, and for lodges and medical service organizations, his large office expenses, his automobile, his lodge and club dues, his donations of every kind, and the grafting of his friends and relatives and of spongers in general: it would be almost impossible for him to pay expenses without getting extras occasionally.

The young doctor soon learns that men high in the profession give parts of their fees to general practitioners who send cases to them, and is considered a fool if he refuses to accept them. Some men split openly to everybody, some to a select few, and some in peculiar ways. There is an eye doctor who sends his cases for glasses to a certain optician. He gets no commission, apparently, but every three years he gets a new car of expensive make, and he does not spend a cent for its upkeep; the bills all go to the optician.

Physicians who split fees are not necessarily incompetent or vicious, nor are their fees higher than usual. As a rule, they are younger men, and sometimes their fees may be considerably less than those of the non-fee-splitters. They simply lack the political, social or family influence needed to get good hospital appointments—the *sine qua non* for real success in medicine, in New York as elsewhere.

Few of the well-situated consultants or surgeons now flourishing can say that they have never given nor accepted a split fee. It is often the indifference and downright cruelty of these men which drive the young doctor into the ranks of the fee-splitters. A case once sent to one of them is generally lost forever to the doctor who refers it, and with it, the patient's family and relations. When the consultation or operating fee is high, the family doctor does not get what is due him for a long time, if at all. Very often the surgeon will deliver the patient to one of his young assistants for post-operative dressings instead of sending him back to the family physician, in whose hands he rightfully belongs. If anything goes wrong, the family physician is, however, always blamed.

The American College of Surgeons compels its members to sign a pledge not to split fees; it was organized, indeed,

mainly to end the practise. But splitting occurs nevertheless, though very quietly. The county societies occasionally take cognizance of the fact by having a prominent medical man speak on the matter. The last one I heard was a president of the College of Surgeons who announced that fee-splitting was a disease and that he would take it up as one, giving the etiology (cause), pathology (manner of effect), symptomatology, diagnosis, prognosis (outlook) and treatment. But after that he left the topic, made some humorous remarks, and then told his audience, which consisted of doctors who were perhaps 90% guilty, that they must not be naughty. In many cities the professional boards of censors, egged on by righteous members, sometimes censure a doctor who is too flagrant, but they are usually hesitant about it, for a member of the board may be the giver or taker of rebates to or from the doctor called to account.

II

The process of disillusionment for the young physician commences as soon as he starts in practise. I can drop into the office of any young doctor today, and if I give him a sympathetic lead he will pour out to me, with hurt look and voice, his grievances and the abuses to which he has been subject.

Without business experience or guidance from the older men in practise, the young physician permits his desires and hopes to guide him in the location of his office, and poor judgment is more often shown than good. I opened my office next door to a physician over forty years in practise. He had once been the head of a local medical society and on the fiftieth anniversary of his practise had received a loving cup from the society. The place I had

taken was the only available location in the neighborhood. He bitterly resented my being near his office, complained to other physicians and even bawled out his feelings to me when I bowed to him one day. I had expected to see him and the other physicians in the neighborhood welcome me, and perhaps even visit me, but they did nothing of the kind.

The older doctors are resentful for fear the newcomer will take some of their practise away. An astonishing number of patients, at least in New York, do not know the name or address of their physician. They only know what he looks like, and near what corner he has his office.

Occasionally some of these older men will abuse a young doctor when they follow him on a case, casting reflections on his ability to make a proper diagnosis or prescribe a useful medicine. They will laugh at the medicine, even though they have no idea what is in the bottle, and pour it out before giving their own prescription, which may be the same medicine in a vehicle of different flavor. When they know what has been prescribed, they prescribe the same thing with a different color. Thus, the usual prescription for tonsillitis is Yellow Mixture, so called on account of its appearance. It is a tincture of ferric chloride. On adding one grain of antipyrine to a two-ounce bottle the color becomes bright red, which gives it the appearance of a new medicine with no change of action. I learned of these things from friendly druggists by whom the prescriptions were filled.

One particularly shameful case occurred early in my practise. A young boy had been in an accident and received a gash in his forehead about four inches long, which had exposed the bone beneath. The wound gaped widely. I closed it with six stitches, being careful of my aseptic technique. I

placed sterile gauze over the wound, keeping it there by strips of adhesive tape. I thought I had done a good job and, like any young physician, was proud of it. I told the father to bring the boy back in a week, when I would remove the stitches.

Two days later, I saw the child in the street, and was horrified to see my dressing removed and a strip of plain adhesive over the wound. I walked into the store of the father nearby to speak about it, but before I could open my mouth he sent a stream of curses at me that took my breath away. I was a crippler of innocents, a would-be murderer, a money-crazed doctor who did nothing but harm people. He had had his family doctor call to check up on what I had done, and the doctor had told him that the stitching had been unnecessary, that the child would now get infected, would have a bad scar and be disfigured for life. Even if I was not so dumfounded and hurt that I was speechless, it would have been of no use to try to make him understand that everything he said would happen to the child would be caused by having that strip of adhesive directly over the wound, and that undoubtedly the doctor knew and intended that it should happen.

Of course friendships are made with other doctors; with young doctors like oneself or with older ones who need assistants, but the keen competition for lodges, private patients, dispensary and hospital appointments tends to keep down the beginner's roll of medical friends.

Minor positions in the large New York dispensaries can be obtained fairly readily, but it is difficult to swing a patient from these over to the office. Any doctor caught soliciting would be discharged immediately. The names and addresses of the department heads, however, are on the cards given to patients, so that they get to know

these men and, of course, often visit them. Positions in the local small dispensaries are more difficult to obtain, for they are more desirable. In these one can take the time and effort required to induce a patient to come to one's office for private treatment. This seems to be the chief occupation in a number of such dispensaries. While arguing with a patient and telling him what a great advantage it would be for him to come to one's office or to go for special treatments at rates specially reduced for him, one can hear doctors in the booths at each side doing the same. As the majority of patients who come to dispensaries can really afford to pay for private treatment, a good many cases may be secured in this way by a convincing man.

People are readily influenced by a doctor with a good front. As a matter of fact, a knowledge of medicine is hardly necessary, given a commanding voice and figure. This is not remarkable when we consider that 85% of all sickness is curable without attention and that only a small percentage of the remainder is really benefited by it. The average of cures is bound to be high in any case.

I spent some time in the children's division of a dispensary on the East Side. The number of patients daily was enormous, a line forming outside the door long before it opened. We were so rushed that it was impossible to give anything but snap diagnoses and treatment. I would stand with two other physicians, side by side in a narrow room, our elbows touching, with stethoscopes around our necks and pads and pencils in our hands, our pockets stuffed with tongue depressors. The sick children, guided by or in the arms of older people, would be admitted in three lines, one for each doctor, and after advice was given they would be let

out the side door. Children were brought to us in all stages of disease, sick, moribund and even dead. There were few mornings, indeed, without a dead baby. We would ask a few symptoms, make a cursory examination and prescribe mixtures whose composition we were ignorant of, labelled *Diarrhœa Mixture*, *Cough Mixture No. 1* or *2*, *Fever Mixture*, and so on.

A more pleasant place was connected with a hospital on the West Side. I was in the women's department. There was a large Negro element among the patients. They make good patients generally and are pleasant to treat. Often I would almost be lulled to sleep by a musical-voiced dark woman telling me about her various "mi-i-i-series." They would close their eyes, throw back their heads, and chant all their symptoms, accompanied by a slight swaying.

City-owned hospitals make good hunting grounds for new patients. The attending physicians and surgeons often discharge patients before full cure. In this way, they can induce such patients to permit them to call on them for further treatment. I know of one physician who has built up an extensive practise in this way.

III

Appointments are eagerly sought in all hospitals. It gives prestige and opportunities to reach the position of consultant, and it enables the doctor to take care of his own patients in the hospital, beside having patients from other departments referred to him. In the large hospitals appointments are sometimes impossible unless there is a friendly trustee on the board. Practically all of the young doctors in good positions are friends or relatives of one of the trustees or of some

member of the medical board. When a new trustee is elected there is quaking among the staff. Some lucky young man, it is feared, is going to step over the heads of half a dozen of his elders to a high position. Sometimes really capable men are thus displaced. Of course, some of the new appointees, thus given a good opportunity for development, rise high in proficiency and professional standing.

In many of the medium-sized hospitals positions on the staff are bought. Prices run from about \$3000 for the lowest-grade appointment up to about \$25,000 or more for higher positions. There is, of course, an attempt to get men fit for the positions, and for the higher places men of high standing from other institutions are sometimes selected without a donation. The money is paid into the hospital treasury and the position bought is not guaranteed. Many a young physician who could not produce further contributions when there was a hospital deficit has been dropped from the staff; with some of these, it meant a good deal of hardship to raise the money in the first place, and the humiliation of being dropped is hardly pleasant.

Once a new hospital was being built not far from my office and I made application for a minor position. I had a number of friends on the medical board who told me that my application would be favorably acted on. I was offered the position and asked for \$3000, being told that others had paid as much as \$5000 for like positions. I could not raise the money; in fact, I could not have raised a fraction of it. Later on, the chief of the service for which I had made application, eager to have me as his assistant, offered to get me on the staff for nothing, but under such humiliating and binding restrictions that I had to refuse the offer.

Donations are demanded from the hospital staffs whenever there is a deficit, and inability or unwillingness to pay often means loss of position. Dinners are organized at \$100 a plate at which the attendance of the staff is compulsory, the number of such dinners being dependent upon the size of the deficit.

Doctors are also compelled to support their hospital by sending in pay patients to fill the rooms and beds. If a doctor does not send in his quota he had better look out for his position. In consequence, patients are sometimes sent to hospital unnecessarily and kept there long after they should have been discharged.

What the system may lead to is best illustrated by a recent happening. A medical friend of mine came to my home one morning quite upset. He had a patient in a nearby hospital who needed an immediate operation for an obstruction of the intestines. He was informed that he could not get the use of the operating-room for three hours, as other surgeons had made arrangements for its prior use. He was astonished when he saw that the room was actually unoccupied. He was further astonished, as I was when he told me about it, that none of the three patients who were to be operated on was present, and had not been admitted the previous evening for preparation and observation, which is always done in a well-conducted hospital. He then demanded the use of the operating-room for his patient, but the two surgeons who were to operate on the absent cases refused to yield.

None of the three cases ever showed up. Most likely they had been rushed or bulldozed into consenting to come to the hospital for operations which were not of immediate necessity. On reconsidering the matter they probably concluded that they were too hasty and so did not show up,

but the surgeons were hopefully waiting for them to arrive until the last moment of their reserved time, while the operation on the patient whose life was actually in danger was delayed. This non-appearance of patients for operation, I learned, was a common thing at this institution.

In one of the New York boroughs there is a structure with an interesting history. It is the steel framework of a large seven- or eight-story hospital which was erected about five years ago and then put up for sale. It has not yet been sold. It was built by an organization that conducted a small dispensary from the contributions of the people in the neighborhood. It got some large donations and decided to turn the place into a hospital. Just after the steel framework was erected, a number of local physicians, including myself, received offers of good positions on the staff for minimum donations. When I said I could not pay much the price was scaled down to \$500 and later to \$300, but I got suspicious and did not care to join the enterprise.

Some of my friends accepted, however, one for \$3000. Two days later, it became public that the board of the hospital had received word from the Federation of Charities that it was opposed to the erection of the hospital, for there was one only a few blocks away. The federation announced that it would not support it and would urge others to keep away from the place. What happened to the money that was collected I do not know; no doubt it was all sunk in the abandoned building. My friends who tried to get their contributions back were told that there was no recourse for them, for they had given the money as donations, no reward being implied, at least openly.

A few private hospitals are good, but many of them exist for the main purpose of making illegal and unnecessary opera-

tions easy. Some of them are firetraps and never should have been licensed. The Department of Health is taking measures lately to control these places. There are still quite a number of physicians who have no public hospital connections; they will lose their patients to their more fortunately connected brethren if too many private hospitals are closed or too closely regulated.

Young doctors in New York are subjected to all sorts of peculiar annoyances. I was considerably bothered by friends who wanted me to attend funerals in order to take care of grief-stricken relatives; or go to various kinds of gatherings where my services might be needed. All of this for nothing, of course. They also appeared to be indefatigable in the hunt for deserving patients who needed treatment but had no money to pay for it.

The large amount of free medical service that can be got in the city makes it difficult to collect fees. The doctor does not give anything that can be seen and felt, like canned goods or bricks or anything else substantial. The patients feel that they might have become well anyhow, which is often true. Many people seem to think that any fee should be good enough, no matter how small. In emergencies it is customary to tell the doctor to do what is necessary, regardless of the expense. But when a father wrings his hands after an accident to a child, and tells the doctor that money is no object, it is the same as a peasant making promises of candles to a favorite saint when crossing a shaky bridge. He feels foolish after the emergency is over and is as reluctant to pay the promised fee as the peasant is to light the candles. I learned to beware particularly of people who want the bill deferred until after the patient is cured; it is always too large then.

Very often, in order to convince patients that they are earning their fees, young doctors do things that are unnecessary and sometimes cruel. A person who has a fracture that requires no setting will have to undergo anesthesia or painful manipulations. A good deal of hypodermic and intravenous medication is being performed unnecessarily, for patients will always pay more readily when something spectacular is done. That is why chiropractors and osteopaths can usually extract fees from patients, which would be enormously difficult for a regular practitioner.

IV

Patients may be dead broke as far as the family physician is concerned, but they always seem to have money for operations or consultations. One case that I had is illustrative. One of my lodge members asked me to take care without any fee of the confinement of his sister, who was very poor, and under no circumstances, so he said, could raise my fee, which was then \$15. He would be appreciative and would send me lots of cases. I demurred, but he was persistent and so I yielded.

The case was a normal one. A few days after the child was born I made a call to see how the mother was getting on. I met a consulting physician coming out of the flat. I had never referred any cases to him but I knew him. I asked him about the case, and he said there was nothing wrong. I asked him if he had been paid and he told me he had collected his usual fee of \$50, but as I had not called him, there would be no split. It turned out that the woman had become worried about a minor symptom during the night, and her family, frightened, had raised the money somehow and called the "professor." They were quite angry with me

when I suggested that since they had raised the money for him they might also raise it for me, since my fee was so much smaller. They reminded me pointedly that I had agreed to care for the case for nothing.

I have hardly ever seen a consultant do anything but confirm the family doctor's diagnosis and treatment. A physician who has been studying the case for weeks and perhaps months can usually make as good a diagnosis as the consultant can on the spur of the moment. The consultant knows what the physician who calls him expects, and, desirous of being called on other cases, often acts his part with the interest of his caller in mind.

But sometimes they pull the wool over the doctor's eyes as well as over the patient's. In one case I called a psychiatrist. My diagnosis of dementia præcox was certain, but the family wanted confirmation. He made a rapid diagnosis which substantiated mine. He appeared to lay a good deal of stress on the significance of the direction from which the patient saw angels approaching in her visions. He impressed not only the family, but myself also, with the manner in which he repeatedly referred to this symptom. I puzzled over this a good deal. I could find nothing in his text-book on the matter. It was not until a year later, when I saw him again and asked him about it, that I got light. He said nothing, but just winked at me.

Many family physicians either do what is termed "illegal operations" or know who will do them and hand over a part of the fee. Physicians receive announcement cards from "operative gynecologists" whose practise is limited to that sort of thing. A family physician who refused to help his clientèle in an emergency of this kind would be incommoded in building

up a large practise. Certain private hospitals exist entirely on such operations. When young in practise, I was approached with offers of from fifty cents to \$400 for illegal operations, but refused to have anything to do with them, which may account for the slow progress I made with my family practise.

Aside from the financial side of the matter, few doctors are so hard-hearted to their faithful families as to refuse to help them when an unmarried daughter gets into trouble or a wife becomes pregnant at an undesirable time. The better sort of family physician, of course, does not accommodate strangers in this way. As to birth control devices, the average physician I have spoken to knows as little about them as the average intelligent layman. This topic is not brought up in medical college.

These operations and the filling out of false claims in accidents are a prolific source of blackmail. Patients who beg on their knees and with real tears for illegal operations are often blackmailers who go after the doctor's money when things go well, and after money and revenge if things go wrong, even though the physician has warned them in advance and did not yield without a stiff resistance. One doctor who stretched out a bill on a compensation case was threatened with exposure unless he gave free medical service to the family; he got out of that by writing to the insurance company that he had inadvertently sent a larger bill than he should.

Another was asked for a large "loan" by a patient on whom he had performed an illegal operation a few months previously. The ordinary physician would have granted this "loan," but this physician was rather hard-boiled. He reminded the woman that she had come to him with tears to help her out and said that he had

done enough for her. When she persisted, he threw her down his front stairs. He never heard of her again. I have been a character witness in court a number of times for physicians who were being tried for illegal operations where there had been no deaths; there would have been no charges if the blackmail that was demanded had been paid.

Patients often develop unusual reticences. I have a number of times treated young married women for all sorts of conditions until it became quite apparent that they were pregnant, but were ashamed to confess it. All venereal diseases, of course, are acquired innocently, via the bath towel. When I was new in practise, I made the mistake of bluntly announcing the diagnosis, thereby losing many cases. I really did not have to tell them what the trouble was; they knew it. It is best not to ask too many questions. When a woman comes into the office with blackened eyes, or a broken nose or rib, and gives an explanation that is not plausible, it is better not to inquire persistently and find out that her husband did it in a little family spat, for then the patient may feel uncomfortable and never come back.

A young doctor in New York should learn to skip out when a child of foreign parents dies while he is attending it. I know one physician who was saved from being killed by jumping out of a window while a friendly neighbor held off the parents of the child with a gun. Another was saved by a police officer who was fortunately nearby. One physician was actually killed a few years ago by the father of the dead child. The papers reported the last case fully.

I was called one morning to see a little girl who was having convulsions. I tried everything possible, but was unable to stop them, even after a consultant I had called

had come. As a final resort, I tried chloroform. The child stopped breathing altogether after a few whiffs. It was a hot and sticky day and I had been perspiring freely; my clothes were soaked and it was easier to tear them off than to take them off. It was fifteen minutes after I had applied artificial respiration before the child resumed normal breathing. Then I collapsed and they sent for an ambulance for me. The child did not recover.

After the funeral, the parents came into my office and thanked me for my efforts. I wondered if they would have done so if I had not fainted. A few blocks away, at about the same time, another young doctor had a child die on his hands, undoubtedly in spite of all he could do to save it. As the funeral procession was passing the office, the mother of the dead child stepped out of the carriage, and, crying that the murderer of her child was there, threw a brick through the window.

I got myself in bad with a whole group of families by telling the truth when I did not know I was expected to lie. An old woman had just died as she was about to be taken to a city institution. She had been very ill for a long time and the large family living in very small quarters was upset and made miserable by the invalid's presence. She needed constant attention day and night.

With the ambulance there came as usual a police officer and he began to take down data about the case. In the meantime, the adult members were behaving according to the prescribed manner in cases of this kind. All were wailing. Two were pulling at their hair. One was knocking his head against the wall.

"What name?" asked the policeman.

I gave it.

"What address is this?"

I supplied that information also.

"What was the age?"

"Seventy-eight," I said.

There was a shriek from one of the women. All the mourners ceased their activities. Two of the women bore down on me. In each of my ears one of them whispered: "Sixty-eight, for God's sake! We have an insurance policy on her name."

"I mean sixty-eight," I told the officer. The wailing and the wall hammering resumed.

V

Doctors as a rule have no broad culture. They attend medical lectures, but few of them read books, see plays or hear lectures on general topics with any degree of regularity. I have been at many medical lunches and dinners where, in spite of all my efforts to turn the conversation into general channels, nothing except professional topics was discussed. One says: "I had a case yesterday like this——" and goes on to tell a long tale about a case which I often suspect is entirely imaginary, but shows that the doctor telling the story was exceptionally brilliant in his diagnosis and treatment. Then all the other doctors about the table also have cases to talk about; and this sort of thing goes on interminably until the session is over. All over the gathering, one hears the phrase: "I had a case ——"

A middle-aged physician, the president of a local medical society, knowing that I was a constant reader of books, once asked me to recommend some. I asked him what he had read in the past, in order to judge his taste. After a few moments' hesitation he said that he had read Shakespeare and "Silas Marner." He could not at the moment recall any other.

What does the young doctor do with his spare time? He often has a good deal.

As a rule, he sleeps in the afternoons when he does not have clinics, and plays poker at night. The older ones go to movie shows.

After ten years doctors fall into fairly well defined groups. There is the good-natured, honest, well-liked fellow who has kept to the straight and narrow path; most of his associates have surpassed him in the elegance of their homes, the richness of their cars, and the superiority of their appointments in hospitals. Then there is the jolly, smiling hand-shaker who is always taking patients to consultants, surgeons, laboratories and hospitals, guarding them ever so carefully, and taking a great interest in them, charging them little or nothing. He seems to be well off at that, but who would suspect him of doing anything so dishonorable as taking split fees? There is the lodge doctor and the ten-cent doctor soured on humanity altogether. There is the doctor who takes a middle course, straying from the path occasionally.

Finally, there is the very small percentage, small as the number of successful authors or actors, who by some lucky

chance, marriage or influence, or maybe by sheer genius, have been elevated to positions where a strictly ethical atmosphere can be readily maintained. Becky Sharp said that she could be quite moral on \$25,000 a year.

Now and then one hears the inquiry as to what has become of the old, kindly, upright family physician, who was the standby in all sickness and sorrow. Probably he has gone the way of the old-fashioned family. There exists very little demand for such a physician in New York. Families move about too much. The specialist obsession by the laity has encouraged the appearance of a horde of specialists who by their greed, incompetence, and eagerness to do unnecessary manipulations or operations have brought ill-repute on the practise of medicine.

I believe that private practise among the lower and middle classes is doomed. Board of Health stations, pay clinics, and agencies fostered by the life insurance companies and by health organizations financed in great part by the insurance companies are gravely damaging the profession.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Vermont, on April 23 (Shakespeare's birthday), 1813, and died at Chicago in June of 1861. Into these forty-eight years he compressed greater and more important activity than any American statesman since the days of the Revolution.

He was well blooded and descended. His father was a successful physician, whose mother, born of the Arnold family, was sprung from that Governor Arnold who was identified with Roger Williams in the founding of Rhode Island. But in Douglas, the statesman, there was no drop of dissenting or doctrinaire blood. He was all clear vision, forthrightness, of immense practical sense, upright, courageous to the last degree, truthful, and filled with contempt for the reformer, the pharisee and the moralistic impostor. But he was like an animal born into an environment which is hostile to its existence. Despite his great successes, his preëminent fame, he was gradually carried into the stormy waters which began to flow about the United States in the second decade of the Nineteenth Century, when, Jefferson having put down Federalism, a barrel was thrown to the whale by the revivalistic cry of Negro emancipation. These waters, beaten into fury by the capitalism of the time, and later, were too much for Douglas' great strength. He battled with them manfully and with success for a time. Then they overwhelmed his career and cut short his life.

The weird dreams, the loose metaphysics, the radicalism which made such a variety of religious faith from 1820 to 1860 were no part of Douglas' ontogeny. He knew about them to despise them; he breathed them in but they entered to no extent into his composition. These things might be fruitful in suggestion to Emerson, and form the substance of Whitman's chants. They went over the head of Douglas. And thus it came to pass that he has been written down as lacking in spirituality, when in fact he was a statesman of Nietzschean quality, who subordinated the current morality to practical, hard programmes. But all the while he was immensely devoted to America in efforts to make it great and enlightened. He became the leader of the New America of his time. But it was a New America that was captured by Anglophiles of the type of Hay, Roosevelt, Lodge and the like. Imperialism snuffed out the Douglas idea.

Douglas was a little man. As a boy he was delicate, with a very large head. He was precocious and quick-witted, with a vast memory. In maturity he became stout and rugged, and his great swelling voice seemed to be too powerful to come from so small a body. Men are still living who heard him roll out his great periods in defense of popular sovereignty from the stumps of Illinois, where, because of his small stature and his intrepid forensic courage, he was known as the Little Giant.

When Douglas was three months old his father, Dr. Douglas, died suddenly, leaving Sarah Fisk Douglas, the widow, to make her way the best she could. Accordingly, she went to live with a bachelor brother on a farm near Brandon. And there Douglas, until he was fifteen, lived the life of a farmer boy of the time. He had been led to believe that this uncle would educate him, but the bachelor married, and an heir was born to him, and thus Douglas suffered his first bitter disappointment. But he met it manfully. He now trudged off to Middlebury, Vt., where he learned the cabinet-making trade. He worked there two years, and left off only because he was not strong enough to pursue it. When he became famous and powerful he was not wont to mention his life as a farm boy, or as a cabinet maker. In the days when aspirants for office tricked the imaginations of the populaces by referring to the hardships of their youth, Douglas scorned this device. Once in the debates with Lincoln he referred to the fact that while Lincoln was making rails in Sangamon county, Illinois, he was making cabinets in Morgan county. But he never ran for the Senate as the cabinet-maker candidate. When he ran for President he presented his principles and his achievements as a Senator as recommendations for votes.

Having earned enough money now for a term of schooling, he attended the academy at Brandon for a year. Then his mother married again; and Douglas went with her to her new home—near Canandaigua, N. Y. He was now fifteen. He entered the academy at Canandaigua, where he pursued legal and classical studies. His gifts and his amiable disposition made him a great favorite with his fellow students. Already he showed a lively interest in politics, and became a leader of the

student bodies. It was now 1828. The immortal amœba known as Hamiltonism, though cut into a thousand pieces by Jefferson, had grown together as the National Republican party, led by John Quincy Adams, who strove to affix false characters upon the personality and the career of Jackson. Douglas at Canandaigua resented this with fervor; and in the debating clubs he showed up the political heredity of Adams. Later, when the National Republicans changed their name to the Whigs, claiming that they were bent upon resisting the Tory despotism of Jackson, Douglas was in full-fledged power to expose the dishonesty of that spurious pretense.

During his four years at Canandaigua he was in frequent debates on political subjects. The readiness of his speech, his gift for words, his quick retorts and his great memory for historical and political information made him marked. From the first he allied himself with the Jeffersonian faith of little government and much liberty, State sovereignty and strict construction of the Constitution. His mind had one birth; but it was a rich one, and carried in itself the possibilities of great development. He lived to see the capitalism of railroads arise; and he had more to do with railroad building as Senator than any other statesman. But in dealing with these new phases of the American unfolding he was a Jeffersonian, and he remained such to the end of his life.

In June, 1833, he left New York for Illinois. He often confessed to the mental liberalization which the prairies brought to his mind. In Vermont his vision was hemmed in by hills and mountains. In Illinois he could use his far-sightedness to the full. And his was a far-sighted mind. On the way west he became gravely ill at Cleveland, and almost died. But, recover-

ing, he went on, reaching Jacksonville, Ill., in November of 1833, with thirty-seven cents in his pocket. There was no work for him in Jacksonville; so he walked sixteen miles to Winchester, where he tried to get a school to teach. He failed. But on the second morning of his stay he got employment as the clerk of an auction, where for three days' work he earned six dollars. What was better, he won the admiration of the people with his comments on politics. It was a Jackson neighborhood. The people became interested in his behalf. They got a school for him to teach, consisting of forty pupils, and thus he was launched. A lawyer lent him law books, and he studied for nearly a year while teaching school. The next year, before he was twenty-one, he was licensed to practice law. He then went to Jacksonville and opened a law office.

II

Chicago, at this time, had been incorporated as a town less than a year. It was filling up with New Englanders, with National Republicans and Whigs, with real estate crooks, and with moral impostors. In twenty years the Germans were to come there; and also to points along the Mississippi river, and into Northern Illinois. But for long the State was to be Democratic. Great floods of Irish came to build the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Two-thirds of the people of the State, measuring from the north southward, were of the old stocks of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. These were to be Douglas' friends always, saving that Abraham Lincoln from Kentucky, who deserted his father's Jacksonian adherence for a devotion to the Whig Henry Clay, was never to be Douglas' friend; indeed, was to be his enemy from 1837 onward.

But in Jacksonville Douglas was among his own kind of people. This was largely true, too, when he was in Springfield. After he went to Chicago his unfailing good manners, his integrity of mind, his great ability made and kept him friends. But here and there in Illinois, in the making of another age, in the breaking up of old alliances, he encountered enemies and obstacles at last. There was Trumbull, the Connecticut Democrat, who turned against him; and John M. Palmer, another Democrat who left him for Lincoln, as later he left Bryan for the gold democracy. It is not difficult, in reading history, to see how the renegade emerges, and how he is always of the same spirit. One can almost spot him by the look out of his eyes. What passes for independence of spirit turns out to be a manifestation of envy, or mere sulkiness and stubbornness of disposition.

At Jacksonville it was soon known that Douglas knew the history of his country. His oratorical ability was early recognized from his emphatic defeat of a local leader of maturity and experience in a debate. In no time he was the leader of the Jackson democracy of Jacksonville and its county and neighborhood. Within a year of his coming he was made public prosecutor of the first judicial circuit. He served in this office for two years, with great success and credit. In 1836 he was nominated for the Legislature, and elected. He took his seat as the youngest member of that body in December, 1836.

As a legislator he showed great judgment. He was against all public improvements, internal improvements as they were called, that the State could not pay for. He was against the United States Bank and for the sub-treasury. He was against the tariff. He advocated a railroad for the entire length of Illinois, north to south. He abolished divorce by the Legislature,

and substituted for it divorce by the courts. He brought about the convention system in Illinois for the nomination of candidates for office. He was one of the most influential men in the removal of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield, which was brought about by great corruption and log rolling, all of which he opposed. Meanwhile, President Van Buren made him register of the land office at Springfield, and he began to be prosperous. In 1838, at twenty-five, he was nominated for Congress in the Springfield district, which had been running a Whig majority of about 3,000 votes. More than 36,000 votes were cast at the election. Douglas was counted out by a majority of five. He declared that he had been defrauded of the election, but after consideration he abided by the count.

When he was twenty-eight he was appointed secretary of state for Illinois. This office he held but a month when he was appointed to one of the justiceships of the Supreme Court of Illinois—at twenty-eight. Illinois was a provincial State at the time, but no less it was rich in able middle-weights, who gasped and writhed with envy to see this Vermonter, whom they expected to assume Eastern airs among them, go about with such democratic amiability, and take all the plums away from them. Among these was Lincoln, whose melancholy, so much in evidence in bronze, was due as much to political disappointment as to viscera collapsed from sedentary life. In December of 1842, when Douglas was under the constitutional age to serve as Senator, he received fifty-one votes in the Legislature for that office, when the successful candidate received fifty-six votes. The next year, he was elected to Congress. There he met the object of his boyish dislike, the venerable John Quincy Adams, who took pains to record in his diary

many bitter comments on Douglas and his activities.

Douglas was reelected to Congress. In his second term he was made chairman of the House Committee on Territories, and became the builder of the West. He distrusted and disliked England, true to the Jeffersonian faith and its insight. At the time we were in controversy with England about Oregon. Douglas tried to have the whole Louisiana Territory north and west of Missouri made into an organic entity under the Constitution. In this he failed. He was against internal improvements save as they related to definite Federal purposes under the Constitution. He was a railroad builder; but his plan was to give land to the States, not to the railroads. Let the States then make their own terms with the railroads for their building.

When Lincoln became President the public land was given outright to the railroads, millions of acres of it; and what was not given to them they stole in equal proportions. In 1843 Douglas tried to organize the Great Western Railway Company, by granting lands to the State of Illinois. In 1851 this came to pass, when he was in the Senate. The railroad promoters then tried to circumvent his policy and plan. They got the Legislature of Illinois to deed the lands granted the State to the railroad. But Douglas trumped their trick. He compelled the promoters to deed the lands back to the State. It was done and the Illinois Central was built.

While Douglas was in the House the Oregon question was making trouble. He declared in a speech that he would take Oregon by force, if necessary, and that he would blot out "the lines on the map which now mark our territorial boundaries on this continent, and make the area as broad as the continent itself." He proposed a joint resolution in 1845 for the

annexation of Texas, claiming that Texas became the property of the United States by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, and that the retrocession of Texas to Spain in 1819 was void.

In 1846, when Douglas was thirty-three years of age, he was elected by the Illinois Legislature United States Senator for the six years beginning March 4, 1847. At about this time he was married to Martha Martin, the daughter of a wealthy planter of North Carolina. He was now making money in land speculation in Chicago. Amid so many diverse activities he seemed to have time for everything that entered his active mind. He gave freely out of his wealth to charity; he was hospitable. He was interested in education, and he gave land to found a university in Chicago. It was called the Chicago University. The cornerstone of its main building was laid in 1856, and after many years it became the present University of Chicago.

III

The day that Douglas took his seat as a Senator he was appointed chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories. So that what he had done for the West and for the new Commonwealths in the House, he now carried forward in the Senate. He framed or reported all the bills by which Utah, New Mexico, Washington, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon and Minnesota became Territories; and those by which Texas, Iowa, Florida, California, Wisconsin, Oregon and Minnesota became States. The Constitution merely reads that new States may be admitted into the Union, and that the general government shall guarantee to each a republican form of government. Hence Douglas would not have cared, legally speaking, whether Utah came into the Union with polygamy

or not; just as he said to audiences all over Illinois that he did not care whether Kansas voted slavery up or down when she knocked for admission. But it is clear that this sort of unmoral indifference, this kind of political libertarianism laid him open to violent and successful attack from the lofty-minded Sumners, and from the temperance and religious fanatics like Ichabod Coddington, who organized the Republican party in Illinois in 1854.

Douglas saw in all attempts to regulate Territories and States in their domestic institutions, in their police powers, that tyranny which John Stuart Mill pointed out in his "Essay on Liberty". Writing of the Mormons Mill said:

When they have left the country to which their doctrines were unacceptable, and established themselves in a remote corner of the earth, which they have been the first to render habitable to human beings, it is difficult to see on what principles but those of tyranny they can be prevented from living there under what laws they please, provided they commit no aggression on other nations, and allow perfect freedom of departure to those who are dissatisfied with their ways.

At this point we are able to see that Douglas was the greatest advocate of liberty of his time, in American politics, and how there has been no American statesman since his day worthy to be classed with him. In those years from 1851 to 1861 he stood as a redoubtable tower of strength in the protection of liberty and common sense for all the States and all the people, around whom all the forces of slave-morality, and Zionism, and moral charlatanism swarmed and hooted, while they cast stones and firebrands. He was like Dithyrambus who fought at the pass of Thermopylæ, the Persians being the intermeddlers, the temperance fanatics, the agitators for this or the other interference

in business not their own. For the great principle of local self-government he fought and worsted mobs. In the Senate he cowed and put down Golden Rule Chase and Higher Law Seward, and the precious snob and corruptionist Sumner.

He never tried with any audience to win favor by using the Bible. He never spoke of God save as Nature, and as law. When Lincoln in the debates brought out his doctrine of a "house divided against itself" Douglas did not retort with something from the Bible, as he might have done. Instead, he proved that Lincoln's mind was divided against itself, and that Lincoln's argument for Negro equality in one breath, and his argument for white supremacy in the next were irreconcilable arguments and positions, and that Lincoln's mind could not stand upon them. Douglas in the debates showed that there was no difference between reducing all the States and Territories to one level on the subject of the Negro, whether by that reduction he was kept a slave or made a free man, and the making of the whole land subject to the prohibition of drink by Congressional action. To make Nebraska free or slave by Congressional fiat was the same thing as to make Iowa without drink because Maine was, and by the like fiat.

He pointed out that that would be despotism. He proved that the two things were exactly alike, and by doing so showed his far-sightedness as well as his fundamental philosophy. If Congress could refuse admission to Kansas because she had adopted a slave constitution, it could keep out Utah because of polygamy, and it could keep out Arizona because it stood for the recall of judges, as Taft actually did do. A principle once violated leads to any absurdity. But what about the morality of slavery and drink?

Douglas maintained that morals were for individuals to decide for themselves. He held that there is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence. He insisted upon people minding their own business. In this advocacy he incurred the Christian forces of the time, which were interested in saving souls, in making everyone act in every way exactly as they ought, exactly as they ought being first determined by the Christian community. Douglas knew that uniformity among the States was death to initiative and progress, that when people stop growing then they cease to be individual.

Lincoln did not value these truths or understand them. As a Whig, as an offshoot of Federalism, Centralism, he believed in making all the States free; and he said that they would become all free or all slave, in extricating themselves from the contradiction of being part slave and part free. There was no chance in the world of their becoming all slave; there was a chance of their becoming all free by natural and peaceful processes; just as Virginia was on the road to emancipation when Garrison began to assail the South, and turned Virginia in self-defense to postpone emancipation. It was because of the fact that America fell into the control of agitators and moralists, as well as hungry office-seekers, and those who wanted to centralize the government for plunder and power, that the war came on in 1861.

In the perspective of time Douglas appears as the one conspicuous man in America who had any sense as the mists of sectionalism began to deepen into the clouds of war. A country never needed strong men with thinking minds to a greater degree than America needed them in 1861, and in the years just before. America needed them in vain. They were

not in America to be had. If Douglas had had the support of Jefferson Davis the country would have been saved the war. At the time nearly everyone was insane, both North and South. Certainly in the North every politician was insane but Douglas. As to the South, the insanity there can be manifested by considering the rift between Davis and Douglas.

Douglas from 1850 had stood upon the principle of territorial control of slavery; and upon that principle he had reported and brought to passage the Kansas-Nebraska legislation of 1854. But in 1857 the Supreme Court held that an owner could take his slaves into a Territory, and that they were not emancipated, even though that Territory were free in virtue of a Federal law itself, not to say a territorial law. Davis then took the ground that the Constitution carried slavery into a Territory against the will of the inhabitants thereof. Douglas would not take that ground. He subscribed to the philosophy that the Supreme Court had laid down: that an owner could take his slaves into a Territory; but whether he could keep them there in slavery, Douglas argued, depended upon police regulations of the Territory.

The insanity of the Southern leaders can be better appreciated when it is considered that all this dialectic was with respect to Kansas and Nebraska, where slavery would never have gone, and would never have lived, if it had gone. The climate and the agricultural needs were both against slavery—Nature's God. This was the fight then. And because Douglas would not accede to the Davis doctrine, purely abstract in the situation, Davis drew away, and carried with him the South. That elected Lincoln. Except for this puerile defection Douglas would have beaten Lincoln by nearly 1,000,000 votes.

IV

What led up to this crisis of interpretation respecting Territories must be briefly summarized in order to understand Douglas' career. First, there was the Old Northwest, out of which the States of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin were carved. This belonged to Virginia. While the United States were operating under the Articles of Confederation Virginia ceded this Territory to the United States. But a condition of the cession, the deed, was that slavery should not exist in the Territory. The cession was accepted on that condition. No Congress of the Articles, no Congress of the Constitution abolished slavery there. It was all a matter of compact, of treaty so to speak, of which Virginia was the author. Thus that clause in the Constitution which gave Congress the power to "make needful rules and regulations" with respect to the Territory and other property of the United States was not meant to enable Congress to abolish slavery where it was forbidden to come by the terms of a cession, but to enable Congress to make rules and regulations for the sale of the lands of the Territory to settlers.

Yet no less Webster, in 1850, argued not only that the clause in question gave Congress imperial power over its Territories, not only the Old Northwest, but also the Louisiana and Mexican Territories; but also that Congress under the Constitution had exercised that power over the Old Northwest. Congress never exercised imperial power over the Old Northwest. It treated the land with strict regard to the terms of the Virginia cession. And thus Webster was logically in error; he was historically at fault.

Then, in 1860, Lincoln took Webster's speech of 1860 and paralleled its historical

points and its legal argumentations in his Cooper Institute speech, which dealt with Kansas and Nebraska, Territories carved out of the Louisiana Purchase. In other words, Congress had all power over Kansas and Nebraska, because it had had all power over the Old Northwest; and besides all this, the power had been exercised by the Fathers, who had thus bequeathed a sacred precedent. Lincoln, too, was wrong, as Webster was. And it may be mentioned in passing that Lincoln utterly ignored the settled, fundamental, and plainly written rule that the Constitution is a grant of power to Congress, which gives Congress no power not written. Lincoln's thesis for the Cooper Institute speech was that nothing in the Constitution forbade the Federal government from prohibiting slavery in the Territories. His whole speech rested upon that obvious sophism.

In 1820 came the Missouri Compromise, so called. Missouri was carved out of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, which was sixteen years after the acquisition of the Old Northwest, and as many after the adoption of the Constitution. The Missouri Compromise divided the Louisiana Purchase by a line drawn west from the Mississippi river at latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, north of which slavery was forbidden; south of which it was permitted. In point of fact, Missouri was not admitted to the Union under that compromise. The North, having forced the South to accede to the drawing of the sectional line, fought the admission of Missouri to wring other concessions. But that need not concern us here. Kansas and Nebraska lay north of $36^{\circ} 30'$; so when Douglas came to organize them into Territories the fraudulently imposed compromise rose up to perplex him.

As a result of the war with Mexico the

United States had acquired Utah, New Mexico and California, as the whole West was called, excluding the Louisiana Purchase. In 1850 Webster and Clay were in the Senate, and Douglas was there, too, not less influential or able or active than they in the settlement of the questions respecting new Territories to be carved from the Mexican grants. Now, the Mexican grants and the Louisiana Purchase overlapped at different places; so that when Webster and Clay and Douglas put together the bill for the organization of New Mexico and Utah, by which slavery was neither legislated into those Territories nor forbidden in them, a repeal by implication of the Missouri Compromise resulted. Utah was wholly north of $36^{\circ} 30'$. True, Utah was far west of the western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase; but essentially that made no difference. There were portions of Colorado and Kansas where the Compromise of 1850 and the Missouri Compromise positively conflicted, so that the strict legal rule of repeal took hold.

With the laws so made and abided in by everyone—by Whigs and Democrats alike, by the platforms of both parties in 1852, confirming and praising the work of Webster and Clay and Douglas with respect to Utah and New Mexico and California—with all this as background, Douglas took hold of the task of organizing Nebraska and Kansas. This was in 1854, three years before the Dred Scott decision, which invalidated the Missouri Compromise by announcing the doctrine that the Constitution recognized slavery, that the Constitution was over every foot of American soil, and that slavery went into every Territory under the protection and by force of the Constitution.

In 1852 Lincoln was campaigning in the Springfield district for the Whig nominee

for President. He was lauding the Compromise of 1850, and Clay who was one of its authors. In a few years he traduced Douglas in the most villainous manner for bringing about a repeal of the Missouri Compromise by his Kansas-Nebraska bill; when in point of fact the Missouri Compromise had been repealed by the Compromise of 1850, by Webster and Clay, Lincoln's idols. If ever a man was lied off the scene of life, it was Douglas. In speeches before the debates with Douglas, and in those debates, Lincoln, with expressions of great moral fervor, denounced Douglas for repealing the Missouri Compromise when framing the Kansas-Nebraska bill. All over America was blown the lie that Douglas had so dealt with Kansas-Nebraska in obedience to the Southern slavocracy, and to advance his chances for the Presidency. Beveridge in his biography of Lincoln, proved that this was untrue, that it was a gross libel. Historians and research workers have brought to light indisputable facts to prove that Douglas, in all this Kansas-Nebraska matter, was acting true to an old form; that he was concerned primarily and chiefly with a transcontinental railroad.

One could not be built through territory unorganized and unpoliced. There was rivalry between the North and the South as to which section should get the eastern terminus of such a railroad. Memphis wanted it to connect with Charleston on the coast. New Orleans wanted it. Chicago wanted it. Douglas was a Chicago man, and devoted to that city. He had to make concessions to get the railroad for the North. He first framed the Kansas-Nebraska bill to read that those Territories should do as they pleased on the matter of slavery; and that they could come into the Union with or without slavery, as their people should decide. That

was the doctrine of Webster and Clay with reference to Utah and New Mexico. Then Senator Dixon of Kentucky, as the price of his friendship to the bill, wanted it to contain express words to the effect that the Compromise of 1850 had repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Douglas had first drawn the bill to read that the Missouri Compromise, being inconsistent with the "principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, . . . as recognized by the legislation of 1850, . . . is hereby declared inoperative and void." To please Senator Dixon, Douglas struck out the word "inoperative", and inserted the words, "inconsistent with," and "null and void." Is there any real difference between these phrasings? There is none.

What States voted in the Senate for this Kansas-Nebraska bill? Two-thirds voted for it. They were New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Alabama, Louisiana and California. In the House the bill carried by a vote of 113 yeas to 100 nays.

V

The Senators who had to swallow defeat were Sumner of Massachusetts, Chase of Ohio, and Seward of New York. The States in the Senate which had voted for the Compromise of 1850 were twenty, and those which had voted against it six, with two divided, and two not voting. Seward was in the Senate in 1850, but he voted neither one way nor the other, though it would have been convenient for him to have taken a stand. He dodged. And now these men of great moral principle, who had been on every side of every question

like Dryden's Zimri; who had been anti-Masonics, Knownothings, Freesoilers, and Whigs, and what not; and who all their lives had preached the moralities, but had flitted this way and that in the pursuit of money and reputation—these men plotted to destroy the faithless and satanic Douglas, for the unchristian and iniquitous Kansas-Nebraska bill!

Douglas, ever since the deaths of Webster and Clay in 1852 and of Calhoun in 1850, had been the master mind of the Senate, as well as the undisputed leader of the Democratic party. As chairman of the Committee on Territories he had had charge of the most important legislation of the time. He had out-argued Seward and Chase and Sumner, and routed them over and over again, until they were wary of engaging in debate with him. He knew more than they did. He was readier with his knowledge. His mind worked with finer accuracy; and as he was of clearer integrity than they were, he drove his thought through their obscurantism with fatal effect.

His mind was realistic and honest. He was not trying to apply Hebraic Puritanism out of the Bible to questions of legislation. He boldly proclaimed everywhere that morals belonged to the individual life, and laws to the sphere of the state. Yet now there was a chance to confuse the two spheres of morals and the state, to make them one under God's dispensation! Though compelled to bend to Douglas' supremacy in the Senate, Sumner and Chase saw that there was a body before which they could worst Douglas. That body was the mob. How then could the mob be set after Douglas?

On January 24, 1854, Douglas moved in the Senate that the Kansas-Nebraska bill be taken up. Chase and Sumner requested delay in order to give them time to ex-

amine the bill. They were lying. On January 19th they had issued their "Appeal of the Independent Democrats in Congress to the People of the United States," based upon an examination of the bill; and by the time it came on for consideration the Appeal had been printed in the Abolition organ, the *National Era*, in the New York *Times*, and the New York *Tribune*. The mob had been aroused. But not by independent Democrats. Neither Chase nor Sumner was an independent Democrat. The four members of the House who signed the Appeal were all Abolitionists, one of them being Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, one of the violent fanatics of the time. Naturally, as the Appeal originated in false pretense, so was it chock full of mendacity and pious malice. It charged that the Kansas-Nebraska bill was the result of a plot on the part of the slavocracy, a falsity that Lincoln afterward circulated all over Illinois in his campaign to destroy Douglas. It misstated the history of the Old Northwest, of the Missouri Compromise, and that of 1850. Finally it said: "We implore Christians and Christian ministers to interpose. Their divine religion requires them to behold in every man a brother, and to labor for the advancement of the human race." This "enormous crime" must be put down!

And so it was that the Holy Bible was set after the unprincipled Douglas by Golden Rule Chase and by Higher Law Seward. So it was that Lincoln concocted the "house divided against itself" speech. When Douglas answered him, Lincoln slyly retorted that Douglas' quarrel was with the Saviour, not with himself, Lincoln. Although, when the bill came up in the Senate Douglas poured his invective and his analysis over the cowering heads of Sumner and Seward and Chase, and carried the day, yet the mob had been

evoked from the purlieus of America. Douglas was hanged in effigy all the way from New York to Chicago. He was denounced as Benedict Arnold Douglas; and in Chicago, where he tried to tell an audience what the bill was, what had brought it about, and what it meant and did not mean, he was hooted down by the Bible fanatics, and by political charlatans, by the ignorant and the violent.

In 1858 Douglas came up for reelection to the Senate, and Lincoln was his opponent. The famous debates ensued during the Summer of 1858. Lincoln reiterated the mendacities of the Appeal; he used the Bible to the full. He assumed high moral ground, and with venomous satire he pointed to Douglas as a sort of spoiled darling of the slavocracy, whose evil life of unprincipled expediency had won him fame and riches. While he, humble Abraham Lincoln, had remained poor and lowly in the paths of the good and the honorable life! He charged Douglas with being in a conspiracy to bring about the Dred Scott decision of 1857; when Douglas would have been a fool to have done such a thing, with the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854 on his hands.

Douglas showed that the Dred Scott decision was a moot case concocted by Abolitionists; that Dred Scott's owners were a Mrs. Chaffee, and her husband, an Abolitionist member of Congress from Massachusetts; that the lawyers on both sides were Abolitionists. In the face of all this Lincoln persisted to the last debate in charging Douglas with conspiracy to get the Supreme Court to decide the Dred Scott case for the slavocracy. Obstinacy in repeating this false charge did not win the point for Lincoln. It only threw upon Douglas the extra labor of recapitulating the facts whenever Lincoln made the charge.

A similar task rested upon Douglas with reference to the Missouri Compromise and the Compromise of 1850, which Lincoln garbled, and which Douglas had to ungarble. All that Lincoln said in these debates was favorable to an undoing of all these compromises, though in 1852 he had committed himself with enthusiasm to the Compromise of 1850. Was it better to repeal the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and enact a law that slavery could not go into those Territories? Or was it better to let Kansas and Nebraska settle slavery for themselves, considering that according to the high authority of Webster, and the higher authority of physical facts, slavery would never find a hospitable ground in those Territories, even under the rule of non-intervention by Congress? Was it better to unchain the Bible and the mob until there was war which cost the country 700,000 lives, and at the least in principal and interest \$22,000,000,000; or was it better to let the gradual processes of time end the slavery matter, under the presidency of a rationalist like Douglas, and under Presidents with similar reactions to the question? All the histories, school and others, have been written in favor of war and the Lincoln philosophy. But that does not settle the matter, because the indubitable facts remain for human reason and intelligence to exercise themselves upon.

At Alton on October 15, 1858, Douglas in the last debate with Lincoln fervently appealed to the best judgment of America to enforce the policy that would keep every State in attention to its own business, without intermeddling with the business of the other States, on the slavery question, and prophetically on the liquor question too. "Why can we not thus have peace?" he asked. "Why should we thus allow a sectional party to agitate this country, to array the North against the South,

and convert us into enemies instead of friends, merely that a few ambitious men may ride into power on a sectional hobby?" In truth a sectional party had now for four years been rending the country. The Republican party was organized within a few months after Chase and Sumner issued the Appeal.

VI

When the War broke over the land Douglas went to Illinois in order to hold that State in line for the Union. His speeches at Chicago and at Springfield have been described by those who heard them as the most moving and powerful of his whole life. He was not thinking, probably, that he would soon be dead, and that worldly prudence need not be consulted. If he did have regard to his future career, then he reflected that in 1864 he would be striving for reelection to the Senate; or that he might be running for President again; and in that case how should he come before the people? As a man who was favorable to Secession, or as one who stood for the Union? Therefore, was his stand for the Union dictated by other than considerations of expediency?

His numerous detractors said that he was only trying to hold on to his career by pretending to stand for the Union in June of 1861, when in his heart he was really for Secession. Like men before him and since, his character had been so calumniated that every thing he did was, in these days of his decline, suspected. Yet one fact stands out. In the Fall of 1860 he answered a heckler in Virginia by saying that he was against disunion, and that the election of a Republican President would not justify Secession. Virginia in the election gave him but 16,290 votes, while the combined vote of Breckenridge and Bell was

149,004. Despite this great evidence of his courage and his good faith, his old enemies, Sumner in chief, spoke of his services in the Senate in February of 1861, and in Illinois in June, with skeptical contempt. He should be watched; for he was still the sagacious casuist in his familiar rôle of satanic duplicity!

In that month of February, 1861, when the Southern States had a *de facto* and a *de jure* government, the question was what was to be done about it? Some of the questions were not new. In 1832 Jackson thought of blockading the port of Charleston to put down Nullification. Webster showed that this could not be done, except by pure usurpation on Jackson's part. In 1832 there were Federal marshals and judges in South Carolina to whose assistance the military might by some legal theory have been sent. In 1861 there were no Federal officers in the South to act and to be assisted by Federal power.

Douglas pointed all this out in a speech in the Senate of great eloquence. He followed Webster in proving that Lincoln could no more blockade the Southern ports than Jackson could have done it—not without usurpation. Douglas still, as always, was for the law, for the Constitution. Before him sat those who were for neither: Golden Rule Chase, and Higher Law Seward, and the Anglophile Sumner, all with cool arrogance and supercilious contempt written on their faces. Sumner in his habitual spats, clothed in New England self-sufficiency, eyed Douglas with a patronizing smile.

None of these gentry need trouble themselves now to answer him. He was down; and the Appeal had destroyed him and his party. The tariff was soon to take the government, which for so long the Democrats had fought. The national bank was soon to be resurrected by the grace of

Golden Rule Chase. In the far distance were Prohibition, bureaucracy, the trusts, imperialism, and the loftiness of a Christian Republic free of slavery, polygamy and drink!

History was to be written as monopolists and Christians wanted it written. Lincoln was to become the colossal hero whose powerful logic, and deep spirituality put down the crafty Douglas; and then won the War and abolished slavery. The strength of the legend still prospers Lincoln, and to make it more exciting in the relation it always carries Douglas' name as a footnote, to say that he was the man

with whom Lincoln debated in 1858, and routed with mastering ability and clearer hold on God's truth. But for those who have the time and the power to follow up the footnote it will be seen that Douglas was superior to Lincoln in genius, in strength of mind, and in moral character.

There was nothing now for Douglas to do but to die. The fitting time had come. And he did die with strength and with dignity. Perhaps in so making his exit from the world he balanced all scores in his last conscious thoughts about the mad scenes through which he had walked to the best of his vision.

YOUR HOME-TOWN PAPER: PARIS

BY WHIT BURNETT & MARTHA FOLEY

WHEN a late Ambassador to France called up the city editor of the New York *Herald*, Paris edition, one evening close to midnight and said that if the city editor had not yet noticed the two moons over Paris he had better go right to the window and look at them and "also have something in the paper about it" the next morning, the *Herald* did not print the story. That is, it did not print an accredited observer's statement that there *were* two moons—it would never have printed the incident itself. But this was probably the only occasion in the last decade when it did not take the word of an American authority in an official position.

The Paris *Herald* (European edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, published by a *société anonyme au capital de 500,000 francs*) is "the" American newspaper on the Continent. It has a larger sale among Americans in Europe than any other American newspaper. Indeed, "*si vous voulez faire de la publicité qui atteigne les américains, il faut d'abord demander aux américains quel journal ils lisent. . . . ET tous VOUS REPONDRONT QU'ILS LISENT SURTOUT le NEW YORK HERALD.*" It adds that it is not distributed free in the hotels, and is not given away like a common handbill. It enjoys as smug a reputation as its own Old Lady from Philadelphia. And on quite the same values.

Many young lads, in their second year of journalism in Oklahoma City, Dubuque,

Evanston, Ill., Los Angeles or some other such outpost, have gone to Paris, experienced the sensation of seeing the shoe-string break, and then returned to the home town after a more or less prolonged career on the *Herald*. That service clings to them like an aureole of Continental glory and often insures them better jobs in the States than they would have got by staying at home and plugging away. This is not to say, of course, that the *Herald* gets only third-rate talent; it also gets many good men—the best, at times, that the States can offer. But usually it lets them down. They stay a while, lament and leave. Journalism in Paris is something special—deracinated, watered, weakened, depressed, and second-hand.

The *Herald*, historically speaking, is the first American newspaper in France. It was founded in 1887 by James Gordon Bennett the younger as a means of social gate-crashing after he had left New York following an unhappy incident involving a highly personal method of attempting to water flower pots in the residence of some person who observed the social amenities and in this situation also observed Mr. Bennett. Founded—let us say—for all practical purposes, though Bennett bought the sheet in its nonage from an American predecessor who also founded the Paris morning paper, *Le Matin*.

The *Herald*, established in a dingy quarter of Paris, became the bright spot of a rainy town. It printed the names of Mr.

Bennett's friends and withheld the names of his enemies. He hired whom he pleased and fired whom he pleased, and instigated American efficiency—just once—by installing a time-clock in the hallway which the boys were all supposed to punch as they entered. If, for a whole week, one of them was punctual, he got a five dollar gold-piece; if he was not he ran the risk of being hoisted out. They were all officially punctual until Mr. Bennett called efficiency off, and the office boy who'd been doing all the punching was given a job in Finance.

To this day, in the *Herald* office, the old-timers still speak of the Commodore, and how the Commodore would not have done this, and would certainly have done that. When you mention the *Herald* on which they now work, they shrug their shoulders and go right on working. Their savings—and some saved—were wiped out in the deflation of the currency. They have to work, although Bennett left retirement insurance for them all, for insurance also shrunk in the deflation.

In two or three cases, these old fellows, philosophers all, are far too valuable to retire on pensions—for example, the horse-racing expert, with his memory of fine wines, of caviar and oysters, of fine horses and brave riders, and his pathetic inability now to take more than a single schooner, and the old editorial writer, so accustomed to what the *Herald* wants that he is without duplicate. The editorial writer is a quiet gentleman who sits beneath two of Bennett's faded pictures of Lillian Russell in a drafty cubby-hole and writes what editorial dicta are required, and in his leisure hours does novels which are astounding denegations of the age. He was the first man to get to the scene of Custer's Last Stand, and the assumption is that he has outlived them all.

II

The *Herald*, like all colonial papers, is a front page of news backed up by several pages of rewrite and reprint. The front page is from skeletonized cable, that is, brief stories sent from New York and expanded in the Paris office from a few sentences to a column. Some years ago, when prosperity did not pay for a large cable file, the inevitable holes on Page 1 were happily filled by Washington bus accidents made in Paris, or what have you. Those bus accidents were discontinued when frenzied Washingtonians began calling up to check possible casualties in their families. Today a large part of the *Herald* is news rewritten from the French papers, or clipped and pasted from the London and New York papers, the latter arriving in Paris ten days after publication and often enough with the same New Yorkers who on buying the *Herald* at the Café de la Paix find that time stood still while they were crossing the Atlantic.

There are three regular news beats in Paris: the boat trains, the hotels, and the diplomatic run. The latter includes the American Chamber of Commerce, the American Club and its tariff talks, visiting notables and corn fests, the hot dog roasts of the Legionnaires still remaining in Paris, the consulate and embassy stories, and the luncheons of the Anglo-American Press Association, attended once in a while by members of the staffs of the local papers but in the main only by the foreign correspondents of English or American newspapers, who, while at times they lean on the local papers, usually move in more aloof spheres.

The *Herald* itself frowns on star men. Prima donnaism and by-lines are discouraged, with the result that about the only perdurable personal notes in the paper are

those struck, with occasional jangles, in the inimitable Sparrow Robertson's sport gossip, and in the Rev. Dr. Cadman's counsel to syndicated souls facing problems which, when read about in Paris, seem to smack of the backwoods. Two other syndicated luminaries have burst into print recently in Paris, Messrs. Calvin Coolidge and Will Rogers. Of these, enough.

A more genuinely personalized feature is the *Herald's* Mail Bag. It is in this section of the editorial page that old gentlemen at cures, Disgruntled Tourist, Constant Reader, Charles Hooper of Coeur d'Alène, Ida., Old Star Gazer Charles Nevers Holmes of Boston and various 100% Americans, male and female, discuss what will cure chilblains, how and where to be overcharged, What Will Appear In The Heavens Tonight, and what to feed the goldfish. Modern books, art and music, excepting the Paramount reviews, the Morgan Sisters Trio and periodical flourishes of an ad-filled Antique Supplement, can be dismissed, as the *Herald* dismisses them, in a few lines. Its Book Page, in comparison with the supplement of its New York *Herald-Tribune* stepmother, is what a railroad station book cart on the Continent is to Brentano's.

Nevertheless, the *Herald* manages to offer more bulk of paged food for *café au lait* drinkers than any of its three English language contemporaries, including the one which recently expired. The Continental edition of the *Daily Mail* appeals only to Britishers, and reads like it. The *Paris Times*, which existed for less than half a decade, 1925-9, was a tiny afternoon sheet edited by a Frenchman educated in England and having American leanings; the combination, while conscientious, was a little complicated. The Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, founded on July 4, 1917, "to support our Army," is Colonel

McCormick's contribution to international solidarity. What it prints one day it sometimes denies the next; it is often wrong, but quite as often interesting, right or wrong. The *Herald* is always right.

There are times in the life of an organism when a complete change sets in. The caterpillar becomes a butterfly. The metaphysical question is, does the soul of the caterpillar change? In the forty-third year of the existence of the New York *Herald* in Paris an important external metamorphosis is now taking place. The *Herald* is moving into new and grander quarters. It will pass from its second stage of growth in its drafty, ill-lighted shop at the corner of the rue du Louvre and emerge into resplendent modern printing, editorial and business offices in the rue de Berri, just off the fashionable Champs-Élysées. This was inevitable. All Paris is moving chicward to the Star and with it, of course, goes the *Herald*, to occupy the site of the old American Church in Paris and to face slantwise toward the Chrysler display room, the offices of the high-priced American dentists, the Paris offices of the New York brokers, and such like phenomena of the Americanization of Marianne.

This, for memory's sake at least, is a melancholy move. The *Herald* will have its own building, a beautiful white stone affair constructed in the novel form of a capital H (as viewed from the air), and at last the editorial sanctum will be under as safe a roof as that which has long sheltered in greater style the business employés at 49 avenue de l'Opéra.

It is, as we say, a little melancholy. It is the end of a period. In its second stage—it moved from its first dingy quarters two score years ago—the *Herald* reached a surprising growth. It surprised even its present manager, an old *Sun* man, who was sent over by Munsey in 1920 and held over

by Ogden Reid when he bought the *Herald* in New York, merged it with the *Tribune* and, after some weeks, found he'd also bought a Paris paper which curiously, even then, was making money. The Commodore who had picturesquely hired and fired, driven his coach and four through dining-room doorways, smashed the plate glass at Ciro's, and otherwise carried on in a manner so unlike the paper's character, had died in 1918. A Frenchman who had been his right-hand man was still at the wheel when the man from the *Sun* arrived. There were differences, and a few years later the Frenchman, who had his own ideas, stepped out to become managing editor of a little one-man sheet, the *Paris Times*, *mort depuis* '29, and the *Herald* assumed its present form.

III

From a small paper of eight pages or so it has swelled to a sheaf which, in Summer, runs to twice that number. Its ads go up as the tourists come in, and when the stock market crashes its ads go down as the francs tinkle out. It is as American as a Statler hotel, and as easily predictable as Mr. Coolidge. It is hosanna in *sotto voce* (for it doesn't do to be crassly patriotic on the boulevards); and it stands on every fence that was ever erected. It fights no battles, not even for the Legionnaires when they were so fleeced by their own leaders, and the more daring *Tribune* blacktyped the whole affair, as it had previously printed stories, and has printed stories since, which the *Herald* in all serenity has refused to admit exist.

With its growth has appeared the typical American cautiousness so that, except for the first page, which is Paris rewritten cablese with prosperity in the lead position and the unfortunate sides of life and let-

ters, American or French, subdued into a cap head, there is little of interest or brightness. The interior is mainly resort copy, saying what a swell place Yugoslavia is, or Czechoslovakia (on the basis of the most uninteresting crop and mineral statistics ever printed). Or clipped-out news which New Yorkers have already read in the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

In a city of two million, hardly any of whose natives read it, the *Herald* takes the point of view of an up-State town in New York.

"We have got to take the attitude that this is a town of about 20,000 people, kind of like a town in Ohio or New York," the managing director once said. "It's a small town. Give them small-town stuff."

But this is really a debatable point. The *Herald* has grown on the basis of increasing ads due to increased prosperity in America and increased tourist traffic in France caused by the prosperity of Americans. It did not grow, one feels certain, because it gave them small-town stuff. Paris is still, although provincial in some ways, the most sophisticated city in the world. It has four elements unduplicable elsewhere: the food, the wine, the modern art, and the great science of paying no attention to the other fellow's morals—up to the time of a *crime passionnel*. Then it wants the details and the French press provides them.

Americans who go to Paris are usually a somewhat different sort of American, or after they arrive in Paris they absorb in the air, if not in the *Herald*, something of the attitude of the city. It is the very sophistication, the supposed wisdom or wildness of the town which draws them to it. If there is a reading nucleus around the American Church there is a much bigger circle around the Dôme. These Americans have looked into the *New Yorker* as well as into the *Saturday Evening Post*. They

do not believe in God to the extent that they say grace before every cocktail, although you can't print "cocktail party" in the *Herald*. They are not so dry that their voices crack. But the *Herald* seems to assume that its readers (who include not only the 20,000 permanent colony in Paris but Americans in all the civilized cities of Europe) are all of this and more, or else it simply blandly gives its soul full play, "irregardless." And its soul is up-State New York.

When the *Herald* moves there will go into the past some of the finest and most fantastic memories in American journalism of the expatriate school. It has thrived for years at an intersection of a stenchy squad of streets just one floor above the clamorous gonging of trolley lines, French disputation, traffic jams, and market carts. At one o'clock in the afternoon, outside the windows, they are still sweeping up the carrot tops which earlier were on sale in the obsolete, unrefrigerated sheds called *les Halles*. The stink is traditional. When the night side quits at two in the morning, the district is filling with its market men in leather aprons, and every street is a dumping place for *champignons*, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, potatoes, eggs, and sides and quarters of beef, mutton, swine and horse.

What the *Herald* in its chic new quarters will lack is not so much the smell of growing things, or just ceased growing things, or things turning a little rotten, as the proximity of bars. A canvas of the field of its future activities reveals the disheartening fact that the nearest approach to a quenchplace of thirst is a fantastically elaborate *terrasse café* on the Champs-Élysées at which ladies in long dresses sit beneath colored parasols and sip tea. The cellar is fitted out like an English bar so far as the bar is concerned, and like a French farce,

in regard to the deep cretonne divans. It is hard to imagine the staff of the *Herald* dropping off here on the search for a sip of the old nectar which, depending on the time of the year, the gang and the *bistrot*, made working on the *Herald* something of the adventure which, to all right-thinking Americans, working on the *Herald* ought to be.

However, no amount of sipping has ever had any lasting effect upon the overwhelming impersonality of the paper. Similar deviations have notably leavened the Chicago *Tribune*, which is brilliant one day and a gross mistake the next. It is quite often interesting and though it is given away to the hotels, people read it. What causes the spiritless tone in the *Herald* is its feeling that it must straddle the fence and never take a chance, whereas, as a matter of fact, it has more power in its hands than almost any other American paper of its size. If an American gets binged with a bad egg by an anti-American French mob it doesn't hit the *Herald*. It prints hand-outs with touching acquiescence. It gives the brightest sides only of stock declines, unemployment and other such matters. It bends double with its Franco-American amity without ever evidencing the power inherent in occasional criticism.

IV

The *Herald* pays its people better than the other papers in Paris, although its present wages were not altogether a voluntary thing but resulted from something of a concerted demand on the part of the only staff which had remained put for more than four or five months. The *Tribune* pays less than the *Herald* does. It gets bright young people who do at times bright young stuff, but after a while they

either go home or join the foreign news service of the Chicago parent paper.

On the *Herald* there is a sort of genius for hiring good reporters who have never read copy and then making headline writers of them, or finding the sons of war correspondents who have not inherited spelling and making feature writers of them. This is perhaps in part due to the fact that the managing editor, a pleasant Britisher, is somewhat baffled by the spectacle of American journalists—all newspaper men are called journalists in Paris—, his own experience before being a managing editor having been confined to the proof room, and he has not yet been to America.

This removal from the scene of the crime accounts sometimes for weird foreignisms. Once, when the Latin Quarter reporter wrote "So's your old man!" the managing editor racked his head, and did his best.

"I changed this line," he told the writer, "but I'm not quite sure it makes the meaning clear even yet."

The reporter looked at the proof. It read, "Your father is also."

But it is not only the British who have trouble with the American phenomenon of transplanted journalism; the French have also. Who has not seen the French press, spatted, windsored, monocled, in striped pants and morning coats, swarming around an American motion picture actress, and marveled at that other picture, of the hard-boiled Americano brethren who came only for the liquor? To the French a motion picture actress is a lady, whose hand is gently to be kissed. And it shocks them when from the cocktail corner a colleague of the *Herald* or the *Trib* observes: "Christ, Mary must be getting old! Look at her neck!"

But such editorial observations never find their way into the *Herald*.

It is conceivable that the change of residence may have some strange effect. Its staff may turn to white stone, too. Perhaps, however, not. It is hard to realize that the *Herald* will no longer be published in a tiny office which in Winter was warmed with *gros américains*—without anyone protesting. In the Summer it was impossible to open a cooling window for fear of giving the old Bennett men colds in the head, so the reporters kept beer on their desks; that is, they kept it there until the managing editor came into the city room a little reluctantly to say that perhaps a reader might happen in and then it wouldn't look good. He ordered the reporters to keep no more beer on their desks. The order was strictly obeyed. The reporters, after that, kept it decorously under their desks.

Those Summers were idyls, in their way . . . until incoming readers, tourists, etcetera, began tripping themselves up on the dead soldiers. And then there was another order. Only the copy desk could keep beer. That was because copy readers are always scarcer in Paris than reporters. Almost any young lad who comes to Paris thinks he can be a reporter, but not so many want to tackle heads. The privileged copy desk one day rolled in a barrel and set it on the desk where headlines are made, and a Scotchman went out, in broken French, to find a spigot. He found it, right enough, and by the time the managing director arrived even the office boy had learned "Frankie and Johnny," and ordinarily he speaks only French and sings nothing. This barrel, it seemed, had been sent to the *Herald* staff by an admirer of one of the stories that had been printed two days before. Well, well, said the managing director, humanly, somebody appreciates us, anyway. And when he left the staff continued its arithmetic, how much

each share cost—including that of the women reporters who, in Paris, too, pay their own way.

It is in the Winter, those dreary rainy days of Winter unknown to the Summer tourists, the Winter of flu and firelessness, of rows with concierges, of electric heaters which blow out their fuses, of gas heaters which blow out the staff, of woolen underwear and the total lack of sun, that the *Herald* staff burrows in and gloomily settles down.

By Spring there are the inevitable wrecks, for Paris is a city where the inhabitants throw up their reddened hands and say, "*Ça, c'est l'hiver, la la la!*" and do nothing whatever to combat it. This applies also to the *Herald*. The man responsible for the furnace waits until the real onslaught of Winter and then, without previous examination, has it fired to the fullest and the cussed thing explodes. Then begin negotiations which last for months, and the staff upstairs works in its overcoats, the office boy is rushed to the *bistrots*, and the office is warmed from the inside out—*rums chauds* and *grogs américains*. It doesn't matter. Only the old stand-bys, the Winter time colony, read the paper. It is all understandable. A Paris Winter is a wet oblivion.

In leisure moments the ladies and gentlemen of the staff assuage their irritation by gentle diversions, in addition to drinking, which begin at first, in the brisk Fall, with the complicated pleasantries of chess. Even tournaments. Then French checkers. Then plain checkers as the season advances and energy gives way to lassitude and hopelessness, and the mail boats become fewer and further apart. By the very dead of Winter, with no prospects of Spring, the spirit of the place has sunk to the equivalent of Steal the Pile or Give Away. And then the boys and girls roll dice.

V

The moving on type of reporter, until a year or so ago, kept wages low. When a few more solid men assembled and failed to move—largely because they hadn't the funds—they insisted on more money, and since it was in the dead of Winter and there were no shoals of would-be journalists washing up along the shores of Montparnasse, they got it. That staff, now scattered from California to India and from New York to Constantinople, left its imprint even on the *Herald*. After eight months of argument with the French mechanics a reform was effected in the installation, far above the heads of the old Bennett men, of a ventilator. It is almost needless to say that shortly after it was installed, however, it jammed in the French manner, and has not worked since, Summer or Winter. *Ça, c'est Paris*.

In the days of James Gordon Bennett there used to appear every day on the editorial page a short query saying: "Dear Editor, Will you kindly tell me how to change Centigrade into Fahrenheit? (Signed) OLD PHILADELPHIA LADY." The query ran twice, by mistake, without any answer. When Bennett saw it for the second time some queer element of humor in his makeup responded and thereafter the Old Philadelphia Lady ran daily for years.

The Old Philadelphia Lady was meant seriously but turned out lightly. The *Herald* is often meant lightly and turns out ponderously. The spirit of the Old Philadelphia Lady still permeates the most read American newspaper on the Continent. It permeates the Mail Bag, it wells over into Dr. Cadman's Daily Counsel, into Mr. Coolidge's editorial, into the features and editorials. There are a few old *Sun* men on the *Herald*, and they remember days of

glory, but they do nothing about it. Young men come, sniff the Parisian spirit, do their stint and so pass on. A few key men remain, along with the racing expert of the days of cheap caviar and Ascot ties, the editorial writer, and the harassed executives. Ambassadors who, quaffing, see more moons than one pass on and are succeeded by statisticians with horrible curves and graphs.

The *Herald*, the ambassador of Franco-American amity, American Club corn roasts and official inanity, endures as the Old Philadelphian Lady of the boulevards,

dancing in a sedate skirt between *pissoirs* and riots, amity and the drastic French libel law, prosperity and stock crashes, wets and dries, and avoiding all the evils but repetition.

The *Herald* gives every evidence in a foreign scene of American solidity, which at no time characterized, the old fellows say, Bennett's original Paris venture. It could be brighter. It could be lighter. It could be more in step with the city in which it is published. But brighter or duller, the *Herald* in Paris will grow bigger and bigger.

EDITORIALS

Cracks in the Shining Armor

A great deal of blood and sweat remain to be shed before the Wesleyan tyranny is finally upset in the United States, but it must be manifest that the brethren are far less secure today than they used to be, and that they lose security day by day. When the Wonder Boy entered the White House they were at the apogee of their power. Functioning through their trusted agencies, the Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan and the more venal and degraded section of the Republican party, they had put him there, and had every reason to believe that he would not forget it. Their bishops, led by the puissant Cannon, dodged in and out of the Executive Mansion, and were full of a brisk and confident busyness. They ran both gangs of mountebanks on Capitol Hill, and their hooks were on the judiciary. In brief, the Methodist millennium seemed about to dawn. Never in history had a passel of holy men held a firmer grip upon a free Republic.

The dream lasted two years, or rather less. The events of the Tuesday following the first Monday of last November dissipated it with a bang. All over the country, save in the two lobes, South and Middle West, of the Bible Belt, there was a huge uprising against the saints, and even in the Bible Belt there were sputters of revolt. Tom Heflin went to the block in Alabama and Henry J. Allen in Kansas; and in Ohio, the very citadel and cesspool of the Anti-Saloon League, its whole panel

of serfs was rejected, and a file of wets marched into office. The Democratic party, nationally speaking, became openly and even bombastically wet, and the Republican party began to seep up a stealthy dampness. It was a sad day for the soul-savers, as it was a day of prayer and soul-searching for their chief beneficiary, the Great Engineer. As I write, it appears likely that he will stick a while longer, but it is already pretty plain that if he doesn't do some limber jumping by 1932 he will come to grief.

The consolations that the theologians wrested from the wreck were mainly illusory. Their victory in Pennsylvania, where they supported the Rooseveltian whoop-de-doodle, Pinchot, was really no victory at all, but a colossal defeat. Dr. Hoover, in 1928, carried the State by 987,796; Pinchot, in 1930, carried it by less than 100,000. The difference is tremendous. Moreover, it was not the archangels who saved Pinchot, but the abandoned and atrocious Mellon machine; without its aid in the Pittsburgh region he would have been soundly trounced. He resumes office completely hog-tied, and will be unable to reward the brethren with the kind of sport they pant for. Pennsylvania will remain safely wet; unless all signs fail, indeed, it will soon be the wettest State in the whole constellation. If this is victory, then it would be interesting to hear the Wesleyan metaphysicians define defeat.

Nor is there any solace for them in the fact that they retain control of the lame-duck Congress, and will have a paper ma-

jority in the new one. Many of their kept statesmen got through by margins as narrow as Pinchot's, and all of them are perfectly competent to notice which way the wind is blowing. They will be far less resolute in the faith than they used to be, and far more accessible to argumentation. There was a time when they voted docilely as Wayne B. Wheeler signalled from the gallery, but now they will have to be shown. Not a few of them, in fact, began to hedge before election day, led by the beauteous Ma McCormick of Chicago. Many more will retreat to cover at the first roll-call. The rogues and vagabonds who were brought into politics by Prohibition are not in the trade for their health. They are an unprincipled band, and they will sell out the Anti-Saloon League to the wets, once they are sure that the consideration is sound, as readily as a Prohibition agent takes a bribe from a saloonkeeper. Thus the Wesleyans will perish by their own petard. They filled Congress with serfs, and now the serfs prepare to betray them to their foes.

In their passing there is little cause for regret. Despite Dr. Hoover's historic encomium, Prohibition was never really noble in motive. Its chief propagandists, at all stages of the uproar, have been ignorant, blatant and thoroughly ignoble fellows. No man born or reared as what is called a gentleman has ever been numbered among them. In the South they emerged unanimously from the poor white trash, and in the Middle West they came from the bleaker farms, full of grasshoppers and fleas. There was never any genuine altruism in them; what they sought was not an improvement in living among us, but simply a chance to harass and oppress their betters. They were willing to bring in any evil, including even a vast

increase in drunkenness, in order to get the power that they craved. They carried on their campaign unfairly, dishonestly and brutally. Wherever they alighted they radiated a stench, especially the ecclesiastics among them. That they are now on the run is good news for every American who respects himself and his country. It will be a better place to live in when Prohibition is got rid of and forgotten. The thing is an evangel both witless and dishonorable, preached by jackals to jackasses.



The Boons of Civilization

"What we call progress," said Havelock Ellis, "is the exchange of one nuisance for another nuisance." The thought is so obvious that it must occur now and then even to the secretary of the Greater Zenith Booster League. There may be persons who actually enjoy the sound of the telephone bell, but if they exist I can only say that I have never met them. It is highly probable that the telephone, as it stands today, represents more sheer brain power than any other human invention. A truly immense ingenuity has gone into perfecting it, and it is as far beyond its progenitor of 1900 as the *Europa* is beyond Fulton's *Clermont*. But all the while no one has ever thought of improving the tone of its bell. The sound remains intolerably harsh and shrill, even when efforts are made to damp it. With very little trouble it might be made deep, sonorous and even soothing. But the telephone engineers let it remain as it was at the start, and millions of people suffer under its assault at every hour of the day.

The telephone, I believe, is the greatest boon to bores ever invented. It has set their ancient art upon a new level of efficiency

and enabled them to penetrate the last strongholds of privacy. All of the devices that have been put into service against them have failed. I point, for example, to that of having a private telephone number, not listed in the book. Obviously, there is nothing here to daunt a bore of authentic gifts. Obtaining private telephone numbers is of the elemental essence of his craft. Such things are swapped by bores as automatically as New Yorkers swap the addresses of speakeasies. Thus the poor victim of their professional passion is beset quite as much as if he had his telephone number limned upon the sky in smoke. But meanwhile his friends forget it at critical moments and he misses much pleasant gossip and many an opportunity for vinous relaxation.

It is not only hard to imagine a world without telephones; it becomes downright impossible. They have become as necessary to the human race, at least in the United States, as window glass, newspapers or bicarbonate of soda. Every now and then one hears of a man who has moved to some remote village to get rid of them, and there proposes to meditate and invite his soul in the manner of the Greek philosophers, but almost always it turns out that his meditations run in the direction of rosicrucianism, the Single Tax, farm relief, or some other such insanity. I have myself ordered my telephone taken out at least a dozen times, but every time I found urgent use for it before the man arrived, and so had to meet him with excuses and a drink. A telephone bigwig tells me that such orders come in at the rate of scores a day, but that none has ever been executed. I now have two telephones in my house, and am about to put in a third. In ten years, no doubt, there will be one in every room, as in hotels.

Despite all this, I remain opposed to the telephone theoretically, and continue to damn it. It is a great invention and of vast value to the human race, but I believe it has done me, personally, almost as much harm as good. How often a single call has blown up my whole evening's work, and so exacerbated my spirit and diminished my income! I am old enough to remember when telephones were very rare, and romantic enough to believe that I was happier then. But at worst I get more out of them than I get out of any of the other current wonders: for example, the radio, the phonograph, the electric light, the movie, and the automobile. I am perhaps the first American ever to give up automobiling, formally and honestly. I sold my car so long ago as 1919, and have never regretted it. When I must move about in a city too large for comfortable walking I employ a taxicab, which is cheaper, safer and far less trouble than a private car. When I travel further I resort to the Pullman, by long odds the best conveyance yet invented by man. The radio, I admit, has potentialities, but they will remain in abeyance so long as the air is laden and debauched by jazz, idiotic harangues by frauds who do not know what they are talking about, and the horrible garglings of ninth-rate singers. As for the phonograph, I'll begin to believe in it wholeheartedly the moment one of the companies produces a good record of the Brahms sextette in B flat, opus 18. I have searched all the catalogues for it, but so far in vain.

Of all the great inventions of modern times the one that has given me most comfort and joy is one that is seldom heard of, to wit, the thermostat. I was amazed, some time ago, to hear that it was invented at least a generation ago. I first heard of it during the war, when some kind friend

suggested that I throw out the coal furnace that was making steam in my house and put in a gas furnace. Naturally enough, I hesitated, for the human mind is so constituted. But the day I finally succumbed must remain ever memorable in my annals, for it saw me move at one leap from an inferno into a sort of paradise. Everyone will recall how bad the coal was in those heroic days. The patriotic anthracite men loaded their culm-piles on cars, and sold them to householders all over the East. Not a furnace-man was in practise in my neighborhood: all of them were working in the shipyards at \$15 a day. So I had to shovel coal myself, and not only shovel coal, but sift ashes. It was a truly dreadful experience. Worse, my house was always either too hot or too cold. When a few pieces of actual coal appeared in the mass of slate the temperature leaped up to 85 degrees, but most of the time it was between 45 and 50.

The thermostat changed all that, and in an instant. I simply set it at 68 degrees, and then went on about my business. Whenever the temperature in the house went up to 70 it automatically turned off the gas under the furnace in the cellar, and there was an immediate return to 68. And if the mercury, keeping on, dropped to 66, then the gas went on again, and the temperature was soon 68 once more. It would take the limber, vibrant, air-cooled tongue of a Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, nay, of a William Jennings Bryan, to describe my relief and comfort. I began to feel like a man liberated from the death-house. I was never too hot or too cold. I had no coal to heave, no ashes to sift. My house became so clean that I could wear a shirt five days. I began to feel like work, and rapidly turned out a series of imperishable contributions to the national letters. My temper improved

so vastly that my family began to suspect senile changes. Moreover, my cellar became as clean as the rest of the house, and as roomy as a barn. I enlarged my wine-room by 1000 cubic metres. I put in a cedar closet big enough to hold my immense wardrobe. I added a vault for papers, a carpenter shop, and a praying chamber.

For all these boons and usufructs I was indebted to the inventor of the thermostat, a simple device but incomparable. I'd print his name here, but unfortunately I forgot it. He was one of the great benefactors of humanity. I wouldn't swap him for a dozen Marconis, a regiment of Bells, or a whole army corps of Edisons. Edison's life-work, like his garrulous and nonsensical talk, has been mainly a curse to humanity: he has greatly augmented its stock of damned nuisances. But the man who devised the thermostat, at all events in my private opinion, was a hero comparable to Shakespeare, Michelangelo or Beethoven.



The Lowing Hind

Of the current effort to relieve the bankrupt farmer by appointing commissions and making speeches at least this may be said: that it will leave him worse off than he was before, and so hasten his final ruin. That ruin, I believe, would be a good thing for all of us, including even the farmer. As things stand, he is trying to perform a prodigy fit for Hercules, and with the weapons of a midget. Farming, in the modern world, takes a great deal more skill than he has got, and a great deal more intelligence and enterprise, and a great deal more capital. He is on all fours with a village smith who essayed to make steel bridge-girders under his spreading chestnut tree. He'll be better off and we'll

be better off when the mortgage sharks rid him of his farm at last, and he goes to work as a wage slave for his betters, *i.e.*, for men of normal intelligence. Food will be cheaper and more abundant. Wheat will sell for fifty cents a bushel and beef for twenty cents a pound. As for the farmer himself, he will be housed decently and eat decently, and after eight hours' work a day he will have time and energy left for the radio, cross-word puzzles, and dancing with arms and legs.

The notion that farming is carried on anywhere in the United States in a truly competent and rational manner is a delusion. The best farm ever heard of, compared to the worst steel plant, presents a gross burlesque of every canon of efficient operation. If a farmer confined himself strictly to the business of raising, say, wheat he would have to work only thirty days a year. That farmers work harder than that now is obvious, but they do so only by wasting their time upon trivial and highly unprofitable jobs. Consider, for example, the production of milk and butter on the average American farm. It is all consumed on the premises, and the common assumption is that it costs the farmer nothing. But the truth is that the milk he actually uses probably costs him thirty cents a quart and the butter a dollar a pound. Think of the capital outlay represented by his two miserable cows, and then think of the cost of feeding and housing them, and the labor cost of caring for them! The net product is simply the amount of milk and butter that one family can consume. What is left over is wasted—or fed to the hogs. It is immensely expensive feed for hogs, and it helps to keep up the price of pork.

The self-contained farm had an excuse for existence a century ago, or maybe even

a quarter of a century ago, but today it is an anachronism. Good roads spread everywhere, and the way is open to specialization in farming. If one farmer in every township produced all the milk its people needed he could sell it at a profit for no more than a fourth of what it costs his neighbors now. So with hog meat. So even with hay and feed. At least two-thirds of the average farmer's time is devoted to raising things that cost him three or four times as much as they are worth. He is in the position of a householder who went out with pick and shovel to mine his own coal, losing two or three days' remunerative work for every ton. He is almost in the position of a householder who set up a retort in his cellar and essayed to make his own gas. He is so stupid that he not only expects such childish operations to pay their way, but even to yield him a profit. He deserves no such profit, whether from the poor consumer or from the public till. If the typical American farmer got only one meal a day and had to go naked he would still be grossly overpaid.

The rational reorganization of farming, of course, would leave him with a lot of time on his hands. If it takes him only thirty days' labor, as his own boss, to raise and harvest a crop of wheat, it would probably take him no more than twenty days as a trained workman, with a competent boss over him. But that is no objection to taking his farm from him and making a workman of him. The same boss who forced him to produce wheat for fifty cents a bushel would find something else for him to do, once it was in the elevator, and if not on the farm, then in some nearby town.

There is absolutely no reason why farmers should snore through the Winter in idleness, as most of them do now. The

roads that I have mentioned would take them to town quickly enough, once they were dispossessed of their snoring places and prodded into industry. It is as silly for farmers to own their farms as it would be for sailors to own their ships. Both belong to the lowest grade of labor, and are far too stupid to be trusted with the care of valuable property and the production of useful goods.

Getting rid of farmers would not only reduce the cost of living by at least a half; it would also improve the politics of the country, and have a good effect upon religion. As things stand, the farmer is always on the verge of bankruptcy, and so he hates everyone who is having a better time. Prohibition is almost wholly a metaphysic of farmers; so is Methodism. Turn the hind into a wage slave, and he will respond quickly to the better security. The city proletariat, though it is made up largely of fugitives from the farms, is de-

void of moral passion. It not only likes to have a good time itself; it is willing to see its betters have an even better time. I believe that farmers would adopt the same philosophy, once they were properly fed and insured against the sheriff. A few rounds of decent city hooch would cure them of Prohibition, and the movies and tabloids would soon purge their minds of the Wesleyan balderdash.

Thus I look forward to their ruin with agreeable sentiments. It will make living cheaper in the United States, and very much pleasanter. The country has been run from the farms long enough: the business becomes an indecorum, verging almost upon the obscene. We'll all be better off when the men who raise wheat and hogs punch time-clocks, and knock off work at 5 P.M., and begin to accumulate wardrobes, and go in for betting on the races, home brewing, and miniature golf.

H. L. M.

FREE BOOKS

BY MATTHEW PAXTON

A FEW municipal tax-supported libraries were in existence in the United States a hundred years ago and so far back as 1848 the General Court of Massachusetts authorized the city of Boston to raise \$5000 a year for a public library. Three years later the power of the city to tax its people in order to circulate books was extended to the entire State. Yet as late as 1876, when more than a hundred librarians came together to form the American Library Association, only fourteen were from free public libraries.

The idea that government should take from property-owners money with which to buy books for readers was actively opposed by more than one enlightened man of the past century. Goldwin Smith declared that the community did not owe its people free books any more than it owed them free clothing, and Herbert Spencer shared this view. Even as the century drew to a close the library system of America had not set into its present mold of free tax-supported libraries. In 1890 there were 3804 libraries in this country. One-fourth of them belonged to schools and only an eighth of them offered the free distribution of books.

Germany, which made its start toward public libraries in the nineties, has developed a system under which the government directs their organization and operation through local inspectors. Had some determined reformer worked for such a plan our own libraries might be car-

ried on now with Federal appropriation and regulation. Or they might have achieved a civic status without municipal control as a public charity and received their funds from begging campaigns as a part of a Community Chest. The push that sent them into the arms of city councils was given by Andrew Carnegie.

Carnegie's father belonged to a group of damask-weavers in Scotland that pooled their books and listened to one read while the others worked, the reader receiving the same pay as the others. Their collection became the first circulating library in Dunfermline, and it was there that Carnegie the son established his first library in 1881. His formal schooling ended at thirteen, when he became a telegraph messenger in Allegheny, Pa. But the great event in his education was ahead of him, according to his own account. One day he read in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* that Colonel James Anderson of Allegheny had turned his library of 400 volumes into a Library Institute, and that the owner would give them out on Saturday afternoons to working boys with a trade.

This chance, Andrew realized, was not for him. He was only a messenger, not a working boy with a trade. Yet, resolved not to be deprived of books, he wrote straightway his first communication to the press. He pleaded for the right to read even though he was only a messenger, and his letter was signed A Working Boy Without a Trade. His argument was un-

answerable and he was admitted to the colonel's library on equal terms with the others. He wrote long afterward:

Every day of toil, and even long hours of night service were lightened by the book I carried about with me and read in intervals that would be snatched from duty. And the whole future was made bright by the thought that when Saturday came a new volume could be obtained. In this way I became familiar with Macaulay's essays and his history, and with Bancroft's "History of the United States," which I studied with more care than any other book I had then read. Lamb's essays were my special delight, but I had at this time no knowledge of the greatest master of all, Shakespeare, beyond selected pieces in the text-books. To Colonel Anderson I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions that were ever amassed by man.

Carnegie's first gifts to libraries in the United States came during the years of his great battle with organized labor. While his partner sent a regiment of Pinkerton detectives to break a strike, he wrote the checks which provided reading-rooms for the sons of the strikers.

The first Carnegie library on this continent was opened in Allegheny in 1890, a gray granite Romanesque building with a memorial to Colonel Anderson in front. It contained space for 75,000 books, a concert-hall and an art gallery. Under the deed of gift the community was required to furnish the site and bind itself to an annual maintenance charge of 10% of the cost of the building.

The announcement of his offer of similar libraries to other towns on the same terms sent a thrill through the land, but towns, it turned out, could levy taxes only so far as power was given them to do so by the States. In order to enable them to accept the Carnegie offer, the States hastened to pass laws which made municipal

tax-supported libraries possible. In not a single instance did they reserve the right to manage the libraries, with the result that all the public libraries that have come into existence since then are tax-supported and under municipal control.

II

There are, of course, different types of management. In a few States library boards are elected by the citizens, but in most of them a board of trustees for the library is appointed by the mayor or city council. In some cities the board of education acts also as the library board. Cities which have adopted the city manager form often place the librarian directly under the city manager. In California and Montana county librarians are appointed and controlled by the county boards. The annual levy for libraries varies from half a mill in Arkansas to five mills in Iowa and Nebraska.

In St. Paul, Indianapolis and Kansas City the libraries are under the boards of education. In St. Paul there is also a library advisory board with powers of inspection and recommendation, consisting of one citizen from each of the twelve wards, the superintendent of schools, the principals of the four high-schools, and one teacher elected from the whole body of teachers. An objection offered by librarians to school board management is that the board members are engrossed in school affairs and take it for granted that the library is all right. However, some librarians say that more freedom of action and income is possible than under other plans.

Libraries under city manager government are found in Sacramento and Stockton, while in Duluth, where a commission form of government prevails, the library is under the supervision of the mayor. Boards of trustees are eliminated and the

librarian is like one of the heads of departments. One librarian under this plan found that better personnel resulted from the appointments of the city manager, while another found that the plan interfered with library management.

In most libraries the appointment of the librarian is at the pleasure of the board. In perhaps a fifth of them the appointment is for one year. In two-thirds the staff is appointed by the board with the help of the librarian. The New Jersey libraries are under civil service. But civil service is not popular with library managers. The examinations are said not to give a fair test of an applicant's ability. Papers are often graded by persons who are unfamiliar with libraries and personality is not considered. Some librarians, however, report that civil service tests provide an effective defense against political appointments.

Library service is fast becoming professionalized. Seven States require applicants to show some sort of certificate. In South Dakota four kinds of certificates are issued, for life, for five years, for three years, and for one year. Life certificates there and in other States require college training, library studies, and executive experience. In the larger libraries the salaries of the librarians range from \$2400 to \$10,000, the average being \$5000. The library worker is commonly well treated, working for seven or eight hours a day, and getting a vacation with part or full expenses for library association meetings.

Most libraries give the privilege of borrowing to all residents, and often the area of free service extends beyond the city limits. In some small towns all those who trade in the place may take books from the library. The applicant for a card usually gives two references and in half the libraries these references are considered

guarantors, although it is rare that a guarantor ever pays for a book lost by one he has recommended.

The reading-rooms are all free to the public but many have definite restrictions. "Free to all clean and orderly persons", one library announces. "Use of tobacco, all conversation, and conduct not consistent with quiet and orderly use of reading-rooms prohibited", is another announcement. "No person allowed to use tobacco, candy, nuts, lounge or sleep."

The Brookline, Mass., and Kansas City public libraries exclude students who bring their own books or other material for study. Readers must check their books on entering the New York Library unless it is shown that they are actually needed for use with library books. One library has a reading-room for men only.

Home use came into effect before the open shelf, but at the present time most small libraries are completely open shelf. In the larger libraries a third are entirely open shelf, a third mainly open shelf, and a third mainly closed shelf. Omaha, New Orleans and Somerville have open shelf libraries. Portland, Ore., has two-thirds of its books on open shelves. The Chicago Public Library estimates that fifty-one per cent of its circulation is from its open shelf collection of fifteen thousand volumes.

The open shelf plan is maintained at a cost of thousands of stolen books yearly. Great pains are taken in many libraries to prevent such thefts. Guards stand at the doors of the public libraries in New York, Detroit and Cleveland to examine books and check brief cases. Rare books in the Los Angeles and St. Louis libraries may be used only at a special table and under supervision. The New York Public Library has prosecuted sixty-five cases of theft and has obtained a conviction in every case.

III

The Syracuse Public Library in 1925 kept the following tabulation of the occupations of its borrowers:

Students in universities and schools	12,109
Stay at homes (housewives)	5,577
Teachers	1,804
Business men	1,514
Clerks	1,238
Stenographers	1,147
Laborers	1,091
Mechanics	799
Factory workers	592
Bookkeepers	516
Salesmen	509
Engineers	450
Nurses	388
Clergymen	204
Carpenters	194
Dressmakers	164
Lawyers	138
Physicians	127
Telephone operators	112

An assistant librarian of the St. Louis library kept a record several years ago of 100 readers of William James, of Carl Sandburg, and of Homer, Sophocles and Euripides in translation. He found no lawyer in the list, and there were few doctors or ministers. The readers of James included a trunk maker, a machinist, a stenographer, a saleswoman, a laundry laborer, a common laborer, a maintenance man in a soap factory, and a Negro salesman. The Sandburg readers included stenographers, a waitress, a beauty parlor manager, a department-store salesman, a musician and a painter. The readers of the Greek classics were a hairdresser, a drug-store clerk, a telephone operator and a railroad brakeman's wife.

Preachers and teachers are the aristocrats among the public library borrowers. They usually are allowed to keep books longer than others, and to take home a larger number. They also have free access

to the closed stacks. These aristocrats often are given cards of a different color showing that they belong to a higher order of reader. Portland, Ore. also puts the drummer on the preferred list, allowing him to keep books for three months. Seattle lends books for an indefinite period to sailors on cruises. Gary, Ind., does not charge fines on overdue books that are held out by ministers.

The Chicago Public Library has five different cards—a general card for the common borrower, on which five books may be taken out; a teacher's card which entitles the bearer to cart away fifteen books, including five of fiction; a music card entitling the borrower to one bound volume of music and five pieces of sheet music; a rental card limited to two volumes from the pay collection; and a children's card. But most libraries get along with one card for all purposes.

Many public libraries have pay collections, but as a rule, there are free duplicates of the pay books on the public shelves. The ratio in St. Louis is three pay copies to five free copies. The charge usually is five cents a week or two cents a day. The rental receipts are added to the general library fund. As soon as a book pays for itself it is transferred to a free shelf.

Carnegie early abandoned the practise of giving large central libraries to the big cities, and many of his later gifts were branch libraries. The plan of taking the books to the people has been extended to the point where the majority of the inhabitants of the cities are now within a short distance of a library. In Chicago most readers are within half a mile. The maximum distance is two miles in St. Paul, but in Washington it is five miles. The branch libraries are often preceded by what are called deposit stations or traveling

libraries, which consist of small collections placed for an indefinite period in a store, factory, club or school. Brooklyn has 1024 such traveling libraries. Chicago has thirty-nine branches, four sub-branches and eighty-eight deposit stations. Baltimore has twenty-five branches but no deposit stations. If a demand for a branch library arises in a neighborhood where a deposit station has been established, the branch follows as soon as funds are available. The Bridgeport library has two portable branch libraries which can be knocked down and set up in two or three days. These are used to test the demand for books in a certain locality before a permanent branch library is built.

No generalizations can be drawn from the circulation of the branch libraries concerning the reading habits of the different classes. What holds true in one city is contradicted in another. Berkeley's most successful branch is in the neighborhood of college students and people of leisure. In New Haven the least successful branch is among the well-to-do. Frequently the busiest branches are among industrial workers and intelligent foreigners. The children of foreigners do not ask for books in the mother tongue, though they sometimes borrow them for their parents.

The whole system of book circulation is being revolutionized, and the theory of free books carried to its extreme limit by the book wagon, which has been introduced in recent years. The book wagon consists of an automobile equipped to carry several hundred books. The New York Public Library wagon carries 200 adult and 200 juvenile books to thinly settled parts of Staten Island, making school stops once a week in the Winter and community stops weekly in the Summer. The cost of the car was \$850. It is manned by a library assistant who drives

it and a page. In 1925 the total circulation from the wagon was 5090, at a cost of thirty cents a volume.

The Cleveland book wagon serves outlying districts. Besides books it carries four metal chairs, a small table, two blankets to spread on the ground for the children to sit on during story hours, and a blue and yellow beach umbrella to be used as a sunshade and to attract attention. During the months of July and August it stops weekly at three parks and one playground, and there are also two sidewalk stops. It visits several orphanages, five fresh-air camps and four factories at noon or at the closing hour. The Dayton book wagon starts out with about 600 volumes and a relay truck meets it at remote stations with several hundred others. It pays a weekly visit to thirty-five stations. The circulation in 1926 was 85,850 volumes, with 3146 reference questions answered.

IV

Five American libraries have full-time publicity directors. Like their brothers of the corporations, they interview city editors, draw reporters into their net, furnish printed news, and arrange interviews with great men willing to further the cause of book circulation. The principal publicity effort of many libraries is the annual report, but most of the larger ones supplement this with regular announcements of new books. These are issued from once a year to once a week and cost from \$30 to \$5000 a year. The announcements of some of the larger libraries contain book talks. A few have given up the book list, and advertise only the books that they wish to push. Posters are largely used. The Somerville library has placed permanent signs in gold and black on street corners directing the way to the nearest branch.

Knoxville found that its best publicity campaign was a Library Week which the Chamber of Commerce sponsored. Another city got best results from a walking book. Only the legs of a small boy were visible underneath. While the book walked the circulation of the library increased 50% over the corresponding week of the previous year. The Stockton, Calif., library conducted a telephone campaign for new borrowers. Rochester finds the best publicity comes from placing branch libraries flush with the sidewalks and giving them plate-glass fronts.

In order to stimulate interest in books among children some libraries have reading contests. In Rochester children have been given certificates for reading ten books during the Summer from a graded list of twenty-five titles. It was found, however, that this failed to improve the type of reading or to cultivate a love for it. As long as certificates were offered the books were drawn out rapidly but circulation fell off as soon as the contest was over.

Another ingenious plan to stimulate good reading habits in the little ones was the ribbon arrangement of books, by which a shelf of serious reading was alternated with a shelf of breath-taking story books. It was thought that the child's eye might encounter and his hand take down one of the tomes of wise counsel just above his favorite Oz book. But the scheme has been abandoned in most libraries as without effect on the reading habits of children.

The selection of books for American public libraries is ordinarily made by the librarian. Where the board of trustees retains the privilege of selection it seldom does anything more than give formal sanction to the orders of the librarian. In at least two-thirds of the larger public libraries he (or she) is the final authority. In perhaps two-thirds of the smaller libraries

the boards retain an appearance of authority. One librarian says that a book committee has the power of selection but holds no regular meetings and delegates its authority to him. In another library the librarian submits suggestions to the library committee which usually approves the entire list.

In one library all new fiction is read by the members of the board. In another, each member receives a copy of a book list and checks the titles he considers worth while. In the Seattle library books are discussed at three weekly meetings by the librarian and the department heads. The Book Review Club of Greater Boston holds weekly meetings in the State House and offers its findings to libraries. Some libraries invite selected borrowers to report on books. Birmingham thus calls upon business specialists to report on technical business books.

Financial considerations operate to exclude many books. The book fund is never large enough to buy all the books desired. The choice is, in the main, selective rather than exclusive. Certain books are excluded because the librarian thinks they are not suited to a public library, but the primary aim of the public library is to serve as many readers as possible. The exclusions of the Somerville library may be taken as typical. It does not buy "text-books used in schools, colleges or professional schools; treatises upon highly specialized subjects, such as law and medicine; controversial and propagandist sectarian and partisan books; defamatory books of any sort; books that tend to offend the moral or religious sense of the community or to breed a bitter feeling; sectarian periodicals unless given to the library".

Public opinion as reflected in newspaper comment has found little fault with the

general policy of libraries with respect to the exclusion or restriction of books, although blue-nosed individuals have criticised libraries at various times for circulating even "The Vicar of Wakefield". No case has come to light where a city government has exercised or attempted a direct censorship of public library books. It is not the policy of most libraries generally to keep the adult from lewd books. Under the name of Erotica libraries classify unexpurgated books and those which in the opinion of the librarians should have been expurgated. Where these books are locked up the chief reason often is to protect them from thieves. Experience has shown that those who like to read dirty books often take them from the shelves without leave and do not take the trouble to return them.

"We have tried both plans," one librarian writes. "Formerly we restricted such books and they were never read. Since the war we have put them on the open shelves with the result that many have disappeared for a time and some of them permanently".

The policy of the Chicago Public Library has been stated as follows:

In the case of novels written by reputable authors, published by respectable publishers, often printed serially in reputable magazines and sold by established dealers, it is both futile and unwarranted for a public library to undertake an *ex post facto* censorship for the use of persons of maturity and discretion. The same public opinion that supports authors and publishers in the production of such books operates to justify public libraries in making them available to that part of its public, possessed of maturity and discretion, that wishes to read them.

As a matter of fact we have come to the conclusion that most of the works of contemporary fiction which may be regarded as fraught with danger or offense contain within themselves a sufficient preventive against their wrongful use to make them much safer than they appear

to be. They do not often tell a good story in the elemental sense. There is little to attract the youthful and immature mind to their perusal unprompted. Their attenuated plots depicting the actions and reactions of groups of neurotic and unexciting personalities afford few thrills comprehensible to any not equipped with a complete psychology of experiences. In short, these books against which we are so sedulously seeking to protect a definite portion of our readers are for the most part inherently fool-proof in style, plot and treatment, and may be safely left to themselves with as little agitation and advertisement as possible. The average unsophisticated person will rarely get farther than page ten.

This library has only a small assortment of segregated books. These comprise the handful whose titles have been handed down through the generations as classics of pruriency which every schoolboy is tempted sooner or later to try to secure. The segregation is caused not by the character of the books, but their spurious ill-fame. Their evil repute has served to destroy their intrinsic character and has rendered them a nuisance among books and a vexation to librarians.

V

A survey of American public libraries made in 1926 under the direction of the American Library Association showed that in the larger municipal libraries the *per capita* expenditure ranged from \$1.51 for Brookline and \$1.33 for Cleveland to twenty cents for New Orleans. *Per capita* circulation in San Diego was 10.3 copies while in Baltimore it was 1.1. The expenditure of tax money a volume was twenty-nine cents in Dayton while in San Diego it was eight-tenths of a cent. The percentage of fiction to total circulation in Omaha was 78%; in Dayton it was 48%. The percentage of population registered as borrowers was 43.7% in Berkeley, and 14.5% in Boston. The circulation per registered borrower was 27.6% in Somerville,

while it was only 3.2% at the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn.

The essential difference between the municipal library such as Carnegie made almost universal and the few public libraries that are under private direction is that in the Carnegie library emphasis is laid on circulation. The other type subordinates circulation to special collections for scholars. The gift collections that form an important part of the privately managed public libraries are of great value. But gifts made to municipal libraries contain at least fifty per cent of worthless or out of date material. Some of it is given away to smaller libraries or jails. Much of it is sold as waste paper. Gifts of money are received by public libraries but these do not constitute any considerable part of their support.

The total spent by Carnegie and his Corporation for libraries in the United States and Canada runs to \$43,665,000, while the total for all countries is \$55,655,000. There are 432 buildings costing from \$10,000 to \$20,000 each, located in towns averaging 7862 in population, serving a population of 3,396,500. Fifty-two per cent of the 1463 buildings cost less than \$10,000 and are located in towns with an average population of 3385.

Taking into consideration the branch buildings built by Carnegie it has been estimated that 35,000,000 persons had access to his libraries on the basis of the 1920 census, while 23,825,500, or 22.5% of the population of the same census had access to non-Carnegie libraries. The Carnegie group formed 31% of the population. On the basis of these figures it is estimated that all the public libraries serve 52% of the population.

Thus it will be seen that through the investment of a little more than \$40,000,000

Carnegie stamped on a continent a library system. For even where he did not pay for the buildings, all of the public libraries that came after his first gifts followed his plan of city control. Once he wrote:

I think I am doing a lot for the morality of the country through my libraries. You know how much of the immorality and mischief is because of the idle hours of the boys and girls, especially in the rural regions, where time hangs heavy on their hands. Now they have hundreds of good books to read and pleasant reading rooms where they can go after school or after working hours.

Sometimes I like to sit here in the quiet about this time (five o'clock in the afternoon) and picture the thousands of school-boys sitting in those reading rooms, reading the books I put there. And you know sometimes, isn't it strange, I see myself a little fellow among them. The thing I enjoy the most about my books is that they work day and night. There isn't an hour of the day all over the world that thousands are not reading those books, and will always be reading them, and sometimes when I feel a little vain I say "and I am their teacher."

There is no way of knowing what would have been the result if Carnegie had established his libraries under private management and for the benefit primarily of students instead of making the maximum circulation of books his ideal. The American people have now accepted that ideal as their own. However they differ on other questions, they agree that the tax-supported library meets their needs and are willing to pay even for book wagons and stolen books. Their enthusiasm for the Carnegie plan was shown in Cleveland when they were asked to vote bonds for a \$2,000,000 courthouse and for a \$2,000,000 library building. An enormous majority voted for the new library, but the courthouse bond issue was defeated.

NOTES ON MARRIAGE

BY WILLIAM F. OGBURN

THE subject of marriage and the family is always a signal for extreme statement. That the family is the foundation of society is the refrain from the pulpit. The radical on the other hand asks, "After the family, what?" or if he is inclined to dogmatism, as he often is, he may state emphatically, "Fifty years from now there will be no marriage." The liberal, last as is so often the case, follows with the query, "Is the family so bad, after all?" In the midst of so much conflict of opinion a few facts ought to be welcome. Facts are rarely developed systematically so as to give a well-rounded picture, but there are some very interesting data about the family on American soil that ought to give us something solid to hold on to in this whirlwind of prophecy.

In the first place, contrary to common opinion, marriage is increasing, for in 1890 55.3% of the adult American population (over 15 years old) were married and in 1920 59.9% were married. Each census period since 1890 has shown an increase in the percentage married. The trend surely doesn't point, then, to an abandonment of marriage in fifty years. Furthermore, we are marrying younger, despite the agitation against child marriages, despite the cautions of elders whose blood runs cooler, and despite the predictions of the anti-birth-controllers. In the tug of war between the biological age for marriage and the economic and social age for marriage, the natural urges seem to be winning.

It is interesting to observe that unmarried women just over 30 years old tend to report their ages at 30 or younger, a practice not evident among married women nor among men. This tendency is not noticeable at 25 years, hence we may conclude that 30 years is still *l'âge dangereux*. It is said that the term old maid has become obsolete because with the greater freedom of women the social conditions giving rise to the opprobrium that once attached to it have changed. They have changed so completely, it is said, that now the bachelor girl looks down upon the unhappy lot of her married sister. But the statistics I have quoted do not seem to indicate any such shift in social values.

There are several interesting pieces of statistical evidence indicating the differences in attitude of the two sexes toward marriage. The chances of marriage for either sex are dependent upon the supply of the other. For instance, in Detroit there are 127 males to 100 females and the percentage of females married is quite large, while in Cambridge, Mass., there are only 88 males to 100 females, and the percentage of females married is quite low. Thus the extent to which females are married depends on the supply of males. Similarly, we should expect in Detroit a small percentage of men married and in Cambridge a large percentage of married men. But such is not the case. The percentage of men married is very nearly the same in the two places. Why should this be? The inference

must be that the marrying of men is not so dependent on the supply of women as the marrying of women is dependent on the supply of men.

This can be seen in another way. As we go from cities with 70 men to 100 women to cities with 170 men to 100 women, we find of course smaller percentages of men married. The decline is 10%. And we find, as we should expect, that the percentages of women married increases very greatly. The increase is 22%. In other words, when the sex ratio is varied, the percentage of women married changes more than twice as much as does the percentage of men married. It would appear that, within limits, a certain percentage of men are going to marry anyhow, while whether women marry or not depends on the supply of men. Why should women be more than twice as dependent on the supply of men as men are dependent on the supply of women? The probable answers fall along two lines. One is that the biological urge is more imperative among men. The other is that men hold the purse strings. That there is something to this economic argument is seen from the statistics of the Negro populations in our cities, where the Negro women are more economically independent of their husbands than are white women. These statistics show not quite such a great difference of dependence of the two sexes upon the supply of the other.

Still another piece of evidence pointing in the same direction is the sex ratio that assures the largest percentage of married persons, both sexes included. One would think that this maximum marriage rate would occur when there were 100 men for 100 women. But this is not the case. The largest percentage of married persons is found when there are 125 men to 100 women. It ought to be of considerable in-

terest to women to know how much more dependent they are for marriage on men than men are on them.

This discrimination in favor of men is further indicated by the number of the widowed. Widows are just twice as numerous as widowers. This difference could not be due to the death-rate, for the death-rates of men are only very slightly larger than the death-rates of women. If death-rates were the sole factor in determining the number of widowed, then the number of widows and widowers should be about the same. The great excess of widows over widowers is really due to the remarriage of widowed men. We must infer also that the widowed men who remarry tend to marry younger single women, for the excess of young married women over young married men just about equals the excess of older married men over older married women. So the facts show that middle-aged widows tend not to remarry, but that middle-aged widowers tend to marry younger single women.

II

Most of the current observations on marital trends and the prophecies pertaining thereto come from the cities. In the face of restaurants, hotels, plenty of recreation facilities, hole-proof sox, and laundries that sew on buttons, it is asked why should men marry at all, particularly when the upkeep of a wife is so costly in a city. But such a question hardly applies to the farmer, for he needs the labor of his wife, although her services are not so great as they used to be when she wove, spun, made soap, and brewed home remedies for illness. There are several significant differences between city men and country men. Of 1000 men over 25 years old in the cities, 206 will not have married, while of 1000

men of the same ages in the country but 163 will not have married. The group of single men in the cities is therefore 25% larger than the same group in the country. The city similarly discourages the marriage of women. Of 1000 women over 25 years old in cities, there are 156 who have not married, but in the country only 93. The group of single women in cities is therefore two-thirds larger than the group in the country. In this comparison the country means all communities with less than 2500 inhabitants, and the city all communities with 2500 or more. If only very large cities were compared with farmers living in the open country the difference would be still greater.

Even though the city discourages marriage it has great attraction for country people, so the rural regions are declining in population while the cities are gaining rapidly. The city is particularly attractive to unmarried women. This is shown by the fact that while 53% of all men live in cities, 56% of all women live there. The same percentages of married men and of married women live in cities; but this is not true of unmarried men and women, for, while 54% of the former live in cities, 59% of single women live there. Although the chances of a young woman marrying are less in the city, yet the city attracts her. Perhaps it is more hospitable to her than is the farm.

More of the older women are married in the rural districts than in the cities. Such a condition can hardly be explained by death-rates and is probably due to the greater economic demand for the mature woman on the farm. This possible economic interpretation of marriage works in just the opposite manner among Negro women in cities, where there is an extraordinarily small number of older married women and a very large number of wid-

ows. Yet the Negro woman is as truly an economic asset as is the farmer's wife, but with this difference: the Negro woman gets her pay in money from sources outside the home, while the farmer's wife's return comes from the home itself. The one type of remuneration appears to make a woman more independent of marriage, while the other makes her more dependent.

This economic factor in marriage appears to work out in still another manner among the children of immigrants. In cities where the sex ratios are the same, the foreign-born, the native-born whites of native stock and the Negroes are found married to about the same extent in most of the age groups. But not so with the men and women who are born in the United States of immigrant parents. There are about 5 or 6% less of them married in each age group than there are of the native white stock or of the immigrants. Why this is so is not known, but the most common explanation suggested is that many of the children of the foreign-born are peculiarly eager to climb a few rungs higher on the economic ladder. Hence the males are slow to assume the obligations incurred by a wife, and the girls often postpone marriage in the hope of a better catch. If this explanation be true, then economic success here acts as a deterrent of marriage.

III

But in the case of the business cycle the economic factor has just the opposite effect, for in times of prosperity there are many more marriages (and divorces, too) than there are in times of depression. Still another economic influence on marriage has been recently observed in England. A century ago, when England was more rural than it is now, the months of most mar-

riages were in the Fall after the harvest, but in recent years, since England has become a nation of cities, the months of most marriages are in late Spring and early Summer, before the vacation time.

I have said that marriages are increasing in the United States but that the cities discourage marriage somewhat—about 10%, I figure. Yet each census shows larger proportions of our population living in cities and smaller proportions on the farms. If the cities are growing more rapidly than the farming communities and yet have less marriage than the open country, how can marriages be increasing in number? The answer is that marriages in cities are also increasing in number, despite the urban home's loss of its economic functions. But while more marriages are being formed, more marriages are being dissolved, especially in the cities. In 1928 there were 10 divorces and annulments to every 59 marriages. While this does not mean that 10 out of 59 existing marriages will be broken by divorce or annulment, it is probable that of the marriages contracted in 1928, more than 10 out of 59, perhaps 1 in 5, will be so broken. That divorce is increasing is well-known, of course. A very large proportion of marriages so end. But it is not to be implied that broken homes are accumulating at this rate. Rather new homes are being formed out of the fragments, for a very large percentage of divorced persons remarry, perhaps three-quarters or even more.

There are at any one time, however, a great many broken homes. In the great metropolitan areas about 1 in every 4 or 5 homes is broken by death, separation or divorce, while on the farms about 1 in 12 or 13 is thus broken. We therefore have

the paradox that while there are more married persons there are also more marriages being broken up—but there are also more new homes being reformed out of the broken ones. So the net result is an increase in the marriage population and a decline in the single, even when the age factor is held constant.

There is still, however, a very large percentage of persons in the population who have never married. At the age of 45, 1 out of every 10 persons has never married; and very few persons marry for the first time after 45. It may therefore be said that one American in every 10 goes through life without ever marrying. One wonders if such a ratio is dictated by man's biological nature or whether it is a result of social customs. It seems to be a product of our civilization, for an unmarried middle-aged person among primitive people is almost unknown.

Judging from these figures, there has probably been less marriage in the past than most writers assume, and the trend points to more marriage in the future than they predict. Before closing, however, it might be well to note that the death-rate of unmarried men in the various age groups is about twice the death-rate of married men. The discrepancy is not so great among women, partly because for them marriage is still a hazardous occupation. It should also be noted that our prisons and insane asylums are filled with persons drawn much more largely from the unmarried population than from among the married. This may be because marriage selects the healthy, physically, mentally, and socially; and then again it may mean that the marital condition is favorable to health, honesty, and sanity.

SCHOOL DAYS IN THE GUMBO

BY H. H. LEWIS

AT THE age of six, in the panic year of 1907, I started to a one-room country school down a Missouri creek bottom with my brother, who had already been going three years. . . . Through savannahs of weed-choked corn and sloughy places abandoned to cockleburrs, which soaked us with dew and matted our clothes with the burrs. Across fields of plowed gumbo

Gumbo is the gluey soil of the black bottoms. It is so tenacious when moist that we had to struggle geologically with all Southeast Missouri, if not the whole Mississippi valley, in order to release a foot preparatory to taking another step. The stuff balled up around our shoes. We both carried "mud sticks" to be rammed down and held by the upper ends while we raked off the heavy accumulations—an operation which we repeated every dozen steps or so.

One Winter day my brother had to stay home and help our old man spay shoats. Returning alone from school, I could not find the mud stick where I had left it that morning after crossing a field sown to wheat. A man, between whose family and mine there was a feud-feeling, had spitefully taken it. I could find nothing else to serve its place. Foolhardily I ventured out into the gumbo anyway. . . . After a thaw, when it was in the most gluey condition.

I yelled, but it was a long way to a house. I prayed. But how could God have

done anything sordidly practical for a kid down in gumbo? It had balled up so thickly around my feet and legs that the two conglomerations had joined into one mass, holding me immovable. There I stood all night. I couldn't fall over. My folks were not uneasy, for they thought that I had gone home with a schoolmate. My brother found me next morning and got me loose. He fed me part of his lunch; and I went to school with him so that we could keep the matter from our pa, who would have laughed too much.

I distinctly remember my first day in school. That unspared rod, that hickory, a freshly cut one, reposing ominously on two nails driven into the plaster wall above the master's desk. The evil history of its predecessors had already taught us beginners what to expect of this one. We eyed the scepter of authority till the tension grew unbearable, till a sudden whipping would have been a relief.

The master, about fifty years old, a veteran Ichabod in pedagogy, large and stoop-shouldered and slovenly, began the day without any superfluous get-together niceties. I was so scared I couldn't speak my name when he asked for it. My brother told him. When all the beginners were assembled on the recitation-bench at the front of the room, where my turn came to count to twelve, I was again speechbound, though some voluble mite of a girl had just finished piping off her dozen with great pride of accomplish-

ment. Then we were confronted with the alphabet, which the teacher chalked on the board. For two reasons I remained mute to that—one being that I did not already know my abc's. (My parents were illiterate.)

There were about thirty pupils, ranging in years from six to twenty-two, attending. The older ones came but a month or two in mid-Winter, from the end of corn-gathering till the Spring plowing. (The full school year was six months.) These elders seemed to have gotten there from a dutiful I-ought-to-go-to-school attitude, as people get to church just to be respectable. So, after the frost was on the pumpkin, they came and stared dutifully at lessons rather than stay at home and stare at the female underwear section of the Sears & Roebuck catalogue. Here they struggled, "great big men" trying to extract the cube root of an adverb.

Ichabod himself, up on his platform, under the ominous emblem of his authority, would sit "raired back" with his feet on the desk, chewing cud after cud of "home-made" during "books." His was a mouth not well suited to the habit; it leaked at the corners; the brown stain would drool forth, run down his chin, collect there and then drip stringingly on his shirtfront. These were but the overflows occurring between the voluntary expectorations; grander still were the full openings of the floodgates.

He had two ways of spitting consciously: one, the ejection of a massive glob striking the floor with a loud twack; the other, an artful spraying from between his two upper front teeth. The pupils' home life had accustomed them to the first, the common, method; but the latter performance proved so novel to one newcomer that he let out an astonished giggle.

"Well, what's so dern funny about

that?" the performer growled threatfully. The impudent's grin vanished.

Setting the example as he did, old Ichabod could not muster the hypocrisy to prevent the boys from chewing the long brown. And they spat on the floor as he did. Twack. Some of the boys had money for Yankee Girl, Golden Rope, Horseshoe, but most of them used the raw leaf. Twack. So they got me to doing it, too. Twack. Before I was ten years of age. Twack, twack. The girls didn't chew but several used snuff. Sniff . . . twack, t w a c k . . . twacktwack, snifftwack . . . SPZZZZZ (Ichabod spraying it).

II

Discipline was harsh, the punishments severe. Our protrusive-cheeked support of the teacher's enthusiasm for nicotine was not allowed to have any fraternal, ameliorating effects on the oldtime rigor. He was somewhat of a Puritan. A sexy word had to be vented furtively on the playground, for the girls had a nice way of hanging around just to hear something for carrying off with a squeamish "Oh, I'm goina tell teacher!" Any small violation of classroom deportment meant a whipping: I toyed with a paper whirligig once too often; he caught me gazing out of the window again. Disobediences like that brought down the hickory when he was in the mood. He flogged the lazy and he flogged the stupid indiscriminately: me for not being able to keep up with my arithmetic class.

He always grinned when he flogged. That grin appeared as he reached for the scourge and it faded away as slowly as the tears and blubberings of the victim. None were flogged except in the presence of the whole student body. Sometimes he flung his pointer at one whose attention was dis-

tracted from teacher as well as from book. Then the abashed returned the pointer and received a sharp rap from it. During periods when no class was reciting, the quiet would be broken by the spear's clattering drop, and all eyes would turn to note the culprit. Once the thing lodged in the hair of a whispering girl, once in the gaping mouth of a sleeping boy; and once when it was not at hand a cud of tobacco was flung and a fresh chew bitten off.

As Ichabod did not smoke he allowed none of us to do that around school. So it was a great relief when four o'clock came; it was a grand and glorious feeling to shake off the headachy closeness and the futility of the room and to get myself behind a pipe full of home-made. Ah! to stoop down behind some big old sycamore, away from the wind, and to light 'er up; and to head for home, with the blue smoke whipping around, sort of following me, and the taste of it in my mouth, and the faint warmth of it seeming to warm me as I leaned against the cold northwest wind. I and my brother and two other homing-companions, none over twelve years of age, all smoking cob pipes and leaning against the wind!

It gets down to zero in that part of the country, so we needed the warming effects of those pipes. Never on the two miles between home and school did my brother and I have overcoats and overshoes. Chills resulted. We wanted gloves, so Ma filled our coat pockets with cotton and told us to hold our hands in it. We never had raincoats or umbrellas, but always got soaked and chilled to the bone. For the old man was a farmhand earning a dollar a day; and Ma, she was either sick or busy washing all the clothes she could for the neighboring *kulaks*.

On our way to school we liked to clutch a hanging grapevine on the north bank

of the creek and to swing ourselves across as Daniel Boone did when the Indians were after him that time. Then we would pull up dry cornstalks and vyingly race to a marshy spot where welling holes abounded. Deep into these holes we rammed the stalks and jobbed them up and down. Ichabod would toot the conch shell and we would have to hurry on—back to school.

To save my soul from Hell I could not pass an eighth-grade examination today. In one of the fundamental R's, arithmetic—the most important one to Ichabod—I was a complete flunkout. I drugged at problems till my head roared. And that roar is all I can remember of arithmetic—except the pertinent whippings. Such whippings! He flogged a child who was always backsliding into lefthandedness, because that obstinacy was “of the Devil.” He became vexed at a small girl who sniffled tears when she was put up to cipher on the board; he rapped her on the head with the pointer.

Headlice were rampant among the pupils. Ma had to be dousing heads into kerosene to kill the crawlers. Then she used a fine-toothed comb to remove the eggs.

I had a twin brother and sister at home, who were just at the right stage of infancy to be picking up things and poking them into places. I wore a different pair of breeches to school one day. I jerked my handkerchief from my hind pocket, and out came a spoon also, which fell to an abrupt clatter, woke the house, nettled Ichabod, and threw me into a flustered dilemma, staring at the incongruous article, trying to think what had happened.

“Huh, where did the tableware come from?” roared the teacher, discovering my distressed relation to the spoon.

“Outa my britches.”

I spoke it with a ludicrous tone of uncertainty. He burst into a laugh and the whole room joined in. The laughter would ebb down but to rise again. It seemed that they were never going to stop. Finally he rapped for order; and, with the tears of Thoric mirth running streams down his face to form confluences with the tobacco juice which had leaked out in volume, he told me to not let it happen again.

Then pretty soon on that same day he was flogging a kid who had made a belittling smirk after getting reprimanded.

III

Barbaric is the word to describe our conduct on the playground. We didn't play sociably; we fought; the spirit of anarchism queered our games. We were similar to the young of those poor whites living up in the remote hollows of the Appalachians, whose only game is to "shoulder rocks." Indeed, this part of Missouri was originally settled by suchlike from the hills of Tennessee; and the dour old anarcho-individualism was in our blood.

For example, if your marble of baked gumbo, without getting shattered itself, shattered mine of the same substance, though the certain idea of the game was to wreak destruction on baked gumbo, then I was humiliated, embittered, and was likely to seek an excuse to start a fight with you. But if your marble ruined itself, leaving mine unimpaired, I shouted with malicious joy. Then perhaps you called me a dirty name or pushed me roughly, saying, "Aw, shut up!" Sooner or later we had to fight about that.

Obviously, our games were few and simple. Baseball was too complicated with rules and cursed with coöperation. We didn't like teamwork. So we played stick-in-the-mud. You flung the sharpened end

of a stick of stovewood into the ground as hard as you could, so that it would stand as firmly as possible. Then I flung mine with a side-blow at an angle to and against yours, attempting to knock yours out as mine entered the ground. Then you pulled up your stick to do as I had done. If you knocked mine over, you put a victorious nick on your weapon. That was stick-in-the-mud. No teamwork required. One pitted against one. You could even play solo with two cudgels, imagining that the one which you hurled with less force belonged to the biggest foe in the yard.

Another game was to hurl balls of gumbo at a bull's eye put on the woodshed. But the best of all, the play most suited to and expressive of our individuality, was dog: we got down on our hands and knees and scampered or roamed about, whiffing at trees and stumps and raising our legs thereto. Sometimes we staged a dog-fight, a barking free-for-all; then, surely then, we were realizing our personalities in play. At other times when the pack of us were doing something else or nothing, you might have seen some imitative tinytot off yonder in a corner by himself, practicing dog, getting expert on that important whiff-and-raise-a-leg stunt. Dog was a very old play.

We were sadistic of course, tormentive with each other, provoking violence and then returning violence. The teacher's insane floggings succeeded in corrupting what little sympathy we first had. The old motherly advice, "Just don't pay any attention to it," yielded no charms in our schoolyard; the more one silently suffered the better a target one became; so one had to taunt and fight back directly or shunt one's hatred upon a weaker. Bullyism resulted and ruled. Some were hounded like hares, chased and cornered

by a pack of yawping insulters. I was beset by a group yelling my nickname: "Tumblebug, Tumblebug, Tumblebug-Roller!" The seat of a boy's pants became ripped, and for that he was hooted to distraction.

My folks were Prohibitionists: I kept reminding a small slouch that his father was a dog-drunkard.

"Yer ol' man'll die some day, he'll die jis' from drinkin' the stuff." The unfortunate son cursed me with the motions of his lips but never spoke out. A family of Hook-and-Eye Dutch, whose religion renounced the use of buttons on clothes, moved into the district from Pennsylvania and sent their redeemed boy to our school. He was a big gawky loon nineteen years old but with a cowering mien—an absurd nonconformist in addition to being a stranger.

From worst bully down to worst bullied, we halted the inter-strife at once; we stood stark, hospitable as the tree stumps around us, and watched the "fureigner" come into the yard. For we had already heard about him. None of the stumps spoke to him as he passed by. Then, as he was about to enter the door, a very small girl threw a stick at him and screamed, "Hi, Button!" "Button, Button, that's it, Button!" we all exploded. Immediately our old feuds were forgotten, and we proceeded to make life unliveable for the stranger.

We brought a lot of buttons to school and made button-whoopie, dangled strings of clinking buttons before his eyes; we surrounded him and performed a whirling, hooting button-dance as we peppered him with loose buttons; we slipped buttons into his dinner pail, buttons between the pages of his books—buttons, buttons, buttons, into his pockets and down inside his shirt collar. He would shudder and cast them off as if they were

potent with the curse of Cain. He never spoke nor made a move against us; he just stared at us dazedly with big blue eyes or slumped to the ground and wept like a baby. Ichabod said that we should be ashamed of ourselves and he reminded Button to pay no attention to us anyway.

Finally Button got so that he would not come out into the yard. That infuriated us. So one noon hour when Ichabod went off into the woods to gather nuts, we dragged poor Button outside. We pinned him to the ground. A big boy sat on his chest, others on his limbs. I closed my fists on his hair and kept him from turning his face aside. Then the fun began. The Torquemada on his chest fondled buttons of all sizes, shapes and hues, and held them before the martyr's eyes.

"Ha, jis' look, a greaaaaat—big—nice—blue—BUTTON!" He collected a two-handful of the abominable articles and dribbled them, dotingly with the manner of a King dribbling jewels, upon the suffering face.

The pupils gathered close to laugh and jeer. We removed some of the holy hooks and eyes and sewed some of the vile conformistic things to the cloth; we cut holes in the other side of the coat and buttoned it. Then we liberated the "fureigner," telling him that he should have his Ma to finish the alteration which we had started: that no lop-eared, overgrown crybaby of a Dutchman from Pennsylvania was going to get by with the hook-and-eye stuff at our school. He got his books and left immediately, never to return.

No sooner was his form blending with the miasma-haze of the gumbo bottoms than we were again turning sadistic attentions to one another; hardly had Button faded out before I was told that my mother was trifling or she would patch the holes in my stockings.

Old Ichabod didn't concern himself so much with our deportment on the playground. His policy was to take snoozes so that he could keep awake to pussyfoot through the aisles and rap our noggins when we were studying with closed eyes. He could enjoy a good fight as well as we could. Once we awoke him with our clamorous rooting around four fists, and he came to the window to look on. One of the fighters being my brother, who was getting the worst of it, I acted to defend him with more than shouts; then Ichabod, like some Nero nettled by a breach of gladiatorial ethics, snorted above the clamor: "Here now, you keep out of their fight!" But for a boy to get familiar with the other sex was another thing. If you kissed a saucy girl—always without her consent, of course—she told and sat proud among her plainer sisters as the lash proclaimed her wiles.

The girls! They winked at a feller. The big girls winked and talked about it and got the little girls to winking, too. She would fling you a wink and a grin from behind her book, then insult you on the playground. They fought among themselves, too, but not so much as the boys did.

Besides Ichabod, malnutrition was deadening some of the minds to knowledge. Nor was sheer poverty wholly to blame, for the child of a poor German renter was likely to bring a wholesomer ration than that brought by the child of a Yankee *kulak*. A rickety, bowlegged dunce and his spindly sister brought two baked sweet potatoes and a quart of black coffee, daily. At noon they squatted together forlornly and fingered at the cooled-and-cleft lumpiness of their spuds and washed the pickings down with quaffs from the one coffee can—like taking pills. The charm of that dainty lumpiness—oh, out there in the

sunshine and fresh air—deterred them from bolting the precious tubers as they would have vulgarly bolted cakes, as the physiology book was going to warn them not to do. But they died before they reached that book.

The fingers of another starved pupil got caught in a dinnerpail, not his own, where it sat on the lunch-bench at the rear of the room. Ichabod thrashed him. Fatherly pride wounded by the starved act's unfilial reflection on the providing one, the boy received another thrashing at home.

IV

I was always going hungry, too, short on sweets especially. As a consequence I began to forage the grounds for bits of sweetstuffs which had been dropped or discarded by the well-provided-for. Finding something, I would crouch beside it and pretend to be practicing up on playing mumble-peg (flipping a pocketknife from the ground so that it would turn over in air, light and stand on one or both of its opened blades). Then with a furtive lookout I would slip the goody into my mouth. But, oh hell, I got caught. He popped from behind a stump.

"Hey! Wha' cheou allus goin' aroun' playin' a little mum'le-peg at su meny difer'nt places fer? Yeou ak plumb crazy. Wha'sa matter wi' yeou anyhow? Hey, wha' 'sat in yer han'? Yeou been goin' aroun' eatin' *throwed-away grub!*"

He sneered with an affected loathing and ran off crying the news: "Tum'lebug, he's been goin' aroun' eatin' *throwed-away grub!*" I wanted to kill that boy. The hooting pack collected and I knew that I would never hear the last of it. Oh hell, oh hell!

These were dull, void days. Far better the life of a tenement-boy, the maze of

streets, the eventfulness and the thrills. We were starved for excitement. We were like sick persons with bed-sores. Or as if we had become conscious in the womb and were having to wait for years to be born into the pageantry of the world.

But now and then Fate lifted her shabby skirt and let us peep out at the gipsies going by. Movers, we called them. A passage of the mysterious movers was quite the most exciting thing that ever happened. We swarmed the rail fence and hung there with awe-like wonder, beholding the gorgeous house-wagons painted with pictures of snow peaks and sunny falling waters . . . the plump horses kept fastidiously clean and brushed to shine, maybe one yellow as gold, a white one, a perfectly-matched team of coal-black horses with ribbons around their necks, fine horses stepping easy and proud, . . . harness laden with brass and nicked g-gaws in profusion, glittering and clinking, . . . the swarthy driver, and the bare-footed woman in a big shawl, . . . the unwashed but well-fed children looking from the rear of the wagon, . . . the smart-faced collie and shepherd dogs trotting along, . . . the last float of this pageant, the fading away of the world beyond this gumbo clearing . . . and the dropping of Fate's skirt.

Then horseless buggies began to show up. Gee, how I liked to smell of their smoke! Gee, how I wanted to ride in one of those things! After one passed we would pretend to have hold of steering-wheels and would go veering ourselves about the yard. Some boy said that the smoke and noise was just to bamboozle people; that there was a nigger under the hood, turning a crank. We hotly debated the question.

Niggers. Black niggers. Their children were not fit to associate with us refined

Nordic pupils, so they went to a school of their own in the same district. Their schoolhouse, built of logs just after the Civil War, had no floor. The desks were awkward contrivances, the seats were blocks sawed from a tree. The privy was dilapidated. Their teacher, who earned twenty dollars a month, wore a plug hat, a faded house-servant's coat, and torn overalls.

This black Ichabod riding on a springy mule-pulled cart to and from his school and by ours—that hat in great, bobbing evidence and his coat tails flopping out behind—was fated to cause me a lot of trouble.

I had been under the white Ichabod through seven consecutive years but only five grades, alas. Then he sold his patch of gumbo, moved to town, quit teaching, and his position was taken by an elderly spinster. She was crabbed and cruel enough, yet she didn't have sufficient qualms against riding between her school and her boarding-place whenever the Dark Opportunity overtook her walking; she hopped right up there on the seat with the black Ichabod. Scan'lous! Now, had he been just a farm laborer, her riding would probably have been all right. But they were vocational equals, and of course they talked shop. The German parents—those damn Dutch who let niggers eat at the same table with them—thought nothing about it; but my parents—from the penurious hilltops of Tennessee, poor white trash indeed, as if *they* were members of the master class instead of being just deluded, yet unemancipated also, economic equals of the blacks—, my parents drew the well-known line. They withdrew their refined offspring from the school and got permission to send us to another school in an adjacent district. It was a farther drag, three miles.

When our faces appeared on the strange schoolground, we duly encountered a hostility something like that in which we had taken part against poor Button. Now poor us! Using the term about accustoming mules to harness and work, they soberly announced that they would have to break us in. That did not mean verbal torment, which they seemed to scorn; it meant physical force. First they put me to the ground and piled themselves on top, one above the other, till I was gasping and about to suffocate. Then they bound my hands and tied a rope around my waist, and two long strings to the ends of a stick fastened in my mouth; and I was forced to pull a heavy chunk about the yard, veering according to the jerks on the lines. The ludicrous thing about it all was the dearth of laughter on their part; they were just performing their duty, breaking me in.

"Buck a little, kinda rair up," they ordered realistically. "Naow champ on the bits an' make foam. Paw!"

I had to do it. They were in earnest. My brother was getting the same treatment. Then they "geared" us together and had the team to pull four of them on a sled through the mud. "Giddap thar, Mike. Pete! Dig daown an' puuuuul. Giddap, git, git! Aw, doggone ye, mules, hus'le along," the driver coaxed.

The teacher, a young fellow and not such a whipping pedagogue, endurable, had a weakness for and affected a "cultural" accent.

Every Friday afternoon each pupil had to say a piece from the front of the room. That was a new martyrdom to our kind. One timorous chap burst into tears when he started reciting but he carried on heroically with damp cheeks and agonized voice to the bitter end—of a comic jingle. The teacher promoted an oratorical match

between the eighth graders of several schools. Our contestant—who certainly had the voice; you could hear him for miles away calling the hogs—was put under heavy practice on a grandiloquent spiel about Rome's determination to destroy her rival Carthage. "Now put a lot of *rage* in it, and when you come to the end stoop low and make that *sweeping gestuah* with a lot of *foace*," the teacher would remind from the back of the room. And we would have to listen again to how "Great Rome, like a cloud surcharged with electricity, swoops down and SWEEPS great Carthage from the face of the earth!"

By the time we two strangers were considered thoroughly domesticated into the new crowd, the spinster had been fired for continuing her riding on the cart, another teacher had her job, and my brother and I were sent back to our own school.

V

There, for four more years, I remained "bad in my books," my limited capacity for knowledge showing up ever plainer. Perhaps I never would have finished the eighth grade had the teacher not slipped me some unethical aid at examination-time; because he, having the school for the next year, did not want to bother with me any more.

Then I hoped to be done with schooling forever. But my old man thought that I should take the one-year Vocational Agriculture Course in the town high-school. He said he didn't want to see me grow up to be a plumb damn fool like himself.

"Looky hyar, Pa," I countered, "I'm already growed up, seventeen years ol' an ez big ez I'll ever git. *Too late naow*."

"Why, Sonny, yeou oughta be able to larn whut they got to teach about faarmin'.

An' yeou're goina need to know that when yeou git to rentin'."

"Aw, Pa, instead o' the rentin', I guess I'm cut out to be jis' a han' like yeou."

But he persisted and I gave in. So, after a Summer of hard work on a *kulak's* farm, I mounted my father's buggy-mule and headed for that course in farming. Sally was string-halted, clumsy in the handling of her front feet, liable to fall any time and spill her rider. She had been grazing on Japan clover and had the long, syrupy slobbers in front and the green scours behind.

How I hated to enter that high-school, where such a finely dressed throng was standing around! Once inside, I found other farm stiffs there for the special course, and I felt some better.

But I couldn't learn. I flunked out in the written tests. Oh, how I longed to be at one with the gumbo, out in the field again, behind a strong team of mules, earning seventy-five cents a day in unity with the gumbo. The instructor told me to quit gazing out of the window. He told me to stop fingering my nose. And, on that same day when I was mortified by attention drawn to the fingering, I became the butt of a question which brightly exposed the folly of my attending school and caused me to make *that day* the last one of my schooldays.

A fellow student, lolling in a fine automobile at the curb, yelled this at me as I was jogging Sally along towards home: "Why don't *you* stand in the stable all day and let the *ass* go to school?"

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE progress of civilization in this great State, as recorded by a dispatch of the Associated Negro Press from Blytheville:

Upon being promised by whites here that there would be no attempt made to lynch him, officers have returned Charles Wittmore, charged with killing a white man, to this city for incarceration and trial. Wittmore was arrested in St. Louis. Efforts to prevent him from being extradited were made by his attorneys upon the ground that he would be lynched. At first the Governor of Missouri, as well as the State Supreme Court, refused extradition papers, but finally when "sincere promises" were made by local whites that they would not lynch the defendant, he was turned over to the Arkansas officers.

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the celebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, solves a tough problem in theology:

A skeptic declares that both sides pray to God in war and it would be impossible for God to give both sides what they ask for. Exactly so. But God never promises to answer such prayers. He has only promised to answer the prayers that are offered IN HIS NAME, that is, by His authority. To act in the name of another means that you act by His authority. So when we ask God to do something for us IN THE NAME OF JESUS it means that we ask for that which Jesus Christ has authorized us to ask. This skeptic only shows his ignorance of the doctrine of prayer as found in the Bible by raising such an objection. Ignorance and wickedness are at the bottom of all objections to the Bible.

OBITER DICTA of the same Aristotelian mind:

A man is not a finished scholar until he becomes a master of God's Book. The greatest statesmen in the world have been Bible scholars. Gladstone, the greatest statesman in the Nineteenth Century, was a devout student of the Bible and wrote a book entitled "THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE." The greatest man who has lived in the Twentieth Century, Wm. J. Bryan, was saturated with the principles of the Bible. The greatest scientist on American soil today, Kelly of the Johns Hopkins University, is a devout believer in the Bible and opponent of evolution and all forms of modernism. The books that live are religious books, based on the Bible, while the other sort come in as a breeze and go away as a breath and are almost immediately forgotten.

CALIFORNIA

THE HON. HARRY CARR, staff metaphysician of the eminent Los Angeles *Times*, puts the philosophy of his town and paper into neat words:

Between the two, the Red soviets, rampaging around like mad dogs trying to destroy the world, are entitled to more respect than are these "free-speech" cranks. The truth is that the United States is facing a crisis much more dangerous than during the World War. The Reds are seeking to undermine the structure and life of this government . . . In my opinion it is no time for blather about "free speech." This is one of the times when you are either for Uncle Sam or against him.

ILLINOIS

How the cops of Chicago divert their minds from their failure to catch assassins, as reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

Among recent police attacks on Chicago Communists, renewed after a lull, the beating-up of a 16-year-old boy, Julius Hauser, has resulted in action for damages by the boy's father, assisted by the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee. The boy was arrested at a Communist meeting, thrown into a police cell, severely beaten about the head and face by three policemen, taken to the Juvenile Detention Home and released the following day. In addition to the arrest and beating of this boy, the police arrested five Communists for posting handbills on telephone poles, although this violation of the city ordinance is consistently disregarded. Five other Communists were arrested when they tried to enter an unemployed conference. Two others were arrested and kept in jail for some time without even knowing on what charges they had been convicted. All these cases are being investigated.

THE alert United Press discovers a martyr to the Holy Cause in the rising town of Monee:

Simon Longton, a bartender, died yesterday of blood poisoning which developed after the bung popped out of a keg of beer and hit him on the nose.

INDIANA

SPECIMEN of literary criticism from the eminent Elkhart *Truth*:

Although he is a false representative of the prevalent American attitude and thought, it is rumored by way of Stockholm that Dreiser is being mentioned prominently there as the possible winner of the Nobel prize in literature, an award that is valued in money at \$46,350. If I had my way about it, I would stop action of that sort, for in my humble opinion the world would be worse off through the encouragement of such a pessimist and painter of the drab things in life. . . . About the best thing we can say in his praise is that he was born and reared a Hoosier.

IOWA

CURIOUS criminological note in the Sioux Center *News*:

Last Wednesday night Mrs. Hyink of Sioux Center was awakened by a noise in the house. She called Mr. Hyink's attention to it, but in doing so alarmed the intruder, who disappeared into the night. Mr. Hyink's pursuit was delayed because his trousers were not in their place. He found another pair and then began tracing the prowler. A short distance from the house he found his trousers, which had been abandoned by the thief, and a few steps farther his key ring and wallet were found. But the thief had gone and with him went thirty-five cents.

Last Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Dick Roetman of Hull were awakened by a flash-light playing around in their bedroom. The manipulator of the light commanded them to lie quietly or suffer the consequence. He then inquired of Mr. Roetman the whereabouts of the family purse. Roetman told him. The visitor found it, and picking up Mr. Roetman's trousers, disappeared into the night. Bill Oostenink was called. The town was searched. Schemes were devised but no stranger was seen, and the trousers could not be found. An estimate of the loss is \$2.

This thing is becoming a mystery, our own little mystery. Wednesday night and Friday night, and when again shall we meet this man? Burglars loot homes all over the country. Usually they go for valuables. But when a man prowls in the night and takes so little with him it appears as if he has some mania. Mr. Roetman's trousers may be the answer to this mystery—if they fit the man we may never hear of him again; if not, he may search another night.

If some man looks you over and you think he's taking measurements of your pants, grab him.

KENTUCKY

HANDBILL distributed to the Christians of Russellville, that lovely town:

EVANGELIST J. PERCENTE
will speak at the

UNION SERVICES

Logan Campus

Sunday, 8:00 o'clock

Evangelist Percente is ex-lightweight box-

ing champion of the world; former physical director to Theodore Roosevelt; former gangster and bootlegger; modern miracle of God.

Everybody Invited to Hear This Unique Evangelist

MARYLAND

SCIENTIFIC announcement from the grand old *Hansastadt* of Baltimore, seat of the Johns Hopkins University:

Vernon 6740

The
MAN FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

PROF. UNDERWOOD

SPIRITUAL ADVISOR

When in Trouble, Advice Given on All
Consult Me. Affairs of Life.

*Private Readings Daily from 11 A. M. to
9 P. M.*

321 North Paca Street
Next to Engine House

MASSACHUSETTS

THE worship of Jahveh in the town of Malden, as reported by the Associated Press:

The ushers of the Maplewood Methodist Episcopal Church, who scandalized the congregation by whistling while taking up the collection at the eightieth anniversary service of the church, were restored to good social standing today when the pastor, the Rev. Duane B. Aldrich, explained their strange behavior. The pastor instructed the ushers to whistle every time a dollar bill or more was dropped into the plates. They whistled exactly 105 times.

MICHIGAN

SERMON subject of the Right Rev. H. Eugene LeRoy, missionary bishop in the Scientific Church of the Deity, at the Boyne City tabernacle of that sect:

Did the first human beings on earth live in Michigan and Canada? What are the scientific facts about it?

NEBRASKA

THE editor of the *Wallace Call* spits on his hands and cuts loose:

The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for, with a manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of flowers, and a spirit as joyous as the caroling of birds, and a mind as brilliant as the glittering tresses that adorn the brow of Winter, and with a heart as pure as the dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaven-tuned harp of Hymen shall send forth those sweet strains of felicity that thrill the sense with the ecstatic pulsing of rhythmic rapture.

NEW JERSEY

THE *Hudson Dispatch* of Jersey City gives a pleasant free reading-notice to an eminent reader:

The first thing Judge Kinkead looks for in the *Hudson Dispatch* each morning is Milton C. Work's auction bridge lesson. When he gets that in his head, he has something to think about when he goes walking. Judge Kinkead is a profound student, and among his deepest thoughts are his auction bridge problems.

NEW YORK

FROM a circular letter announcing the opening of a new speakeasy in Marvelous Manhattan:

Come to my opening, and behold the lifting of the lid from my Pandora-box of surprises! The savage uncensored dances of the jungles of Africa! The titillating, tinnabulating secret excitations of the Congo and the flesh-shuddering, goose-creeping delicious horrors of the Grand Guignol! Continental bizzarrie as will be cayenne to the jaded mental tongue, and pep up stomachs leathered on syntheticism and minds impotentized by banality.

In an atmosphere of the piquant and beautiful, it will be my aim to bring together the monied and mental, both the aristocracy of Park avenue and of the intellect; to bring back to our time something of the camaraderie and joyance of the Venetian carnivals, of the Florentian fiestas,

days when an opulent and colorful aristocracy fraternized with the shining spirits that made the world beautiful through poetry, philosophy, drama and art!

My opening will mark a gesture to recover—for those qualified to appreciate it or to afford it—the spirit of unadulated, unsynthetic and pristine joy!

FROM the great city of Brooklyn:

MARRIAGE!

IS

Never too Early Never too Late

Are you interested in a

MARRIAGE PROPOSITION?

Call to see the World Prominent

MATCHMAKER SPECIALIST

Mr. RUBIN

1575 EASTERN PARKWAY, BROOKLYN

Telephone Haddingway 9060—9122

My big acquaintances with all classes of respectable business, professional high-class working people and nice intelligent girls from rich business families, also widows and widowers in all ages. Will surely help to suit you and solve your problem through modern and honest methods. Everything is absolutely strictly confidential.

P.S.—It is in your own interest not to delay as many very good chances are waiting for you.

Tune in please on Radio Station WSGH every Wednesday eve., bet. 7 and 7:30 P.M. for a very interesting programme.

OHIO

BRIEF in favor of Prohibition by a reader of the celebrated Cleveland *Plain Dealer*:

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: In regard to Prohibition I have this to say: About fifteen years ago a young friend came to our city to learn to be a barber by attending a barber college. I met him on the street sometime after and asked him how he was getting along. He answered that he would

like to be a barber, but he could not stand to shave men who were drunk and dirty and lousy.

I passed the college shortly afterward and saw drunks inside and drunks outside and the place looked unsanitary and unclean, and I did not blame the young man for refusing to tolerate it.

Go to that barber college today and see a barber shop fit for a king.

A. J. WALDRON.

Lakewood.

PUBLIC announcement in the *Ohio State University Monthly*, published by the Ohio State University Association, official organization of the graduates and former students.

THE BIRTH OF THE MONTH CLUB
announces

ITS AUGUST OPUS

"JACQUELINE EILEEN"

By EILEEN AND JACK PRICE

This is the first of this young couple's work and is an interesting study of what can be done when you really try. Unfortunately it was issued privately—there is only one copy in existence. We look for this initial venture to startle the world. It may even set a precedent.

Published August 8. Weight 6 lbs., 6 oz. Plain linen binding. Our price is the best.

GRANT HOSPITAL COMPANY,
Publisher and Delivery Service.

TENNESSEE

ART news in the Chattanooga *Times*:

Miss Sarah Sue Robinson gave the life of Michael Angelo yesterday at the meeting of the North Chattanooga Book Club at the home of Mrs. J. Frank Boydston. Miss Robinson had seen the paintings of Mr. Angelo while touring Europe the past Summer.

SHAKESPEARE'S NEW ENGLAND

BY DANE YORKE

Boston's Tercentenary, with its new stress on Pilgrim and Puritan, has once more emphasized a curious paradox of New England letters. Which is, that though always most reverently worshipful of Old England—and, particularly, the England of Shakespeare—the Yankee literati have still oddly failed to see that along with Pilgrim and Puritan there also came a strong and persistent Elizabethan carry-over into the life of the New World. For example, Thomas Morton, "of Clifford's Inn, Gent.," with his Merrymount company and their famous May-pole frolic with the Indian "lasses in beaver coats," plainly repeated in New England the Elizabethan life revealed by Shakespeare in the antics of Falstaff and his crew. Yet where Morton has been noticed at all it has been as a mere accident, a blue note in New England's psalm. But the truth is that he really was part of a rich and basic chord. Much of New England's life sprang directly from the "pagan routs" of Shakespeare's day.

It could hardly be otherwise. Of the holy *Mayflower* company only one in three came from the Leyden flock of saintly John Robinson. The remainder (including John Alden and Captain Miles Standish, whom Morton dubbed Captain Shrimp, and of whom Pastor Robinson strongly disapproved) came from London, where the lives of many had touched the glory of Armada days and compassed the period of Shakespeare's prime. When the *Mayflower*

sailed Shakespeare had been dead barely four years; Sir Walter Raleigh but two. Ben Jonson still lived, and would live for seventeen years longer. It is more than a matter of mere dates. In William Harrison's "Descriptions of Britaine and England," written about 1587 (a full generation before the sailing of the *Mayflower*), there may be found many things which have been repeatedly painted as peculiar only to Pilgrim and Puritan New England. Such as this: "Harlots and their mates," wrote Harrison, "are punished by carting, ducking and the doing of open penance in sheets in churches and market-steads." And even then the punishment had been found ineffective. "For what great smart is it," Harrison comments, "merely to be turned out of a hot sheet into a cold? Or after a little washing in the water to be let loose again."

This groundling life of Shakespeare's time lived on in the New World Plymouth. An authentic member of the sacred *Mayflower* company, John Billington, betrays it with his swaggering career ("He lived always a knave," records Governor Bradford), which lasted for ten long years, or until his hanging for murder in 1630. "He was one of the profanest among us," says Bradford. *One* of! How very carefully New England literature has overlooked the fact that *any* Pilgrim Father was ever profane! Or hanged!

Another Elizabethan spirit was fiery John Oldham who, banished for contu-

macy, came back stubbornly to rail in the streets of Plymouth against the magistrates. And the punishment he met was plainly drawn from the same rich heritage of gutty humor. "Seized and comited until he was tamer," the irate Oldham was then forced by Governor Bradford to run the gauntlet of a guard of musketeers, "every one ordered to give him a thump on ye brich with ye butt end of his musket." Another contemporary account, describing this same punishment in the clearest Elizabethan slang as "a bob on the bum," also marvellously calls it "a most solemn invention." Fat Jack Falstaff, set upon and cudgelled by indignant Master Ford in Shakespeare's Windsor, furnished no more sport for the groundlings (and the gentry of Elizabeth's court) than did John Oldham, spanked like a bad boy through the streets of Plymouth. The two "inventions" were of a piece.

The story of Boston is equally full of these Elizabethan notes. Almost two generations after the Founding, the diary of Judge Samuel Sewall repeatedly protests (and with obvious impotence) against the old survivals. Once he gives a clear picture of Boston's Elizabethans at play: "Jos. Maylem carries a cock at his back with a Bell in 's hand in the Main street; several follow him blindfold and under pretence of striking him or 's cock, with great cartwhips strike the passengers and make great disturbance." It was simply an interesting recurrence of the old English sport of cock-thrashing.

But then the old judge himself revealed, and more than once, a decided Elizabethan strain. There is his frank love for "goode Beer and aple pye"; the curious implications of his second nuptial night and the stricken bride; while his "awful but pleasing treat" in piling and repiling the family coffins has been unjustly allowed to ob-

scure his one record of a bath. Runs his naïve report: "Went with Mr. Brattle and swam in the Thames. . . . I went in in my Drawers." Shakespeare would have delighted in that, and also in the Ancient Pistol who lived, a little later, north of Boston. It was the latter's custom to go pot-hunting amid the small birds that throng the Maine sea-beaches. When his morning's shoot brought him more birds than he could conveniently carry he simply took off his leather breeches, tied the legs with thongs, stored his kill in the bag thus made, and so marched homeward through the village "in his Drawers." Another "solemn invention" of Elizabethan New England!

II

The clearest picture of Elizabethan life is to be found north of Boston. Maine, in fact, had a curious correlation with Shakespeare. Its first colonization came in 1607 as one result of a voyage of discovery sponsored by the same Earl of Southampton who was Shakespeare's patron, and to whom were dedicated his early poems. When that early colony was paying the first recorded tribute to the New England climate ("In the space of seven hours they had thunder, lightning, rain, frost and snow, all in great abundance") Shakespeare was producing "King Lear." His "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest" were still unwritten. And it was in the very year of his death that Sir Ferdinando Gorges (who had been knighted on the field of battle by Elizabeth's unlucky favorite, Essex), sent a gentleman in his service, Captain Richard Vines, to spend a Winter in the New World. Vines located at what is now Biddeford Pool and Saco, and his glowing report to Gorges (in 1617) went far toward disproving the claims of the survivors of

the early colony of 1607; to wit, that the New England climate was necessarily fatal.

Casual settlement thus much antedated Boston, while permanent communities sprang up almost contemporaneously with that city of the saints. Along that northern coast, from Strawberry Bank (now Portsmouth), through Agamenticus (York), Cape Porpoise, Saco, Black Point (Scarborough), to Casco (now Portland), there was a life that might have stepped direct from the pages of Shakespeare. Maine had May-poles before even that of Morton's.

The two sections were in vivid contrast. Boston was, in intent, anti-Shakespearean: Puritan, narrow and dolorous. Maine, on the other hand, was fundamentally Elizabethan: Church-of-England, royalist and broad-humored. And only the mischance of the war between Roundhead and Cavalier, in which the Praise-God Bareboneses triumphed for a time over the Raleighs and Ruperts, prevented the successful perpetuation in Maine of a province as distinguished for liberality, tolerance and humane living as the better-known Maryland.

In that unlucky war the proprietor of Maine, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, threw himself actively into the royalist cause, fought by the side of Rupert at Bristol, and was engulfed in the royalist ruin that followed. His misfortunes, and death, gave the scheming Puritans of the Bay their opportunity, and after a long period of turmoil and trickery Maine was definitely "engrased" through the purchase, by Massachusetts, for £1250 sterling of the territory upon which old Gorges had spent £20,000 in development. Maine's helpless resentment is typified in the sturdy old Elizabethan who, in 1651, was haled before the judges at York for bitterly saying that "he hoped to live so long as to wett his bullets in the blood of the Saynts" . . . of Boston.

Puritan sympathisers have repeatedly condoned the aggressions of Massachusetts on the ground that the early population of Maine was low and lawless. But the charge is untrue. The difference between the two sections was not in morals (the court records of Maine compare very favorably with those of Boston and Salem in that respect) but rather in kindliness, in tolerance, in enjoyment of life—and it was much to the advantage of Maine. As to kindliness, when Plymouth met its first great crisis of famine it was saved by the help of an open-handed outpost of Maine. "I found kind entertainment and good respect," wrote Winslow, the Pilgrim envoy who had been sent for aid, "with a willingness to supply our wants." And he added, significantly, "They would not take any bills for same, but did what they could freely."

As to tolerance, there was never a single instance of religious persecution in Maine until Massachusetts "engrased" the government. The spirit of the province is revealed by Richard Vines, who had followed up that Winter of 1616 by settling down (about 1629) as a landed proprietor of Saco. In 1640 a Puritan divine, Thomas Jenner, came to Saco and reported to Governor Winthrop of Boston that he found the people "ignorant, superstitious and vicious"—a charge, incidentally, less fitting to Saco than to the godly Salem of the witchcraft horror a half-century later. But Vines, with whom Jenner had craftily and dogmatically disputed, merely wrote to Winthrop: "I like Mr. Jenner, his life and conversacion, and alsoe his preaching, if he would lett the Church of England alone; for that doth much trouble me, to heare our mother Church questioned for her impurity upon every occasion, as if Men (ministers, I meane) had no other marke to aime at." Vines was then Deputy Governor of Maine, and answerable only to

Gorges, but he took no action against Jenner, who preached in Saco for six years thereafter, with Vines broad-mindedly contributing to his support.

Vines, too, illustrates the more genial life. Plymouth and Boston frowned upon and bewailed the festivals of Old England, particularly that of Christmas. But gentle Elizabethan that he was, Richard Vines took careful thought for his Christmas dinner. A deed he executed in 1638 stipulated, as part of the purchase price, that he should be provided each year with "one fatt Capone in the feast of the nativity." Four years later, in 1642, he sold more land and again with thought of his table, for that deed required the providing of "one fatt gowse [goose] on the 25th day of Decem., yearly." Jenner or no Jenner, Richard Vines feasted on Christmas Day.

Nor was he alone. Over in the neighboring Black Point (now Scarborough) was Captain Thomas Cammock, a nephew of the Earl of Warwick and an emigrant from the same English county in which Shakespeare was born and where he died. Cammock owned 1500 acres of land, had built himself a comfortable clapboarded house, and with his wife Margaret, and "my well-beloved friend," Henry Jocelyn (the latter the son of a knight of Kent), had established a bit of Old England in that new world. Black Point also celebrated Christmas, as is shown by a deed executed by Henry Jocelyn as late as 1663 and after Massachusetts had directly ordered the punishment of "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or in any other way, any such day as Christmas Day." In that deed Henry, then a member of the Maine Province Council, provided that he should be rendered yearly by the purchasers "one day [of labor] in cutting of wood against ye feast of Christmas."

To that genial home we are indebted for the most striking contemporary record of Elizabethan New England. John Jocelyn, younger brother of Henry, came twice from London to visit Black Point; first in 1638 when he stayed a year, and next in 1663 when he remained eight years. The account which he wrote for the Fellows of the Royal Society vividly pictures the life he found, and tallies closely with the England of Shakespeare. In 1587 old William Harrison had written that the gentry of England sat very long at table. Similarly, Jocelyn records of the Maine planters: "They have a custom of taking Tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals, sometimes four times a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinarily." His testimony that the people fed well is amusingly confirmed by a Saco inquest of 1658, where the jury found "that according to the testimony given to us, shee [the dead woman] was accessory to her own death with overmuch eating and drinking; we not having any witnes that shee was forced thereunto" . . . a cautious verdict that certainly reveals a Justice Shallow of Maine.

Likewise, of the folk of Elizabethan England, Harrison had said that they were "very friendly at their tables and so merry without malice . . . that it would do a man good to be in company among them." And Jocelyn, in prose reminiscent of that other Elizabethan, Richard Hakluyt, carries on the strain by revealing the fireside and table-talk of early Maine. Says he: "We had some neighboring Gentlemen in our house, who came to welcome me into the Countrey; where amongst variety of discourse they told me of a young Lyon kill'd . . . by an Indian; of a Sea-Serpent or Snake, that lay quailed up like a Cable upon a rock at Cape Ann." Then a Mr. Mittin told of being in a canoe on Casco

Bay and encountering "a Triton or Mere-Man," whose hand, "chopt off with a Hatchet [when it grasped the canoe], was in all respects like the hand of a man."

That story, as the gathering became more mellow, was capped by Richard Foxwell, who lived nearby. Foxwell told of a coasting voyage he had recently made, when, being overtaken by night, he put out to sea "a little further . . . fearing to land upon the barbarous shore." He and his men fell asleep on their boat but "about midnight they were awakened with a loud voice calling 'Foxwell, Foxwell, come ashore!' two or three times: upon the Sands they saw a great fire, and Men and Women hand in hand dancing around it in a ring; after an hour or two they vanished, and as soon as the day appeared Foxwell puts into a small Cove . . . where he found the footing of Men, Women and Children shod with shoes; and an infinite number of brands-ends thrown up by the water; but neither Indian nor English could he meet with on the shore, nor in the woods. These," says Jocelyn, "with many other stories they told me." It was all, evidently, the beginning folklore of a naïve and wonderful new country. And it was just such stuff (and from just such a source) as that from which Shakespeare had woven "The Tempest."

Those stories were told to Jocelyn in 1639. The year previous he had visited Boston just after the driving out of Anne Hutchinson and John Wheelwright. It is very illuminating that the one folktale he heard among the "saynts" was that told him by "a grave and solemn person [who] described to me the monster that was lately born of one Mrs. Dyer, a great Sec-tarie. . . . It was without a head but having horns and ears like a Beast, scales on a rough skin like a fish called a Thornback, legs and claws like a Hawk, but in other

respects as a woman child." The contrast between those folktales of Maine and that one of Boston is the contrast between Elizabethan health and Puritan morbidity.

Jocelyn (who in his narrative quotes from Ben Jonson) was plainly an Elizabethan spirit and it is very evident that he felt at home in Maine. In Boston it was strictly enjoined that "If any be merry let him sing psalms." But in Maine Jocelyn records that the English had taught the Indians how to make kitts (the small violins used by dancing-masters), and there was a noted Indian fiddler "whom the Fishermen and Planters, when they had a mind to be merry, made use of." And he also speaks of being "recreated with Musick and a cup of Sack."

The Pilgrims and Puritans had looked askance at Thomas Morton's "vain pleasure" in wandering through the woods and marshes with a gun over his shoulder. But in Maine, where Morton died, there was a true English love of sport. Jocelyn describes a fox hunt: "In the depth of Winter they lay a sledg-load of Cod's-heads on the other side of a paled fence when the moon shines, and about nine or ten the Foxes come to it. . . . They continue shooting and killing of Foxes as long as the moon shineth; I have known half a score kill'd in one night." They hunted wolves with dogs: "We had an excellent course after a single Wolf upon the hard sands by the Sea-side at low water for a mile or two." When finally dragged down by a mastiff, the wolf was seized by the hunters, who "tyed his leggs and so carried him home like a Calf upon a staff between two men." Another wolf, so captured, fared differently: "Tying him to a stake we bated him with smaller dogs and had excellent sport." It was an echoing survival of the "merry sport" of the bear-pits in Shakespeare's London.

There was, further, an Elizabethan love of the marvellous in Nature. Oysters in Maine were known to grow nine inches long; there were rumors that some had been found of eighteen inches. The Indians were suspected of secret cannibalism and one tribe was fabled to have canine-teeth three inches in length. The White Mountains of New Hampshire were said to be hollow . . . "as may be guessed," says Jocelyn, "by the resounding of the rain upon the level at the top." But with it all there was also an Elizabethan eye for beauty such as no Puritan ever manifested. "Glowworms have here wings," wrote Jocelyn. "There are multitudes of them in-somuch that in the dark evenings when first I went into the Countrey I thought the whole Heavens had been on fire, seeing so many sparkles flying in the air."

The speech of Maine was vivid, and its humor had Elizabethan breadth. Jocelyn sought knowledge of the Indians and learned that "Tame cattle have they none, excepting Lice." Their manner of dying brought another explanation with an evident side-thrust at the "saynts": . . . [The Indians] "die patiently, both men and women, not knowing of a Hell to scare them nor a conscience to terrifie them." He found a fish called alewife and asked why it was so named. The derivation given him has never been bettered; it is still in Webster. In one swift phrase it flashes the stout tavern-mistresses of London's Eastcheap before us. "The Alewife," records Jocelyn, "is like a Herrin, but has a bigger bellie; therefore called an Alewife."

The Elizabethan color of his pages is borne out by the archives of the old York County Court, which run back to 1636. In them are preserved, by direct quotation, much of the folk-speech of early Maine. Such typical Shakespearean epithets as cod-piece, punk, pedler's trull, horne-headed

rogue, halfe-penny hoare, mowne-calfe, and a pox on 't, are all to be found in cases covering the entire province. Elizabethan characters passed stubbornly or penitently before the judges. Nor were they mere drunken cronies of Falstaff. In 1654 Massachusetts brought something more than moral suasion to bear in securing Maine contributions to the support of Harvard College. And one stout soul was dragged before the court "for denying the college to be any ordinance of God."

In another case a certain Digory Jeffreys appears, who in name, manner and speech would have fitted into any Shakespearean comedy and set the groundlings roaring. He was charged by an incensed Dogberry, a "marshall James Wiggins," with defiantly saying that "he cared not a — for authority, Justices or their warrants." Somehow that Digory suggests the sturdy carter of Queen Elizabeth's day who got into trouble for his disgusted remark: "The Queen is but a woman, and so is my wife." But whereas Elizabeth tolerantly laughed, the justices of York in their greater dignity fined poor Digory forty shillings for his irreverence—but only two shillings sixpence "for swearing one oath."

Thus in gentry and groundlings, in speech, manners and customs, Elizabeth's England lived on north of Boston.

III

The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay bitterly hated that vivid life. After the purchase of Maine their manner of crushing out the Elizabethan characteristics of Church and State there has been likened by one writer to the savage manner of Rome with defeated Carthage.

Troubled at the increasing turmoil, Richard Vines sold his Saco land as early as 1645 and sailed to the more peaceful Bar-

badoes. John Jocelyn went back to London in 1671, being, as he said, "heartily weary and the Government of the Province turned topsiturvey." His brother Henry also moved outside the jurisdiction of the Bay, seemingly to escape the "saynts." In the same way, in Boston itself, the kindly nature-loving William Blackstone (whom the Puritans had found in possession there) felt impelled to leave his beloved rose-bushes and take refuge in hospitable Rhode Island.

But while the "saynts" were so successful in discouraging the gentry, the yeomanry and groundlings proved more difficult. The old court records of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine reveal how stubbornly they stood their ground—stiff-necked custodians of the full English heritage. And it is a fair inference that to these strong-souled Elizabethan spirits, scattered all through New England, was due the final defeat of the Puritan theocracy, a defeat so complete that a recent historian, speaking in the sacred precincts of the Massachusetts Historical Society itself, could declare with emphasis "that not one thing of the civil and religious oligarchy which Winthrop and Cotton built up exists today."

The Elizabethan survivals in New England are more than mere antiquarian curios. They explain many things, otherwise quite puzzling, in the social and literary history of the land. The humor of James Russell Lowell, his "Bigelow Papers," and his evident delight in harking back to the heavy drinking of Cambridge, are far more closely linked with the England of Elizabeth than to either the England of James or the Boston of Winthrop. They make clear the fondness for Falstaff which led Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to begin his autobiography with a reference to that fat knight. And they illumine Emerson's seem-

ingly strange course in dignifying the groundlings of his own Concord. "Fools and clowns and sots," he wrote, "make up the fringe of every one's tapestry of life and give a certain reality to the picture." There was that in his blood which made the Falstaffian elements of New England to draw him strongly. As witness his praise of a teamster's oath: "How laconic and brisk it is by the side of a page of the *North American Review*!" And again: "The language of the street is always strong. . . . Always this profane swearing and bar-room wit has salt and fire in it."

Nantucket's proud boast about the nativity of Benjamin Franklin ("Ben's keel was laid in 'Tucket but the old lady went to Boston to launch him") is plainly Elizabethan in spirit and plainly of the street. But it was one of the Bay State's most illustrious sons, that gravely togaed public figure, Harrison Grey Otis, who wrote (to a widower friend contemplating remarriage) with such Elizabethan ribaldry as this: "Remember Doctor Hunt. He tried all the widows in three counties and because he told them his object in a wife was principally to keep his back warm, they were all 'hands off,' and he was obliged, as he said, to sleep with no live creature but a bed bug."

Even the clergy bear witness to the lusty strain. There was that famous New England divine whose profound theological works won for him the honorary degrees of both Harvard and Dartmouth. He fell into the habit of grievously overlong sermons, so much so that certain weary ones of his flock were driven to approach him with this naïve offer. If, said they, he would curtail his sermons then the flock in gratitude would give him a barrel of good cider—a proposal which the eminent theologian promptly accepted. So also would have Friar Tuck.

The strange Boston mobs of the Revolution, the verbal exuberance of Ethan Allen, the daring adventuring and pragmatic *laissez faire* which gave New England her great days of sea-power and glory—all were Elizabethan in spirit and inheritance. So was that strange (by all Puritan traditions) figure of Amy Lowell. Once an interviewer, striving to express her vigorous personality, was inspired to call her Falstaffian. With her cigar, her great dogs, her reputed ability “to tell a story that would make a lady’s hair stand on end,” what a contrast (and complement) she was to the New England nun-spinsters that Mary Wilkins Freeman and Sarah Orne Jewett built into a mould of fashion and in the full inspiration of the “saynts.” Yet Amy

Lowell and her humbler village compeers—to be found all through New England—were (and are) as indigenous, as authentically rooted, as the Great Stone Face and the Coolidge phiz.

The Pilgrims and Puritans may have been the warp in New England’s tapestry, but the Elizabethans were the weft. Also, to change the figure, her salt. Like that fine soul whose portrait lingers from a recent book of Maine reminiscence: “The Squire was a reader of Greek in the original and he spouted Homer to the sea. He drank much brandy and rum and died in advanced years and was buried in sea sand.” Shakespeare would have joyed in him . . . and been at home in the New England that he typified.

ON WOMEN AS HOUSEKEEPERS

BY RALPH MILNE FARLEY

THOSE persons whose recollections carry back as far as the time of the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment can remember the two slogans to the tune of which the campaign of votes-for-women was fought: the one, the cry of the suffragists, "Are women people?"; and the other, the reply of the antis, "Woman's place is in the home."

I am beginning to wonder if *either* side was right. Are women actually people—that is to say, the same sort of people that we men are? And is their place really in the home?

The average married woman is quite certain that she could run her husband's business better than he does, and I am not at all sure that she is wrong. But be that as it may. What I wish to assert is that the average man would make a much more competent housekeeper than his wife.

Housekeeping on a large scale, indeed, is always done by men, even now. Whoever heard of a woman hotel-manager, or a woman chef? Even all of the good modistes, couturiers and milliners are of the male sex. But when it comes to running the ordinary small home, a job that ought to take about two hours a day, the women-folk have us poor males perfectly bluffed.

They maintain their supremacy, not by the complicated ritual, the meaningless secret codes, and the general hocus-pocus that enchants the priests of the law, medicine, and the other male professions. No, women's ways are much more direct. The

very simplicity of their nomenclature disarms one. But they have such perverse ways of doing the easiest-sounding things, and they manage to make so difficult everything in which they seek male assistance, that we misguided men are full of sympathy over the way our wives have to slave while we enjoy life at the office.

If a factory or store were run along the inefficient lines of the average home, it would be bankrupt in a month. But let me give a few examples of feminine incapacity; listing them under the various traits which I believe to be the cause of woman's inherent unfitness for housekeeping.

II

First, women are unalterably conservative. I remember reading somewhere, in the writings of some famous person, an account of how he had shown some peasant women that the time-honored custom of carrying a stone in a sack on one shoulder, to balance a bag of grain on the other, was quite unnecessary. "Just put half the grain in each sack," said he, "and your load is cut in two." It seemed reasonable; so they tried it. But soon they reverted to the old method. "This is the regular way to carry grain," they explained—and that consideration outweighed all others.

Take the matter of dish-washing, the most time-consuming operation of all housework. As a boy, I worked on the New Hampshire farm of a man who ran his

own household. He had a wife, three children, a nursemaid, and the usual contingent of farmhands and boarders: about fifteen persons in all. Washing dishes for fifteen people is no joke.

So he rigged up two cubical sinks, about a yard each way. In one, he put boiling water, with a quarter of a teaspoon of kerosene to a gallon of water. In the other, he put just plain boiling water. The dishes were stacked in square wire-netting baskets on a long shelf. Above the shelf and the two sinks there ran a track like the one that carried feed and the manure out in the barn. A small rope with pulleys hung from this track. After dinner, he just hooked on the baskets, one by one, soused them up and down in one tank after the other, and then set them to drain and dry without wiping. The entire dish-washing was over in less than five minutes.

In every home in which I have lived since those boyhood days I have attempted to introduce that labor-saving system, but without success. The women wouldn't even give it a trial. "The kerosene would make the plates taste," said they. The plates never tasted on Talbot's farm, but a recital of that fact made no impression on the conservatism of these good ladies.

My mother—but that story comes under another heading.

My wife, although she wouldn't try the kerosene stunt, did install a rotary dish-washer, not because she saw anything wrong in the conventional process of washing in the sink, but rather because the salesman was a friend of my boss, who had sent him to our house.

The device certainly was a wonder. It was every bit as good as Talbot's, except that it lacked the unlimited capacity of his. But when we moved to a new house, it was not reinstalled. "It clutters up the sink," was the explanation, as though the

full capacity of the sink were needed when the dishes did not have to be washed therein. Also, "The kitchen doesn't look like a real kitchen with that contraption in it."

So an hour or two a day is wasted washing dishes in our present establishment. The dish-washing machine has been sold to a junk-man.

Secondly, women won't accept improvements. This, of course, is a phase of their conservatism. Putting dishes into a machine isn't really washing them. It gets them clean, yes; cleaner than washing would do; but it isn't "washing." Dividing the load isn't the regular way to carry grain to the mill.

The average man is an iconoclast. If a certain way of doing a thing is the time-tried conventional way, he will wrack his brains to try to improve on it. This is the spirit which has made America a nation of inventors, the center of the material progress of the world. How many women are among the patentees of the thousand or so patents which issue weekly in this country? I counted up in the most recent issue of the *Official Patent Gazette*, giving the ladies the benefit of the doubt on all names which might be either male or female. Out of 916 patentees, only 35, less than 4%, were women.

I came up against this contrast in temperaments at a very early age. As a small boy I made my own bed daily. The number of times that one has to walk around the end of a bed in making it, if laid end to end, would—well, it seemed to me that this expenditure of time was a great economic waste. So I sewed a row of metal eyelets along the foot of each of my sheets and blankets, and hooked them on to screw-hooks at the foot of the bed. One yank at the head-end of the outfit, and my bed was made. Furthermore, my bed-clothes never pulled out at the bottom.

Was I allowed to reap the fruits of my invention? Most certainly not! It was accused of being unsanitary. Whereupon I pointed out that my sheets got even more airing strung out taut from their anchorage than scrunpled together in a heap the way the ladies of the household did it. Well, anyhow, they asserted that it was not the right way to make a bed. This was their real reason. And I had to give in.

In recent years, I have developed a simple system for washing my few breakfast dishes while the family is away for the Summer. I keep a large laundry tub, full of water, in the middle of the kitchen floor. When I am through with a dish, I throw it in. When I need a dish, I fish it out and wipe it. Once or twice a week I change the water. But the ladies of my acquaintance, instead of being impressed by my ingenuity and originality, are horrified.

Once I served on a committee for a series of dances. In previous years there had been complaints about the fruit-punch, woman-made out of the best materials. So this year I made the punch. To eight gallons of water, I added one quart of cheap claret, and glucose, citric acid and saccharine to taste; also, for the sake of realism, one orange, one lemon and one banana, all sliced and floating. The whole eight gallons cost less than \$2. I kept the formula to myself, and the punch made a hit.

As one lady said to me, "It is such a relief to get genuine fruit-punch again, after that awful chemical substitute which last year's committee served us."

I did not disillusion her. It was masculine ingenuity against feminine intuition.

Some women are as ingenious as men, it is true. But the moment the cause for the ingenuity passes, they revert to the old ways, with much the same calm intelligence as is displayed by rescued horses rushing back into a burning stable.

Take, for example, one of my aunts. She had planned cornstarch pudding for a certain meal, and found that she was all out of cornstarch. There were plenty of other desserts in the house, but this particular meal called for cornstarch. Just why, I know not. But that was an example of her feminine persistence. So, in desperation, she used laundry starch. She admitted to me that it worked even better than cornstarch. All the guests, not knowing that she had employed a substitute, praised the smoothness of the pudding. But my aunt took great pains never to be out of cornstarch again.

Did you ever see a woman who knew how to operate a can-opener? I never did. They attack a can with all the abandon of a tabby-cat pouncing on a hop-toad, or a cow getting over a fence. Frequently they cut their fingers. Also the contents of the can get hopelessly mangled by being extracted through a too small and too jagged hole.

Several varieties of new patent can-openers are now on the market. These will open a can more speedily, more neatly, and with less danger than the old sort. As they are still for sale, someone must buy them. Who does? Probably the bachelors. There is not a married household of my acquaintance which possesses one.

In fact, I have even known women to scorn the simple key that comes with certain brands of coffee and sardines, and try to use an ordinary can-opener on them instead. To my remonstrances these good ladies reply, "But, my dear, these contraptions aren't can-openers."

You see, women won't accept substitutes, even though the substitutes constitute an improvement.

Thirdly, women aren't mechanical. Probably this trait contributes to their disinclination to adopt the new can-openers. For

such contrivances are machinery, and women are horribly afraid of machinery.

When I was in college, every lunchroom on Harvard Square had a set of little clock-work timers for boiling eggs. The moment that any regular patron entered, Butler Walker or Jimmy or Rammy, as the case might be, would glance at a chart which listed the exact fraction of a second to which that patron liked his eggs done. Then Butler, or etc., would set a dial, insert the egg, and out again would pop the egg at just the right instant.

These gadgets are simple, inexpensive, and fool-proof. But can you get a woman to use one? Not on your life! For that isn't the regular way to cook an egg, my dear; and, besides, the gadgets are machinery. We have one, but I can't get my wife to use it.

The conventional practice with respect to boiling eggs is to put in the requisite number at haphazard intervals, open them one by one at the table, and let each person pick out the one which most nearly approaches his or her idea as to the proper degree of coagulation. Like the way they used to issue uniforms in the Army, this suits the first two or three patrons to a T, but it isn't fair at all to the last person served. I prefer the gadgets of my old college days.

A neighbor lady recently furnished a fine example of woman's mechanical ineptitude. Glancing across from my yard, I noticed that she would sit motionless for some time on a lawn-chair, holding some small object in her hands. Then she would let go of it, stoop over and pick it up again, and repeat the process.

Much mystified, I ambled over to see what it was all about. I found that she had a small silver picture-frame, which she was holding together. But the silver part was slightly sprung, so that when she let go of

it, it would fly away from the back. She kept holding it together for a longer and longer period each time, but each time it would spring apart as soon as she released it.

I stood and watched her for quite a while, which I suppose was mean of me. At last she sighed with exasperation, and remarked that I irritated her. Whereupon I asked if I might try. I took the frame, bent it slightly until it was perfectly flat, put it together, and handed it back to her, all fixed. I claim no particular credit for the performance; any man could have done it equally well, and with as little fuss and feathers.

My wife says that the trouble with the neighbor woman wasn't lack of mechanical ability, but rather the possession of a rare degree of persistence. She was determined to beat that picture frame in her own way, if it took all Summer.

Fourthly, women won't follow directions. As I started to state, a while back, my mother was broadminded enough to try the kerosene cure for dirty dishes, although she was sure that it would cause the dishes to taste of oil. But when I told her to put in only one-quarter of a teaspoon of kerosene to a gallon of water, she snorted, "How perfectly absurd!" and proceeded to put in a cupful. Of course, this made the dishes taste frightfully, thus vindicating her prophecy.

I know another woman, whom I once induced to try a certain coffee-substitute. The directions on the can stated that it was not to be brewed like coffee; but that, if cooked in a certain specified way, the resulting beverage was guaranteed to be indistinguishable from real coffee.

"How absurd!" asserted the lady. "If it's any good as a coffee substitute it'll have to stand or fall by being cooked just like coffee."

So she brewed it in a coffee-pot in the regular way, and the result was awful. Which, of course, vindicated her prejudice against substitutes.

Once I got the old lady where I was boarding to help me make some candied ginger-root, an article of which I am very fond, but which was too expensive for my then pocket-book. So I was overjoyed to find in some woman's magazine—of all places!—a recipe for making this condiment out of carrots, powdered ginger and sugar.

The recipe was very explicit in demanding that the carrots must be only very slightly parboiled.

"How absurd!" exclaimed my landlady. "That's no kind of way to cook carrots!"

So the carrots were *properly* cooked, and I got neither buttered carrots nor candied ginger-root out of the resulting mess.

Women, to whom I have told this carrot-episode, all agree that it proves that I ought to have realized that you can't make candied ginger-root out of carrots. For that would be a substitute, you see; and the rules of the game do not permit substitution.

III

I have here given the high spots of a long life of observing the feminine sex wrestling with the difficulties of housework. And because women are conservative, will not accept improvements, fear machinery, are pig-headed, and won't follow directions, I am firmly of the conviction that, by and large, they will never make a success of their calling.

The average man could accomplish in two or three hours the daily housework done by the average woman in eight or

ten; provided, of course, that he were given full control and free rein, and permitted to reorganize the household-plant upon an efficient basis.

On the other hand, the average woman, if permitted to take over her husband's business, could undoubtedly cut out a large part of the unnecessary conferences, blank forms, reports, and carbon copies; and produce more results with less overhead.

Why not, then, swap places?

I'll tell you why. Just about the time that each of them got things going smoothly—the wife making more money, and the husband running the home like clockwork on two hours a day, and spending the rest of his time fishing or playing golf or poker—just about then the wife would catch on, conclude that her husband was a lazy loafer, and make him come down to the office and work *under her* for his six free hours a day. Then what would become of his hard-earned independence?

P. S. I read the foregoing to my wife. Her only comment was, "Are you trying to be horrid?"

A few minutes later she flounced back into my study with a look of triumph in her eye, and bearing a tumbler containing the dregs of some switchel which I had been drinking.

"I found this on the newel-post in the front hall," said she, "and it has left a white ring where you put it down wet. How would you prevent that sort of thing happening on your two hours a day?"

"Very simply," I replied, not in the least nonplussed. "I should put deck-varnish on the stair-rail."

Whereupon she floored me with the, to her, unanswerable argument, "But deck-varnish isn't the proper finish, my dear, to use in houses!"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

THE HORIZONTAL CHALLENGES THE VERTICAL

BY WILLIAM E. WILLNER

IN THE decade just before the arrival of the steel building, Providence saw fit to send the sons of many American families to study architecture in Paris. At the École des Beaux Arts they were introduced to the French idea that good architecture could be produced by strictly logical methods, that Plato's association of the good, the true, and the beautiful was a practical recipe for good design. The first essential in designing a building was to eliminate preconceived notions and allow the requirements of the programme to dictate the plan. The façade should then tell the truth about the plan and section, the details should suggest the character of occupancy and the special methods of construction.

The whole emphasis of the Beaux Arts system was on the study of planning, which enabled the student to develop a fine sense of proportion without being too much influenced by the personal tastes of his patron. The elevations were usually slighted, and any façade would pass muster if it resulted logically from the plan. The Americans, however, were usually more interested in results than in methods. Though they marveled at the triumphs of abstract design which the patient French students produced in their floor plans, they gave most of their admiration to the hastily drawn façades. They were after the "big things" in architecture, the rules which would enable them to design handsome

buildings with speed and efficiency. The philosophy of design enunciated by M. Julien Guadet might be all very well, but the practical man would realize that all plans could be reduced to one of five or six approved forms, that all façades should consist of one, three, or five motifs, and that one part of the façade must always be unmistakably more important than all the rest.

When the young diplômé returned to America, he was faced with the new problem of the tall office building. It was a problem unlike any of those which had been so neatly solved in the ateliers of Paris, and it seemed, for a while, that it could not be analyzed in terms of Beaux Arts philosophy. Twenty stories, all of the same height and importance, could not be truthfully expressed if they were to yield a composition of orthodox form. Either the cult of truth or the cult of the dominant feature had to give way, and it was truth that yielded. The practical way to deal with the twenty stories was to divide them arbitrarily into three parts, using the first four stories as a base, decorated with a Doric order, leaving the next twelve stories as a plain shaft, and treating the upper four stories as a capital, decorated with a Corinthian order. For many years this was accepted as the proper way to design an office building. Beaux Arts logic went no farther, but was content to impose its standardized composition on almost every American city and to play the dilettante by decorating that single type with every style of architecture about which a book had

been published. Some of these buildings are undoubtedly handsome, but nearly all of them must be classified as fakes—easily recognized as such by anyone who passes through the three-story entrance into a lobby barely ten feet high.

With the advent of zoning laws and set-back upper stories, it was plain that the cornice had to go. Thus the three-part composition was suddenly deprived of its top. It was then discovered that the fairly common use of vertical piers between the windows was a brilliant expression of the truth about steel construction, instead of being, as most thoughtful people had supposed, an attempt to make the classic pilaster embrace some thirty stories in a single flight. The pilasters were promptly turned into buttresses and finished with chamfered tops above the highest parapet; and with that the vertical was born.

In the hands of the best architects, the set-back stories gave new and interesting silhouettes, but the typical façade became a glorified fence, with posts about eighteen feet apart and two or three hundred feet high. The attempt to give a classical form to the modern skyscraper had miscarried, but one, at least, of the Beaux Arts ideals had been realized. Though it was still impossible to express the small and uniform scale of the stories, it was now a simple matter to tell the truth about the steel construction.

It may be unfair to describe the new style as an accidental development, since it was foreshadowed in the work of Louis Sullivan; but when Sullivan invented the vertical treatment, some thirty-five years ago, he made almost no impression on the other Beaux Arts men. Followers and imitators he had, but they were not often found in the group that had learned the easy rules of French official art. Sullivan's originality could make little headway against the fash-

ionable formulas of his day, and if his logic appears now to have triumphed, it may be because the vertical has also become a fashionable formula, and not because our designers have become more thoughtful.

The logic of the vertical system depends upon the assumption that the steel column is more important than any other feature of the steel building, and although most architects accept this as a true statement of the case, there are reasonable grounds for holding a different opinion. The late Mr. L. S. Buffington is generally acknowledged as the inventor of steel construction, and in his famous application for a patent he described a system in which the most notable feature was this: that the walls of each story-height were supported independently of the walls below. The whole load was to be carried by steel beams at the floor lines, and no masonry, not even the covering on the columns, was to rest on any masonry below it. The walls could be as thin as in a one-story building—they might even be of glass—and both walls and columns could be offset in any direction. There was nothing in such a building that was of necessity vertical except perhaps the elevator shaft.

Walls had formerly carried the floor beams. Now the floor beams carried the walls; while the light loads and the bracing at each story reduced the size of the columns to an unbelievable slenderness. The whole desire of the builder was to reduce the width of the supports and to make the window areas as large as possible. That this desire should eventually be interpreted in an architecture which glorifies the column and crowds the windows is one of the weirdest contradictions of our time. Light walls which need no bracing are plastered with vertical buttresses, and the floor beams which carry every ounce of the visible brick or stone are completely ignored in the fin-

ished design. In many cases the designer is not content to make masonry piers of the actual steel columns; more verticals are introduced between the columns, adding thousands of dollars to the cost of the building and reducing still further the size of the windows. It is possible in our time to span larger openings—that is, to build wider windows—than ever before in the history of the world; but no one would ever guess the fact from a glance at our office buildings.

The great builders of all other ages have taken a particular pride in exhibiting the new and wonderful inventions in their art. When the Romans had learned how to build roofs of stone, they gave the human spirit a new thrill with the vast spans of their arches and vaults. In later times the Gothic builders found their joy in a new kind of vaulting, inconceivably lofty, and supported on the slenderest of stone piers. No one questions the soundness of the instinct which made those builders emphasize the miraculous features of their monuments, the things which men had never been able to build before. But if it was a sound instinct then, it should still be a sound instinct to-day, and it is surely a cause for wonder that so little has been done with the new forms implicit in steel construction.

They are thrilling forms, fresh and powerful, and it happens again and again that the parts of a building which have had most of the designer's care and attention seem pale and lifeless beside some purely structural feature which was allowed to shift for itself. A striking example is to be found in the railway station at Washington, where the magnificent sweep of the concourse, long and low, and without any decoration, gives an effect which cannot even be approached by the waiting-room, with its great height and its imitation of

Roman vaulting. New and wonderful achievements in construction will never lose their power over the human imagination, whereas the ancient forms, however beautiful, call forth an admiration which is mainly literary.

Great height is no novelty in this world, and it is hardly the most wonderful feature of our steel buildings. What is truly remarkable is the lightness of their construction, the small size of the supports and their wide spacing. The typical office building has its columns about eighteen feet apart, and in some of the new examples this distance is doubled. If the form of the structure were frankly expressed, the most notable feature in the finished building would be the great width of the openings in proportion to their height.

Such an expression is, of course, impossible in terms of vertical architecture, and quite irreconcilable with classical precedent. But the classical proportion for a door or window opening—the height twice the width—was dictated in the first place by necessity. The width could not be greater than a stone lintel would span, and an imposing effect could be secured only by adding to the height. The form, however, once established, did not yield to new methods of building. It continued to tyrannize over succeeding generations until our own day, and the schools still teach that the most beautiful proportion for an opening is the classical proportion.

Meanwhile, we have developed a system of construction in which such a proportion is of no significance. We can roof vast open floor spaces without high vaults, we can build wide openings without arches. While we cling to the ancient notion that grandeur is to be sought only in great height, we ignore the obvious fact that a great flat span is the grandest form that we can build, the one form that could never be

realized without steel. While we try to express steel construction with vertical piers of masonry, we already have the perfect expression in Brooklyn Bridge, which remains, after fifty years, a more inspiring sight than any of the tall buildings to which it leads.

The modernist movement seemed for a time to promise an artistic exploitation of the new forms, but its main effect so far has been to flood us with cheap, stereotyped ornament. Its great apostles have been theorists like Le Corbusier, whose own gifts do not include a talent for decoration, and whose ideas have no connection, except in time, with the facile ornamentation of the Paris exposition. The new fad in decoration was immediately seized upon by the commercial geniuses among our architects, but whatever solid content there may be in the modern ideas of form has not been exemplified in the work of great artists.

It may be that Le Corbusier's own work is sterile—theory in itself is always sterile—but his ideas ought not to be condemned without a trial, especially not by the exponents of a vertical formula which is at least equally sterile. The new forms ought not to go begging for interpretation while our architects seek only a vulgar and fleet-

ing distinction as the creators of the tallest buildings in the world.

That an artist should be held to a strict functionalism is an extreme view, but the desire for a closer relation between the architecture and the structure of steel buildings is not based on any such theory of design. It is based, rather, on a prudent regard for the future. It is as nearly predictable as anything in the course of human affairs that the skyscraper of the new era will have no masonry covering. It will be a tower of metal and glass, without our present clumsy methods of fireproofing; and its beautiful forms—for it will be beautiful—will be the forms of its naked structure. Unless our present architecture is to go the way of Nineveh and Tyre, it must accommodate itself to this rational ideal, and own a somewhat closer relation between beauty and truth than is now apparent.

A system of design which is more than a pasteboard mask ought not to contradict the general movement of the structure it encloses. A composition which is overwhelmingly vertical by daylight ought not to become a great pile of illuminated horizontals at night. A wall of vertical buttresses and hidden floor lines is surely not the ultimate expression for a tower of twelve-foot stories which need no walls.

Philology

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE FIGHTS FOR RECOGNITION IN MOSCOW

BY ELI B. JACOBSON

THE question of foreign languages is very closely tied up with the execution of the Soviet Five-year Plan. This plan, providing as it does for the speedy industrialization of Russia, as well as the collectivization of its agriculture on a

huge scale, has made it necessary for the Soviet Union to import not only machinery but also technical knowledge in the form of specialists, books, periodicals and magazines. But of what use are these things without interpreters, translators, guides? To prepare the necessary linguists, the entire country has mobilized all resources to teach the three modern languages of German, English and French to as many people as possible.

The Russian Communist party, recognizing that the success of the Five-year Plan is utterly dependent upon outside assistance, passed a resolution early in 1930 calling upon every member to study and master a foreign tongue. The unaffiliated worker was also urged to apply himself to the same task. Many have responded to the call. They are flocking in hordes after work hours to the numberless evening schools and colleges especially instituted for foreign language study. Almost every workers' club has organized foreign language study circles. Every party institution, section and nucleus has one or more foreign language groups led by experienced teachers. The workers of many governmental institutions assemble one hour in the morning before work in the offices, assiduously endeavoring to unfathom the lingual, grammatical and idiomatic intricacies of either German, English or French. Modern language departments are being established in all schools, including the elementary, as well as all colleges and universities.

Until the revolution the educated classes spoke chiefly two foreign languages, French and German. French was the language of diplomacy, society and fashion; German was utilized in the more prosaic fields of business and commerce. However, with the staggering efforts now made at industrialization, at attempts, as Stalin put it, "to overreach and outstrip all capitalist countries," including America, German is of first importance, with English running a very close second. Since Germany is a near neighbor, and since its language has always been spoken in Russia, German quite naturally holds precedence. Nevertheless, information on the latest, most far-reaching and most extensive development in industrial technique can best be obtained in American journals and

periodicals. The machinery most suitable for Soviet purposes—harvesters, tractors, dredges—is much more economically obtained in the United States than Germany. An American engineer is often preferred to a German, for the former is blessed with little or no political sense or preoccupation. For the opposite reason, an engineer hailing from England is a *rara avis* in the Soviet Union; he is not trusted at all. But American engineers are found by the hundreds all over the country. It is they who have had the most extensive experience in dealing with industry and farming on a vast nation-wide scale. In Nizhni-Novgorod they are constructing a Socialist city and an automobile plant. In the tractor factory just outside of Stalingrad over a hundred American specialists as well as five hundred American workers are employed. On the government farms, in steel mills, in textile factories still other Americans are to be found.

Because of Russia's attempts to first equal and then surpass America in industrial achievements, America is the country today in which all Russians are most interested. The greatest American hero in the Soviet Union is Henry Ford. Fordization is an integral element of any proletarian vocabulary. So is "rationalization of production," which means the same to them as Fordization.

Besides all this, American tourists are coming to the Soviet Union in greater numbers every year. To make a good impression upon these tourists no effort is spared, for the Soviet government is employing every means to obtain recognition from the United States.

Knowing the tremendous need for facilitating work with the Americans, I was quite willing, upon being requested, to do my share in the preparing of interpreters, translators, guides and teachers. But once

arrived in Moscow, I was dumbfounded by the mysterious whisperings and incomprehensible warnings.

"You'll have to watch your step," the secretary to the Commissar for Education told me one day shortly after my arrival. "They don't like Americans."

"You'll find many against you," I was informed by the rector of the Second Moscow University, where I was to teach. "They think American is an inferior dialect."

"Good English," said to me the head of the Foreign Department of the University before I made my *début*, "that is, pure English, real English, is spoken only by the Britons. Here they teach only the English accent." Thus was I, as an American, put in my proper place!

"They," it turned out, hailed from Leningrad. Moscow had never been much of an educational center before the revolution, and even today the headquarters of the "scientific workers," as the professors are now popularly called, are located in the former czarist capital. In Leningrad was the prejudice nurtured against the English of the Americans. There endless text-books were published, readers, spellers, practice books, all of them subjected to the system of phonetics as practised in Great Britain. Leningrad was called upon to provide the English teachers for Moscow. Although it is a twelve hours' journey from Leningrad to Moscow, several Leningrad teachers during the school term 1929-30 traveled to Moscow and back several times a week to give the Muscovites the benefit of their Russianized English English accent. The leader of the Leningrad cohorts was a professor of old standing, having formerly bestowed his energies upon the fragile young ladies of the aristocracy. He was fortified by an English wife, a professor at a British University.

The state of affairs very soon became irritating. Certain students in the classrooms did not hesitate to stamp the teacher as ignorant or unfit whenever he spoke American.

When I pronounced the word *clerk* to rhyme with *irk*, I was at once interrupted and reminded that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *lark*. The same happened when I pronounced *schedule* instead of *shedule*, as the British do. Again, I was puzzled to find that a *radical* is not a revolutionary but a mere spineless liberal. *Labor* with a *u* evinced much more dignity than without; certainly *honor* did. When I spoke of a *time-table* they thought I was referring to hours and courses of study instead of railroads. A *trolley* was very inferior to a *tram* and the *wireless* was much more scientific than the *radio*. Besides, I had the temerity to rhyme *either* with *breather*. I humiliated the English government by spelling it with a small *g* and following it as well as the United States with a singular verb. I did not say *ordin'ry* when I meant *ordinary*. Many other such heinous crimes I committed by the hundred.

When I asked which of England's more than two hundred dialects "they" favored, the students told me only Oxford English was used—evidently even Cambridge was not good enough!

Then I learned that several qualified American teachers were refused engagement even for the elementary groups merely because they were not considered satisfactory instructors in Oxford phonetics. When it came to the point that Russian teachers who had never left the country were considered more fit than Americans to teach the English language I decided it was high time to take action. Accordingly, several other professors and I formulated a platform of eight points:

1. Oxford English is an aristocratic tongue purposely fostered by the highest British governing and landholding classes in order to maintain their icy and lofty exclusiveness.

2. It is not used by the majority of the residents in Great Britain and certainly not by its intelligent working class elements.

3. It is not used by the majority of English-speaking peoples the world over.

4. The aristocracy is introducing all sorts of affectations, such as the chopping short of syllables and the swallowing of the terminations of words, in order to make it all the more difficult for anyone else to speak the language in their manner.

5. The American language is more democratic, for the employing classes speak no differently from their employés. It is more standard due originally to the settlement of the West by Easterners, and lately due to the radio and talkies.

6. The American language is more alive and picturesque, tending more to simplification both as to spelling and grammar.

7. Linguist "purity" is a mere fiction for language does not grow out of the air, but is determined by particular social conditions and in a measure is a reflex of these conditions. Language purity at best reflects a pedantic attitude and at worst an attitude either aristocratic or chauvinistic.

8. Since American engineers are preferred by the Soviet authorities to the English, since the latest industrial technique finds its highest development in the United States, good American English serves Soviet purposes best.

This platform was presented at a meeting of teachers, and afterward in several classes of the students. The war was on! Factions were formed, pro-English and pro-American. Although confined to students and professors, a wide circle was drawn into the discussions which raged in the classrooms, in the corridors of the universities, and eventually in special meetings held on the subject.

Outside attention was soon attracted to the struggle going on in the classrooms between pro- and anti-Americans. At a

national Modern Language Teachers' Conference held in Moscow in March 1930, the question was discussed by the entire English section. A public lecture bearing on the same issue drew a very large audience. It was evident that it was not considered a mere technical question.

Things came to an impasse. Many students began to raise their voices against the phonetics *à la* Oxford. Their "pure" English teachers began to whisper all sorts of insinuations against the 100% Americans. The students in favor of Oxford printed items in the wall-newspapers about the superiority of phonetics as a means of learning English, especially "real" English. The students debated, divided themselves in groups and finally on their own initiative called a meeting of the entire student body as well as the faculty. This was after the dispute had been on for months.

The assembly hall was packed, everyone was in great excitement. The students were divided, while the majority of the faculty was pro-Oxford. (There was, by the way, not a single Englishman on the staff of the English department! The staff consisted of four Americans and about a dozen Russians.) The rector of the university was also present and in his speech, although favoring the American language (for political reasons), he nevertheless struck a compromising note. He pleaded for toleration: American had a right to recognition and representation as well as any other tongue. "Purity," he said, "is a matter of custom and interpretation."

When I took the floor, as the only faculty member fighting outspokenly for the American language, the silence was tense. I reiterated our eight-point programme, dwelling at length upon the aristocratic affectation of Oxford, but giving the discussion more a political than an

academic character. I was cheered and hissed simultaneously throughout my speech. When I concluded, with the resolution that the system of Oxford phonetics be dropped, and the phonetic system as based on American pronunciation be adopted instead, the turbulence was so great that the matter of voting and decision was out of the question.

To date the question is still hanging fire. Although the director seized the opportunity to dismiss the leader of the Leningrad Oxfordians, giving as a pretext his pedantic adherence to Oxford phonetics (a disagreement between the two as to internal school politics was the real

reason), the Oxford school still holds sway, despite the fact that the Oxford accent is practised mainly on Americans at present working in Russia. The American language is still unrecognized in the higher educational institutions in Leningrad and Moscow. It is still considered an impure, a bastard language.

We, the defeated American professors, could not help but reflect a little ironically that perhaps there was a certain measure of poetic justice in this attitude of the Russians. Wasn't it tit for tat? The Americans do not recognize the Russian government—why should the Russians recognize the American language?

THE CHIROPRACTOR

BY ALBERT LINDSAY O'NEALE, JR.

WOMEN greatly predominated at the Dyke boarding-house. Usually there were about twenty of them and seldom more than five men. The women were teachers, stenographers, secretaries, semi-deserted wives, and divorcées. Two of the divorcées had returned to the maiden title of Miss, and one denied she had ever been married. A sturdy little girl of four was the only child in the house, and no husband was ever anywhere about, except the little girl's father, who came to the house one night a week, usually Tuesday, to take her to dinner at a hotel and to a movie afterwards. The little girl was precocious and would tell the boarders what her father had said and how he had acted the night he quit her mother.

"I have made up my mind, Louise," she quoted her father as saying, as he paced the bedroom. "I have made up my mind. There is no need for you to cry. I have made up my mind."

Some of the boarders relished this story immensely, but they never asked the little girl to tell it when her mother was around.

Each evening after dinner boredom and monotony descended upon the boarding-house. Winter evenings around the fireplace were worse than Summer evenings in the cane-bottom chairs on the porch. When the telephone rang everybody listened hopefully, and the one who received the call responded proudly. Occasionally one of the divorcées had a date, but the unmarried women very seldom did, and

the semi-deserted wives, though they may have had chances, were afraid to accept.

After dinner a group would talk, another would sing at the piano, perhaps somebody would play the phonograph. Sometimes lurid fortunes were told with cards, and through them wandered dark handsome men; they were invariably about love and money, and then more love. On rare occasions a woman sat near a lamp and read a book or turned the pages of a magazine. Usually the afternoon paper had been misplaced and somebody was always hunting for it, quarreling a little.

By nine o'clock, unless a bridge game at ten cents a corner had been started, everybody had yawned several times and slunk away to the bedrooms; then was the time when underwear and stockings were laundered in the bathrooms. As soon as the living-room was deserted, Mr. Dyke, his pants on over his pajamas, would sneak up from his smelly bedroom near the kitchen, and turn off the lights. The big, gaunt, fire-trap house, with the lights turned out so early, had a sad feeling, and the footsteps of any lucky person coming in a bit late made the stairs creak.

Turning out lights and saving fuel were obsessions with Mr. Dyke, a tall, spare man, with a narrow head and a low brow. His shoulders were wide and bony, and his hands had a powerful grip. His face was somber and emaciated; he had a large nose and ridge-like cheekbones. He frowned easily, and an impediment in his speech

gave his tongue a watery cluck when he talked. He was a Presbyterian, and he could assume to perfection the manner of a head greeter at the church door. But more often he was silent and unsocial, pretending he heard nothing when he heard everything. In an argument of any kind, he was arrogant and insulting. "I don't care what you think," he would declare. "I know what I'm talking about."

A cattle ranch in the rough cedar hills was where Mr. Dyke was born and raised. Coming to town, he became a barber and was soon promoted to chair No. 1. Later he owned the shop, and was a hard-boiled boss barber. But a year and a half ago he had a long serious illness, and now he never expected to work again, except to help his wife run the boarding-house. His chores were to mend fly-screens, to remove jammed keys from keyholes, to adjust windows so they would slide up and down, and to see that every board bill was paid promptly. Because of his ungovernable temper, which was said to be owing to his ill health, everyone feared him, the boarders, his wife, even the servants. No boarder ever dared make a complaint about a thing. Either you accepted what was, or you moved.

The favorite boarder was Dr. Payton. Though he might come into the dining-room after others did, he was served first. His steak or chop always had a lot of meat on the tender side of the bone. He had attended Mr. Dyke during his illness, and was given the credit for pulling him through; if it had not been for Dr. Payton, it was said, Mr. Dyke would be in his grave. He was one of the few people Mr. Dyke displayed a real liking for.

Mrs. Dyke was fond of Dr. Payton too. The main bond between them was to recall how sick Mr. Dyke had been, and to compliment each other for the part each had

played in his recovery. Mrs. Dyke would say nice things about Dr. Payton as a doctor, and he would say nice things about her as a wife and nurse. Since the Dykes had no children, and had never traveled, or done anything special, nor even read a book, his illness was the big event of their lives, and they were both proud of it. All the boarders had heard the dramatic details time and again, and if Mr. Dyke felt that you were not convinced that he had been the sickest man ever seen on earth, he would exclaim, "Ask Dr. Payton! He'll tell you how sick I was!"

Indeed, the whole house felt kindly toward the young doctor, a shy, cordial blond of slender build. His smile was sweet and friendly, and he was always the same, pleasant and obliging. The younger women felt as if he were a brother; the older women as if he were a son. One said he was like a nice country boy who had not been spoiled by the city. His was the kind of personality that everyone wants to shield and to protect, and he was the kind of doctor with whom women patients feel at ease and absolutely safe. He was considered an excellent doctor, and when a boarder got sick it was an unwritten rule that he was the one to be called in.

There was another doctor in the house, Dr. Mitchel, a stout, elderly widower whose practice had about deserted him. Though he still had his private telephone, it rang so seldom that he could not remember the tone of the bell. Much of his time and thought were spent in investing his money here and then drawing it out and investing it there. Except for this cautiousness about money, he was of a breezy, jovial nature, and liked to tease and joke the ladies. Many of them he called by their first names, and several he patted on the shoulder. At the piano in the evening he sang the loudest, keeping time with a hand that

wore a diamond ring. After the singing was over he put on his gray felt hat and his gray gloves, took his cane, and walked about the streets of the neighborhood. A red carnation was usually in his buttonhole. He would walk for two or three hours at a time, and on these nocturnal journeys he always avoided company. He walked rapidly, his face quite serious. His wife had been dead a long time, and his only son, whom he rarely heard from, lived in a distant city.

For some reason the Dykes did not care for Dr. Mitchel, and were sometimes rude to him. When a new person came to live in the house Mr. Dyke would say: "Now, if you have any need of a doctor, you can't do any better than to have Dr. Payton. We look upon him as the house doctor."

Both he and his wife were afraid one of the boarders might have Dr. Mitchel.

A new man in the house was an object of interest. One night, after everybody was seated at dinner, Mrs. Dyke led in a new man.

II

Faint amusement was on her sharp-cut, crafty countenance, for the new man was handsome. It was not just an ordinary handsomeness either; it was worldly and very wise. To look at him there was every reason to believe that he was one of the dark, good-looking, ambiguous men who were forever parading through the fortunes told with cards. He might be some forlorn woman's devoted lover, arrived upon the scene at last, or he might be a seducer, fascinating but faithless. Anyhow, he was the kind of looking man the weary household was most in need of. A dash of masculine red pepper was badly wanted. Dr. Mitchel was too elderly; Dr. Payton too sunny, safe, and shy.

As the new man was ushered into the dining-room, everyone stopped eating. Emma, the Negro maid, about to disappear through the swinging door into the smoke-stained kitchen, paused and looked, her big black waiter held limp at her short, dumpy side. A more penetrating and impolite hush never fell upon a room, but the new man remained as calm and poised as an Easter lily in a greenhouse.

He was about thirty-eight, of excellent physique, and well dressed. He had a splendid head and forehead, and his dark soft hair was parted on the side. His strong, jutting nose indicated a good baritone voice. His wide handsome face was closely shaved and smoothly powdered, and his nails were manicured. A blue tie matched his blue shirt, and a white handkerchief with a refined blue border was tucked into his breast pocket. The points of his soft collar were dimpled together under the firm knot of his tie by a gold clasp. He was very erect, chest up, stomach in. His coat was double-breasted, with sharp-pointed peaked lapels, and it fit him, especially about the shoulders and hips, with a trim snugness. His leg movement as he walked was entirely from the hips; no give in the knee at all. He had it down pat; strong and graceful. He was quiet, dignified, and self-assured, in a way that led you to believe that underneath he was tense and alert, like an animal that had just caught a whiff of an interesting odor.

Mrs. Dyke seated him at one of the small tables by himself. She helped him pull back his chair, and then leaned over him in the solicitous manner she had for new boarders. She asked him what he would have to drink, tea, coffee, or milk, and in a firm voice that any bishop would have been proud of he said, "A glass of milk." She then went into the kitchen to see that he was properly served.

He unfolded his napkin and glanced surreptitiously about. Immediately the room resumed eating, a rather noisy resumption. He took a sip of water, holding his very masculine little finger arched away from the glass, and looked more boldly around, his gaze falling this time on Miss Henton, who was the most gorgeous eyeful in the house. Presently his dinner was brought to him, and he began to eat.

By the time he finished he was almost alone in the dining-room, for he had entered late. But the living-room was more crowded than it had been in weeks, and conversation was on a more animated key. There was actually some laughter and some calling back and forth, and an air of expectancy pervaded all.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyke were prompt about introducing a newcomer, and the new man was handed around the living-room and urged to feel at home. His name, it appeared, was Dr. Woodley. Another doctor. Everybody was smiling and heads were nodded. One or two of the younger unmarried women were in a flutter. One whispered to her friend, "I know I look a sight!" Mr. Dyke, at his Presbyterian best, allowed plenty of light in the room, and acted like a real host. When it came time for Dr. Woodley to be seated, luck or something else put him down on the wicker settee beside Miss Henton. The others regretted this, thought it unfortunate and too bad, for nobody liked her and one woman even thought she ought to be put out of the house.

The room was too large and the company too scattered to permit of one big circle. So Miss Henton and Dr. Woodley talked to each other, and the room watched from the corner of its eye. Somebody suggested that they have their usual singing, but the lady who played the piano shook her head so positively that the one who

had made the suggestion felt she had committed a social error, and nothing else was said about it.

Pretty soon, after about twenty minutes, Miss Henton rose and wandered about the room. She pulled back the coffee-colored net curtain and looked aimlessly out of the window. She said something to Mrs. Clifton and smiled, and Mrs. Clifton replied with a smile. Each hated the other, and everybody knew it. Slowly she began to go up-stairs. She seemed tired, all fagged out. The higher up the stairs she got, the shorter her dress seemed, and the more brazen her silk-stockinged legs. One of the old maids shook her head.

After about five minutes Dr. Woodley stood up and got his hat.

"Must you be off so early, doctor?" one of the older women called.

"Yes, I must go now."

"I suppose you have a call. A doctor's time is never his own, I know."

He opened the front door. "Good-night."

"Good-night," the room said.

"Nice man."

"Isn't he, though?"

"Funny how we get so many doctors here."

Presently Miss Henton appeared at the top of the stair, hat and coat on. All eyes turned toward her. The room bristled. She came serenely down the steps, putting her gloves on. She went out the front door. A car door slammed, a motor started. You could hear the whizzing take-off from the curb.

The living-room was silent; it was like the collapse of a pleasant dream. One of the old maids, the stout one, shifted her heavy hips in her chair, crossed her legs emphatically, struck the floor impatiently with the ball of her foot, and sucked air several times through a crevice in her teeth.

Gradually, one by one, the ladies went

to their rooms. At nine-ten Mr. Dyke came up and turned off the lights. The house was dark and sad, and its joints creaked, as those of old frame houses do at night.

III

Younger than thirty, Miss Henton was tall and rangy. Her body was strong and lithe and restless. She dressed extremely, at times outrageously. Her head and face were large, and she wore a wild bushy bob. Her hats were expensive freaks, several being tied on by wide ribbons under her chin; and her rings were set with such large stones that they looked like artificial knuckles worn for a fight. Sometimes she affected a ghostly pallor, again she rouged like a prairie sunset. She came originally off a plantation near an obscure town in Alabama, and some of that crazy Alabama moonlight must have got into her. She claimed that she had once witnessed the lynching and burning of a Negro. Twice married, she was twice divorced, and alimony was keeping her up now. Once or twice a month she stayed out all night—she didn't bother to explain where. The Dykes listened to her telephone talks with men over the extension 'phone in their bedroom, and then reported to their favorites in the house what they had heard.

Dr. Woodley and Miss Henton, it was said, did not get in till after twelve o'clock, and they woke several people up as they stood for quite awhile at her room door in the up-stairs hall, saying good-night.

The next night Dr. Woodley took Mrs. Clifton out. Already it was evident that he was a fast worker, and disapproval of his speed immediately showed itself in certain quarters.

Mrs. Clifton was a semi-deserted wife. A year ago her husband's firm had transferred him to a city in an adjoining State.

He had gone on ahead with the understanding that she was to follow in a month. But he kept writing to her that she had better stay where she was awhile longer, that he was having to work very hard, even at night, and that he feared she would be lonely in the strange town. Their separation had now extended itself to a year, broken only by a three-day visit from him several months ago.

Mrs. Clifton was worried about her husband, and plainly feared the worst. But she was trying hard to be brave, cheerful, philosophical, and reticent, though everyone knew. One month she did not receive her check from her husband till the twelfth, and she was nearly distracted. She had to stand off the Dykes about her board bill, and they spread the news around. In May she said she thought she would join her husband in July, and when July came she was greedily asked on all sides when she was leaving, and she had to admit there had been another postponement.

She was red-headed and had a voluptuous figure. She wore her hair in close ringlets all over her head, a really remarkable coiffure, and sometimes at breakfast she looked like the start of a forest fire. Most of the blood in her veins, she claimed, was French and Spanish, and she was proud of it. The idea you got was that French and Spanish blood was warmer and more ardent than American blood, and that if she ever became the least bit wayward her French and Spanish blood would be to blame. Miss Thomas, a small, pretty, spiteful brunette, remarked that if all that foreign blood was so fine, why had she lost her husband?

For several weeks Mrs. Clinton had not been feeling well; she was highly nervous and at times morose. She was under Dr. Payton's care, and he had her taking a tonic and he had her on a diet.

Her date with Dr. Woodley was the first she had allowed herself to have with a man since her husband had been transferred. When they were seen to leave the house together there was surprise and disapproval. She was harshly criticised. There was also keen excitement, for everyone knew of the enmity between her and Miss Henton. Miss Thomas remarked that the doctor evidently intended to try them all out one at a time.

The third evening he had a date with Miss Thomas. Three nights, three different dates! The boarding-house felt peculiar currents running through it.

On the fourth day of his residence Dr. Woodley did the unheard of. He complained to the maid about the way she made up his bed; in fact, it quickly developed that the doctor was very particular about a number of things, and the maid reported this complaint to Mrs. Dyke. Mrs. Dyke told Mr. Dyke. Mr. Dyke had already begun to watch Dr. Woodley with a sullen eye.

A rasping kind of rivalry and bad feeling crept into the house. The two spinsters were indignant at the way things were going. To them Dr. Woodley was a big disappointment; he was nothing but a woman chaser. And the way some of the women were acting was disgusting. Women certainly could make fools of themselves. Within thirty-six hours two camps had developed, one for Dr. Woodley, the other against him.

Suddenly, like a burst of flame, the whole household began to talk about chiropractors and chiropractic. Over night it became the one subject of discussion. Everybody, almost, began to explain it to everybody else, and long arguments ensued. It was talked in the living-room, in the dining-room, in the bedrooms, in the up-stairs hall, on the front porch, and even

in the kitchen. Everywhere sprang up this chiropractic furor. Some were inclined to believe in it, others brushed it aside as nonsense.

One dreamy-minded woman who was always about a week late catching on to what was happening in the house finally asked why everybody was in such a stew over chiropractic. She was looked at with surprise, was asked where in the world she had been for the past several days, and was then informed that Dr. Woodley was a chiropractor. He had been a professional baseball player, a southpaw pitcher, and then a realtor. At both, he claimed, he had been a success; he had fanned many batters and had sold many lots. Chiropractic coming accidentally to his notice, he had seen at once what a marvelous gift and blessing it was to mankind, and had embraced it as a practitioner. His going into chiropractic, he said, had been like answering a call from above; he could not have ignored the summons; he felt it his duty to contribute his bit toward relieving pain and promoting health, and chiropractic, to him, was obviously the most scientific way yet discovered to accomplish these things.

So now he was a chiropractor, of two years standing. In a small town not far away he had scored a big success, and now he had come to a larger field. He had just opened an office in the Kline building, and was attacking with all guns. It was hard to miss his quarter-page advertisement in the morning paper. Arrangements were about completed for two lectures a week over the radio, with a piano and a soprano as supporting caste. Courses of adjustment were being offered at bargain prices: 25 adjustments, \$25. He was unusually successful in the treatment of women, 85% of his patients being of that sex.

The dreamy-minded inquirer was

stunned when she heard these things. She had thought he was a regular doctor.

"Well, anyhow, I like him, even if he isn't a regular doctor. And he has asked me to go out with him tonight and I am going."

The next day she was bubbling over with enthusiasm for chiropractic, and was able to take part in the discussions of it. The thing that impressed her most was the wide range of diseases it would cure, and the number of patients Dr. Woodley had saved after they had been given up as hopeless by the medical profession. And she could not understand how it had been going on for so many years without her knowing about it. Of course she had heard of chiropractic, but only in a vague, uninterested way. Not until her date last night with Dr. Woodley had she ever had it explained and expounded to her in a thorough, intelligent manner. But now she understood the theory of it and it sounded reasonable. It certainly did. Beside, the wonderful cures it had made were all the evidence and proof any open-minded person cared for or needed. Naturally the medical profession was against it and had bribed legislatures to pass laws to hamper it and obstruct its progress. It was a shame. She was indignant. She wanted something done about it.

One of the old maids answered her. "Stuff and nonsense!" she snapped. "Pure and simple!"

IV

Dr. Woodley was undoubtedly a skillful, subtle salesman; he knew how to mix an evening's entertainment and a business talk into an effective dose. In signing up Miss Henton for a course of adjustments, he apparently had no difficulty at all; a second date with her turned the trick. She planked

down upon his barrelhead \$25 of her alimony money, and when the time came for her to go for her first treatment she dressed herself up as if she were on her way to an evening reception, red rose buds and green leaves on the knees of her black silk stockings, and flaunted out of the house. Everybody knew where she was headed, and Mr. and Mrs. Dyke made no effort to conceal their displeasure. After that, whenever Dr. Woodley was mentioned, Mr. Dyke lowered his brow; a storm, it was plain to see, was gathering within him.

Miss Thomas was next. She had slightly more resistance than Miss Henton, for it took three dates to bring her over, and even when she committed herself doubt still seemed to lurk in her.

On hearing of this second conquest, Mr. and Mrs. Dyke became openly angry and indignant. Mr. Dyke began to swing his long, lean, muscular arms in a menacing manner, and his face looked more than ever like an emaciated mask.

"If there is really something the matter with them and they need a doctor, why don't they go to a real doctor! Why don't they go to Dr. Payton?"

The next three nights, straight running, Dr. Woodley had dates with Mrs. Clifton, and what he was after was so obvious to everybody, except apparently to Mrs. Clifton herself, that hardly a soul remained loyal to him. He was discrediting himself about as fast as he could, but so intent was he that he failed to see what he was doing. This blindness was rather strange, for in many ways he gave evidence of being a very shrewd fellow.

Poor Mrs. Clifton was in a quandary; she didn't know what to do. She was really half ill with worry over her husband, and was already Dr. Payton's patient; he had her taking a tonic and he had her on a diet, and under his treatment she had im-

proved. But Dr. Woodley told her she needed no tonic and that the diet she was on was the worst possible for her condition. What she needed, he insisted, was chiropractic; her case was perfect for it; within a week, he claimed, he could make her so well that nothing would worry her, not even marital troubles. She would be a different person, would feel right, and would be full of zest and courage. Chiropractic, he urged, was her panacea.

Finally the poor woman was persuaded.

Without saying anything to anybody, she went down to Dr. Woodley's office for her first adjustment at 1:30 P. M. It happened to be Friday the thirteenth. After the adjustment she planned to go to a movie. But the treatment, to her surprise, did her up so that she decided she had better return to the boarding-house. She complained to Dr. Woodley that he had hurt her neck and had given her a headache, but he assured her that he had purposely given her a rather severe treatment, because she was in such a bad way. Her aches and pains, he said, were trivial and would soon pass off.

Immediately upon entering the boarding-house, Mrs. Clifton decided she had better have it over right away with Mrs. Dyke; she preferred the information about what she had done to reach the Dykes straight from her.

Mrs. Dyke came from the kitchen where she was making the dessert for dinner. When she heard what Mrs. Clifton had to say she hit the ceiling.

"If you are a big enough fool, Mrs. Clifton, to want to go to that fake and let him beat on your backbone and twist your neck, I don't think much of it, but it's none of my business and I guess I can't stop you. But I can keep you on Dr. Payton's diet, and I will! Either you eat Dr. Payton's diet, or go hungry! And if your neck

is hurting you and your head is aching, it serves you right!"

Mrs. Dyke then charged back to the bedroom to report this latest to her husband. He was lying on the bed resting, his feet over the edge to keep his shoes from soiling the counterpane. When he heard the news he bounced off the bed as if a load of dynamite had exploded under him. Without even taking time to brush down his hair behind, he hurried to the front door and took up his vigil. It was then the middle of the afternoon and Dr. Woodley seldom got in before 5:30, but that made no difference to Mr. Dyke. He stuck right there by the front door, and the longer he waited the madder he got.

"Thief!" he kept muttering to himself. "Patient stealer!"

Groans began to fill the up-stairs hall. They became louder and louder, and a lot of walking and scurrying about began to take place up there. Mr. Dyke heard the commotion, and turned his head a couple of times toward the stairway, but so intent was he about lying in wait for Dr. Woodley that he wouldn't leave the front door to investigate.

Pretty soon Mrs. Dyke ran up front from the kitchen. Word had just been brought to her down the back steps that Mrs. Clifton thought her neck was broken. As she passed her husband she flung out a few words, and he joined her and together they raced up.

Mrs. Clifton's small room was crowded with scared-faced boarders endeavoring to relieve her suffering. The two old maids were in there, and Miss Thomas, and three or four others. Mrs. Clifton, uncorseted, made an amazingly large mound on the bed, groaning and carrying on.

"Oh, my poor head and neck! My poor head! It's nearly killing me! I knew at the time he had hurt me bad. I knew it! I told

him so, but he said it would soon pass off. But it's gotten worse. Steadily worse. Oh, my poor head! Why did I ever go to him! Why must some of us have such a hard time in life?"

Cold cloths were being applied to her head, and hot cloths to her neck, and her wrists were being rubbed. The room reeked with the smell of camphor, witch-hazel, Vick's Vaporub, Mentholatum, and Analgesic Balm; each friend had brought in her favorite cure-all and applied it to the patient. Miss Thomas was especially frightened, for she realized what a close escape she had made. She had had two adjustments, and though Dr. Woodley had made her neck sore, he hadn't broken it. Seeing Mrs. Clifton writhing on the bed made Miss Thomas decide to discontinue her course of treatments.

The Dykes pushed into the room, and Mr. Dyke strode to the bedside, where he stood looking down with pleasure and satisfaction at the suffering woman. Then he began to act like a prosecuting attorney.

"Do you think your neck is broken, Mrs. Clifton?"

"Yes, Mr. Dyke, it's broken. I know it's broken. Oh, my poor head! Call a doctor, call a doctor right now."

"Where do you think it is broken?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! Everywhere it feels like. Here and here and here. But please call me a doctor. Please do! I believe I'm dying!"

"Do you want Dr. Woodley?"

"No, no! Get Dr. Payton."

Mrs. Dyke started from the room to telephone Dr. Payton, but her husband stopped her.

"Wait, Cora! Now, Mrs. Clifton, this is a serious matter. You can't be switching doctors every three minutes. Are you certain you want Dr. Payton?"

"Yes. Only get him here!"

"Do you promise to take his tonic?"

"Yes, I promise."

"And will you stay on his diet?"

"I'll do anything he says. Only hurry and get him here. Oh, my poor head!"

"All right, Cora, go 'phone him."

Dr. Payton came right out. An examination showed that her neck was not broken, but just almost. He gave her something to quiet her, and left.

V

Ten minutes later somebody at an upstairs front window spied Dr. Woodley driving up to the curb; the word sped through the house.

With a low incoherent cry, very significant for him, Mr. Dyke dashed for the front door.

Mrs. Dyke screamed. "Charlie, come back here!" Then to herself she moaned, "Oh, my God, my God!" She called frantically to Emma, the maid, "Get Claude, Emma! Quick! Mr. Dyke is going on a rampage against that chiropractor!"

Claude was the big, burly Negro chef; he had on his white apron and tall cap. He and Emma and Mrs. Dyke tore up to the living-room. Mr. Dyke was standing beside the door, breathing hard, a scowl on his low forehead, his long, lean arms swinging restlessly.

Claude nabbed him from behind, as if he had done it before, and held him around the waist in the iron vise of his strong black arms. Mr. Dyke fought to free himself. "Let me go, Claude! Turn loose of me! I'll fire you if you don't!"

"Don't act like this, Charlie," Mrs. Dyke pleaded with tears in her eyes. "You can't stand to act like this. You know that. Please, honey boy, you'll make yourself sick. You'll bring on one of your heart attacks. Please, Charlie, please."

"Let me go, Claude, I tell you! You let me go right now!" He bucked and kicked, but Claude held him.

Dr. Woodley entered. Mr. Dyke gave way to a terrific outburst. "You almost broke Mrs. Clifton's neck!" he yelled. "You have almost wrecked this boarding-house! Get out! Get out!"

"Mister," Claude advised, "you sure better do what he says. He ain't very stout, but he's strong. I can't hold him much longer."

"Please leave, Dr. Woodley," Mrs. Dyke begged. "You have disrupted everything since you have been here. We have always been like one big family until you arrived. Please go. You simply must. This scene is sure to make Mr. Dyke ill. Oh, I'm nearly distracted! I'm nearly crazy!"

Miss Thomas went up to him. "I don't

want any more adjustments. I want my money back."

"I can't do that, Miss Thomas, I can't do that." Dr. Woodley passed her and started up the stairs. They were lined with women in kimonos, brought there by the pandemonium down below. At his approach they fled.

In the upper hall, as he passed Mrs. Clifton's open door, he paused and looked in. She happened to turn on her side and see him.

"Go 'way," she said weakly, lifting her hand in feeble protest. "Go 'way. I never want to see you again."

Dr. Woodley went to his room and packed. In a few minutes he had checked out. But the memory of him, and of the riot he had caused, lingered long afterward.

FAITH CURES FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

IT was a shrewd English industrialist who, upon his return from a visit to the United States about a year ago, observed that the main difference between American and British men of his order was that while the latter were always decrying their government and complaining about the state of business, the Americans merely doubled their exports of buncombe when times were bad. Great quantities of this commodity have always been consumed internally in the United States, but since foreign countries, in retaliation against the Grundy tariff, have reduced their importations of it, the domestic consumption has multiplied a hundred-fold. Producing hokum, indeed, is today the only really prosperous industry in America.

Never has our national capacity for swallowing it been more strikingly revealed than since President Hoover, one bright morning, discovered that there were 3,500,000 unemployed in the United States,—apparently a million more than the night before. For nearly two years all our elder statesmen had held fast to the belief that the sure way to cure the unemployment disease was to deny its existence. Despite constantly mounting returns since early in 1929, the administration refused to acknowledge that the problem was serious until a few weeks before election. It remained unperturbed, indeed, even when the business activity index, in September, reached a new low point “in the provisional figure of 78.3, which was 3.3 points

below the 81.6 which marked the low point in March, 1921, of the great depression of that year.” The national medical board, composed of Secretaries Davis, Lamont and Mellon, kept up a stream of encouraging bed-side bulletins, all to the effect that recovery was just around the corner.

When it finally dawned on official Washington that the return of prosperity had been somewhat delayed and was not likely to come before Tuesday, November 4, an urgent call was made for a Moses,—to wit, for Col. Arthur H. Woods, who in the 1921 crisis had displayed his genius as a restorer—to hurry to the rescue. Col. Woods responded without delay but, being tongue-tied like his biblical predecessor, he called in his smooth-tongued brother Aaron,—Mr. Edward Bernays, high priest of publicity directors—to speak for him. With the arrival of the two eminent virtuosi at the capital, the flourishing American hokum industry began a boom. As a result of their performance, in fact, half of the American people were kept so busy ingesting optimism that the problem of the unemployed practically solved itself,—in the newspapers at least. At once the great automobile industry of Detroit began to reemploy a few thousand of its nearly 100,000 idle men; New York, by gigantic efforts, found jobs for about 5,000; half a dozen home-owners in Kalamazoo inaugurated a roof-mending drive; and the farmers of Kansas employed three or four painters to spruce up their barns.

About three weeks before election the American press, which, outside its financial pages, had always minimized the depression, blared forth with front-page appeals to the entire country,—men, women and children,—to arm itself against the great and sudden national enemy. Above all, the people were called upon to organize themselves into boards, councils and committees. The result was a luxuriant growth of Confidence Week committees, Pep committees, Buy More clubs, Better and Bigger Bread-line associations, and Give More, Spend a Dollar a Week More, Spend Five Dollars a Week More, Start Your Factory Going, Improve the National Frame of Mind, Give a Job, Eat Steak Instead of Eggs for Breakfast, Keep Money in Circulation, and Ride in Taxis Instead of Walking organizations. One new committee a day, urged Washington, and prosperity would be bound to return.

Hundreds of statesmen and industrial leaders rushed to the press with statements brimming over with free advice to buy more, just as before the stock crash they had counselled us not to sell America short. The mathematically-inclined Edward E. Shumaker, president of the R.C.A.-Victor Company, computed that

if every industry in the United States that is now closed down or working part time would resume normal operation, we would almost immediately have prosperity, despite the fact that this depression is world-wide. If every wage-earner in the United States would buy now to the extent of an additional fifteen cents a day, it would release enough capital to employ a million unemployed at \$5 a day. It would mean \$2,190,000,000 back in circulation each year. The difference between prosperity and hard times in the country, after all, is only the additional expenditure of \$1 a week *per capita*.

Mr. Shumaker's calculations led him to conclude that "a steady job is the best rea-

son for not fearing the future that anyone can have." And the chain newspaper owner, Paul Block, printed his words of wisdom as a leading editorial on the front pages of his publications. Even Senator-elect Dwight W. Morrow cautioned us that "this propaganda of hoarding money must cease."

Indeed, the response to Washington's appeal was so excellent that it soon became necessary to establish special super-committees to bring order into the chaos of the innumerable committees. According to the *New York Times*, the New York Central Committee was appointed for the purpose of coördinating the "efforts and programme" of

thirty-four private relief agencies; the Department of Public Welfare [which, by the way, subsequently declined to be coördinated on the ground, in the words of Mayor James J. Walker, that "we cannot wait for conferences when people are hungry and in danger of being dispossessed"]; the Board of Child Welfare; fourteen private agencies providing lodgings and care for the homeless, as well as the Municipal Lodging-House; thirty-two non-profit-making employment agencies and the Municipal and State employment bureaux; various emergency organizations, including the Emergency Employment Committee, the Mayor's Emergency Committee, the Salvation Army, and other organizations conducting bread-lines; newspapers engaged in relief work; associations of churches, ministers, individual churches, lodges, civic bodies, luncheon clubs, settlements, the Lower East Side Community Council, and others.

In some places demands were made for the organization of additional coördinating committees to coördinate the coördinating committees. Indeed, if membership in all such clubs and committees had been on a salary basis, and limited to the unemployed instead of to the already over-worked, the problem would have been solved automatically.

II

Ridiculous as this behavior may seem, it was but a natural result of the infantile social outlook prevailing in the United States, and the national weakness for highly-flavored economic theories—especially theories hot from the oven. During the prosperous days we developed a New Economic Theory of optimism, and gave it our entire trust. It was only a few years ago that a Harvard professor discovered this theory. It was based primarily on the ancient doctrine of a Chosen People, to which the Jews have laid claim unsuccessfully for over three thousand years. The Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, it appeared, had placed a protecting hand over the United States, so that no possible evil could befall us. The country, we were told, was immune from the social and economic ills which plagued the unregenerate nations. All disease germs, of course, whether physiological or economic, were everywhere the same. But while abroad the most elaborate medical care and sanitation had to be resorted to, we were solemnly assured that a few doses of pap would suffice to allay every sort of economic fever in America.

It was the contention of these Pollyanna economists that though we were an industrial country like the nations of Western Europe, and though our workers were confronted with the same hazards resulting from modern production,—unemployment, accidents, invalidity, old age dependency, widowhood, and orphanage,—there was, nevertheless, no need in the United States for facing these problems. All the economic metaphysicians were sure that, because of our “sturdy individualism,” a more refined texture underlay our industrial society, and that no evil could really trouble the American people.

A beautiful structure in the air was thus erected on a base of nonsense. The rock upon which the New Economic Theory was raised was the statistical average, by means of which more crimes have been committed than by the whole corps of Chicago gunmen. By adding all the incomes in the United States and dividing by the population, each and every family in the land was “statitized” into an “average” income of at least \$3,000 in 1928. This method of calculation gave Henry Ford and me the same incomes—but naturally I could not collect quite as much as he did. The millions of workers whose annual wages never amounted to \$1,500 were persuaded that, in reality, their family incomes,—if their wives and babies were taken into consideration,—were, statistically speaking, many times that amount, and that there was no limit to their further earnings.

The presumably high American wage-rate was the most important pillar of this castle in Spain. No consideration, of course, was given to high rents and food bills, to high medical costs, to long periods of unemployment, to seasonal occupations, and to the constantly rising standard of living. The high wage-theory was talked and bragged about despite the fact that even in the best wage-paying State, New York, in the heyday of prosperity, the average weekly earnings of factory workers,—a legitimate statistical unit,—*when they worked*, never exceeded \$29.99 during any one year!

Our bankers, meanwhile, saw their safes grow bigger and bulkier. It was comparatively simple to add the workers' small savings to the business men's large time deposits, divide the total, and draw the conclusion that there was a “savings” deposit of more than \$200 for each of us, and that in the fifteen-year period ending

in 1927 our *per capita* "savings" deposits had trebled while the number of depositors had quadrupled. The fact that the so-called savings increases during this period amounted to over 400% in the national banks, to over 300% in trust companies, to 350% in State banks, and to only slightly over 100% in the mutual savings banks,—the real depositories of the working masses,—was conveniently overlooked. And so was the fact that the dollar dropped 50% in purchasing power between 1912 and 1927. A theory that "workers' capitalism" was impending was propounded in the face of the fact that from 1911 to 1924 actual average savings rose by but 27% for the entire nation and by but 20% for thrifty New England.

So enrapturing did the American scene appear that Lewis E. Pierson, chairman of the board of the American Exchange-Irving Trust Company, declared in an interview in 1928 that

the people of America have more money than they know what to do with. . . . Nearly everybody in America has more money than he needs to live. . . . There are more millionaires than ever before, but there are fewer beggars. . . . It did come suddenly. A dozen years ago we were comparatively poor. Many of us, individually, were actually poor, in distress and want. Today, in America, poverty in the true sense is practically unknown. . . . Everybody has money. It is the commonest thing there is. You have it; your neighbors have it—more money than you ever had before.

"This condition," continued Mr. Pierson, "has arisen because of the discovery of an *economic secret* that by increased production at lower unit-cost the manufacturer is enabled to increase wages and widen his market for commodities, thus accomplishing 'the seeming paradox of lifting himself by his own bootstraps.'"

When, at about the same time, it was

discovered that scattered groups of wage-earners were being persuaded or cajoled into buying stock in the corporations by which they were employed, the cabalists quickly concluded that, regardless of the growing centralization of wealth and the frequent mergers, it would be a matter of only a few years before the American workers would own our industries. This, they proclaimed, constituted an "unprecedented economic revolution." It followed from this that we could never have capitalistic control in this country, since "we were really on the road toward true Socialism."

As a matter of fact, only one in every twenty-five industrial wage-earners, including managers and executives, was buying corporation stock, and the total value of the purchases of such persons reached no more than 1% of the stock outstanding. But since these wage-earners, during fifty-odd years of industrialism, had thus acquired 1%, it was easy to forecast that in a few years more they would secure control of the remaining 99%. Meanwhile, the New Economic Paradise was to be helped in, the wizards told us, through the instrumentality of the growing labor banks. Unfortunately, most of these banks have since gone into bankruptcy or shut up shop.

Before that fatal Thursday in October, 1929, we were assured that every American man, woman and child was wallowing in such wealth that all were gambling on the Stock Exchange. However, shortly after the crash, Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, declared that "no one knows the number of persons engaged in this speculative activity, but even if we accepted the apparently liberal estimate of some non-official observers who place the speculative accounts at about a million, these would still involve less than 4% of

all the families in the entire nation. Or, if we put it on the basis of individuals, the ratio would be less than 1% of the total population." The nation as a whole, he consoled us complacently, was as "sound" as ever.

In an article in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, for September last, I showed how flimsy was the claim made a year or so ago regarding the extent of life insurance in the United States. Men of vision boasted and raved about the 95,000,000 insurance policies in force in this country and Canada. They forgot to add that 72,000,000 of these policies were in industrial insurance, with an average face value of \$197.50,—or less than half the average cost of the funeral which such a policy is supposed to cover,—while even the ordinary life policy, on the average, was for only about \$2,500.

III

Is it any wonder that a nation fed assiduously for almost a decade on such rubbish should continue to believe in it despite the shrieking facts which belie it? Our attitude has changed only in this respect: A little over a year ago we were merely sentimental; today we are hysterical. Not many of the bewildering number of proposals and remedies announced officially or unofficially since unemployment was tardily admitted to be a problem have been more than ludicrous. Essentially they all fall into three categories: (1) the half-witted; (2) the socially dangerous; and (3) the half-baked.

1. In the first group may be included: confidence buttons and weeks; bigger and better bread-lines, with special lines for women and children; "Buy now," whether you need it or not; "Spend five dollars a week more," whether you have it or not; "Spruce up, clean up and wash up," or,

"Let us all take in one another's wash"; "Let all the unemployed sell apples, and all the employed eat them"; "What the country needs is a spending spree"; "Start your factory going," whether you have orders or not; "Give a job till June"; "Get the football teams to play post-season games"; "Improve the traffic signs"; and "Let's have two post-offices" where we now have one—an adaptation of the earlier—and still-born—two- and three-car family plan.

2. To the second category belong many of the latest programmes for providing relief for the destitute. There seems to be a concerted drive to place upon the poorest among the employed the burden of their unemployed brethren. They are asked to stagger their employment or to share their jobs and their salaries with the idle. Certain other helpless classes of employes are entreated and cajoled to contribute a portion of their earnings. With the little they have left they are urged to go on a spending spree.

A committee organized in New York, and composed of twenty-four members, of whom sixteen are bankers, two brokers, and four bank directors, devised the plan of sending 10,000 of New York's hundreds of thousands of unemployed into the parks at \$3 a day for five days a week, later changed to three days a week at \$5 a day. This apparently humane scheme is obviously fraught with the greatest social danger. If 10,000 men are put to work at \$15 a week, while millions of the workers now employed have their working week reduced to three or four days at the regular daily rates, what will happen to our boasted high wages? What will become of our high standard of living? Where is our increased purchasing power to come from? And what assurance is there that the millions of workers, once reduced to a stand-

ard of \$12 or \$15 a week, will ever be able to fight their way back to their former standard?

Is it not strange that the first public suggestion of the necessity for a reduced standard of living came at the last convention of the American Bankers' Association? President Hoover himself was forced to digress from his prepared speech before that convention to scold the bankers for their open heresy. True, their brethren in New York City have promised to raise \$150,000 weekly to provide work in the parks for 10,000. But what about the bulk of the unemployed who cannot be crowded into the parks?

With the best and most ingenious minds of the nation struggling heroically with this monster of unemployment, the simple fact that in 1928 only \$50,000,000,000 of the national income of \$90,000,000,000 went for wages and salaries has been curiously overlooked. Since the lowly wage-earners are now called upon, in the name of mercy, to assist the involuntarily idle, should not something be done about the \$40,000,000,000 received by non-wage earners? But so far as I know, no suggestion has come from our official saviors for the use, through taxation, of a portion of this non-wage earning income for a nation-wide programme of unemployment relief, which might conceivably increase purchasing power effectively and help restore normal conditions. When unemployment became serious in Canada, a recent special session of Parliament appropriated \$20,000,000 for a relief programme. But the first step taken by Congress in the present emergency was to grant a generous relief contribution,—in the form of an income tax reduction of \$160,000,000. To whom? To the unemployed, or the destitute? Not at all. To the richest of our people, who had no need of any such benefit.

Some cautious souls, indeed, seem to be desperately afraid lest a really fundamental relief programme win favor. For example, the learned Elder Will H. Hays, of Hollywood, warns against hasty action, since "prosperity with a record of no doles, without pauperization and without *onerous taxation*" [the italics are mine] "is bound to return." And the philanthropically-inclined Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, does not want us ever to think in terms of relief legislation. According to the *New York Times*, he was lately urging assistance for "the needy in what he said was the best way, a 'typical American way,' for individuals and groups to come forward of their own initiative and help through the medium of welfare agencies with their trained and experienced personnel."

Similarly, the prophetic Roger W. Babson reveals his regard for social stability by advising us to organize instruction classes for the unemployed. "Such classes," he says, "would take up the slack," and serve "to keep up the morale of men and women to whom the dreary repetition of daily trudging sidewalks looking for jobs, when there are no jobs, is a tragic reality."

The venerable Martin W. Littleton was even more candid. After the New York State Chamber of Commerce had been assured by its president, during its annual after-dinner speechmaking period, that "Federal, State and municipal efforts to relieve unemployment are producing results," he attacked Senator William E. Borah for his recent statement that "no dollar in the Treasury is sacred as long as a single hungry man walks the streets unemployed." Mr. Littleton warned the business men that "no dollar in the Treasury is sacred as long as public men entrusted with its keeping entertain those views."

Growing effusive, he went on: "It is not the function of government to set itself as a judge as to when men are hungry and when they should be paid." He cautioned against humanitarian zeal permitting the government to expand and take over the rights and duties of individuals.

3. Among the other solemnly offered "solutions" are the half-baked suggestions that the "stabilization of industry," the "scheduling of production," and public works will "abolish" the unemployment problem.

The shortcomings of all these proposals are obvious enough. For nearly fifteen years certain companies have been cited as having "stabilized" employment. But an examination of their stabilization programmes shows not only that the claims of their achievements are greatly exaggerated, but that practically all of them represent small industries of types which lend themselves to the relative regularization of work. Since we are much given to ablutions, a certain soap company can readily effect greater production stability than can, let us say, a ladies' tailoring establishment, ruled by fashions dictated from Paris, which vanish almost as quickly as they appear.

So long as tomatoes and peaches and pumpkins insist on growing at special seasons of the year, the canning industry can never be stabilized, all our great economic experts to the contrary notwithstanding. So long as the Republicans will increase the tariff, and the Democrats pretend to reduce it, American manufacturers will adjust their productive capacities accordingly. Likewise, the automobile industry, which provides bread, and sometimes also oleomargarine, to about 4,000,000 people, cannot be stabilized and regulated under our present competitive production methods. As the *New York Times* said re-

cently: "Never, so long as Summer gives way to Winter and depression follows feverish prosperity, will every laborer be able to work every week every year."

The individual employer is just as much a victim of this anarchy as the individual workman. No special incentive is necessary to prod a manufacturer into keeping his factory going day and night. He would gladly do so if he could. But if orders do not come in, no amount of moral suasion will make him open his gates. To anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the chaos essentially inherent in modern industry, the notion of stabilization as a means to prevent unemployment is naïve.

While public works may temporarily help somewhat to alleviate the evil, the plan is, at best, only a minor form of relief and not a preventive. Public works' programmes are, in their nature, strictly limited by public demand and taxation. Certainly it would not be profitable to put unemployed teachers, clerks, plumbers, and printers on the roads with pick and shovel.

IV

Is there, then, no solution? No and yes. There is, of course, no way of "abolishing" unemployment. It is as inherent in our social and economic system as the machines and over-stocked shelves which are at the bottom of the trouble. Promises to wipe it out will prove no more fruitful than Mr. Hoover's pledge, two years ago, to "abolish" poverty. So long as we follow a *laissez-faire* system of production with no central planning; so long as we permit and encourage every manufacturer to undersell every other one; so long as we constantly introduce new and more efficient machinery; and so long as most of our industrial wage-earners receive a wage

bearing no relation to their productivity, we shall have unemployment.

Under present conditions, the problem, instead of lessening, will grow more intense as the years go by. But while we cannot "abolish" unemployment, we can, at least, alleviate some of its evils and ameliorate the destitution and tragedy following in its train. Before we can do this, however, we must stop talking about its "abolition." Propaganda by a national research organization to the effect that while, in Great Britain, "unemployment has become a continuous feature of economic life, . . . in this country such conditions arise only from time to time," will not be helpful.

Americans must quit fooling themselves into believing that somehow this disaster has sprung upon us overnight, like a flood, and that we may appeal to the Red Cross to rescue the refugees. Like sensible people we must face the problem realistically and stop behaving in a way which serves as the most eloquent proof of our simian ancestry. Ever since the beginning of American industry we have had unemployment. We shall continue to suffer from it as long as the present industrial system prevails.

According to the Twelfth Census in 1900, 5,277,472 out of 23,753,836 gainfully occupied male Americans ten years of age and over, or 22%, were without work for a certain period during the year; and 1,241,492 wage-earning females out of a total of 5,319,397, or 23.3% were unemployed for some time during the year. Thus 6,468,964 persons out of a total of 29,073,233 were unemployed for certain periods during the year. The same census revealed that more than 2,550,000 of these men and women were out of work for from four to six months, and approximately 736,000 for from seven to twelve months. A year

later, in 1901, 49.8%, or about half of the 25,440 heads of families investigated by the Bureau of Labor, were idle for some period during the year. And in 1910 the New York State Commission on Employers' Liability and Unemployment, after studying the extent of enforced idleness in the State of New York, concluded:

While there is little accurate information available as to the exact number of unemployed at any one time, there is enough to show that about 40% of our wage-earners suffer some unemployment every year, that on the average they lose ten weeks each, and that the loss in wages amounts to 20% of what the earnings would be, were employment steady throughout the year.

In 1918, the Helen S. Trounstone Foundation prepared a careful study of unemployment fluctuations. This survey covered the period from 1902 to 1917. Summarizing his findings, its investigator concluded:

The number of unemployed in cities of the United States (entirely omitting agricultural labor, for which no reliable data are now available) has fluctuated between 1,000,000 and 6,000,000. . . . The average number of unemployed has been 2,500,000 workers, or nearly 10% of the active supply.

In a report issued in 1922, the National Industrial Conference Board estimated the normal number of unemployed among the 12,800,000 workers in American manufacturing and mechanical industries at about 1,800,000, or approximately 14%. The average number of days lost by each industrial wage-earner was about forty-two a year, representing 14% of his working time. After a comprehensive study of industrial employment in 1922, Dr. Ernest S. Bradford said:

Industrial wage-earners in those States for which data are available lose about 10% of their working time through unemployment, mainly from lack of work and exclusive of idleness due to sickness and labor

disputes. On this basis, an average of at least 1,500,000 industrial wage-earners in the United States are constantly unemployed, taking poor and prosperous years together. . . . From such data as are available, it appears that partial unemployment, due to part-time operation of plants, shut-downs, time lost on account of waiting, and related causes, is responsible for a loss of about 10% more of the working time of industrial wage-earners.

According to the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes, the number of unemployed in 1920,—a year of the greatest employment in time of peace,—was 1,401,000. In the "normal" year of 1923, there were 1,532,000, while in the "prosperous" years of 1925 and 1927 the idle numbered 1,775,000 and 2,055,000, respectively. At the present time the estimates range from 3,500,000 to 10,000,000, depending upon the estimator's politics.

Once we look at the question realistically, we can discover certain more or less promising methods of alleviation. We can certainly abolish bread-lines, as every other nation has done. We must discard the magic and misleading incantation: "We do not want the European dole system." The inference here has not a word of truth in it. *We are today the only industrial nation really on the dole.* Our entire present scheme of relief is based on the most degrading form of charity. There are no bread-lines in the whole of Europe, for all its relative poverty. Well may we ponder the courageous words of Father John A. Ryan:

When I think of what has been happening since unemployment began, and when I see the futility of the leaders, I wish we might double the number of Communists in this country, to put the fear, if not of God, then the fear of something else, into the hearts of our leaders,—not only our industrialists, but our politicians and statesmen. I don't care how far you go in the list of politicians and statesmen, either.

To alleviate unemployment we must first have real leadership and a new outlook. It must be based upon reality, not upon Pollyanna propaganda, "faith" or "confidence." No competent and permanent solution can be effected unless it embodies the following:

1. A real knowledge of the number of the unemployed and of the length of their unemployment. It does not at all befit our present administration to become hysterical now when only a few months ago it refused to approve proper appropriations for Senator Wagner's bill, which would at least have given us the exact number of the unemployed, without which nothing constructive can possibly be done.

2. Unemployment exchanges, so that the job and the unemployed worker may be brought together.

3. Stabilization of those industries which can possibly be stabilized.

4. As much public work as is needed, so that some workers may find employment in this work.

5. Adequate old-age pensions, so as to remove the veteran workers from the bread-lines and from overcrowding the unemployment bureaus. They should be rewarded for the services which they have given us,—a debt we owe to them and which we alone of all industrial nations have as yet refused to acknowledge. The aged workers constitute a very large proportion of the present unemployed. It is estimated that about 750,000 persons would be immediately eliminated from industry by a pension beginning at the age of sixty-five, and that thereafter at least 150,000 persons could leave industry annually.

6. The raising of the working age of children so as to eliminate their competition from the labor market, provide their fathers with jobs, and help them to become better citizens and give them a better

start in life. There are still about 1,000,000 children between the ages of ten and sixteen employed in the United States.

7. We can introduce the forty-eight hour week in American industry. While it is now the fashion to talk of the five-day week and the six-hour day, it is worth remembering that the great masses of workers in the United States still work more than eight hours a day, and that many still work ten and twelve hours a day for seven days in the week.

8. Wages should be raised so as to give the workers a greater amount of purchasing power and make it possible for them to consume more of the goods they produce.

9. Let us inaugurate a nation- and State-wide housing programme. While thousands of apartments are vacant in most of our cities, millions of workers are still living in slums. A subsidized housing programme for working-class families would help us back to prosperity.

10. Last, but not least, we must inaugurate a national system of unemployment insurance which would provide adequate funds to take care of the inevitably unemployed. The adoption of such a plan would wipe out the bread-lines overnight and restore self-confidence and respect to millions who are now dependent upon "scientific" charity and apple sales.

One fundamental principle must underlie the entire programme. It is neither fair nor possible to place the burden of unemployment entirely upon those who can least afford to bear it. The social and economic load must be distributed in the widest possible number and must be shared by those classes which can best afford to bear it. Charity appeals, even if promoted by high-paid publicity agents, will not meet the problem. For every rich person who is a generous giver there are scores who never contribute a penny. The wealthy are the first to tighten their purses when depression sets in. The chairman of the Newark Community Chest drive, which failed by \$200,000 of its goal, recently declared that "factory employes, office workers and retail store clerks have oversubscribed the quotas assigned them. Only in the ranks of the well-to-do is there a deficit." Mr. Frank P. Walsh accused many New York employers of quietly laying off hundreds of workers "while donating comparatively modest sums with a fanfare of publicity."

There is only one way to make wealth do its duty—by a properly graded income tax. The present tax is a farce, for it presses heaviest upon the poor. It is high time for adequate tax legislation. Blah, bluff and buncombe will not meet the problem.

A KNIGHT ERRANT IN MAINE

BY ERIC SONNICHSEN

FRANKIE BURNS runs a gym in Boston. He has a few fighters from whom he takes a small percentage. I live a few blocks from his gym. Frankie is my manager, and an old-time fighter. In the days when he could make 135 at the ringside he was pretty generally feared. He'd have a hard time making 160 now.

Jack Collins and I were in his 2 x 4 office above the gym, and he was giving me a little advice. "Go up to that there place in Maine, Eddie. I can get you a job with them people I know. Nice outside work—chop a little wood, mow the lawns, a handy man—easy. I could get Jack a job too if he wants to go." He paused, looking at the grey ash on his cigar. "Then y' can make a little dough on the side fightin'. All the fighters up in them wilds is lumberjacks an' fight on the side. They're easy."

Frankie looked up at me. His cauliflowered left ear sticks out from his head. He could see indecision written over my face.

"I'll go up with you, Ed," put in Jack.

"There y' are, Eddie. What y' need is a rest. Y' been fightin' too reg'lar lately an' you ain't hardly in no shape to fight in the city during the hot Summer. It's the air up there that'll do y' the mos' good. You can both take your outfits up an' train, an' Jack can work in your corner."

Jack, a few years back, was one of the best amateur welterweights in New England. In his first pro fight he was knocked cold in the second round, and he quit.

"Well, what's holdin' y' back?" went on Frankie. "Y' got a job an' a chanst to make a little easy dough." His eyes closed halfway as he looked up at me. "C'mon, kid, what's the matta? Why don't y' wanna go?"

"Hell, Frank, I'm broke," I laughed, quietly.

Frank's eyes opened wide. "So that's it, huh? Wha've y' did with the seventy-five bucks y' got las' week for the Miller fight?"

"Well, after I paid back what I owed I was broke," I answered apologetically.

Frank shifted his weight in the chair to get to his side pocket. He pulled out a roll of bills and counted out five tens. Jack winked across to me.

"Here's fifty for the two of ya." Frank handed me the bills. "Now, go up there for two months. An' I'll write Danny Smith up in Bridgton that you're comin' up. He promotes these one-horse fights up there. He'll get y' fights. An' another thing. Don't come back broke. That'll be the last for some time." He nodded toward the bills in my hand.

"Thanks, Frankie," I knocked his head playfully with my knuckles.

"G'wan beat it before I get up an' knock you two ham-an'-eggers down the stairs!"

Four days later Jack and I left Boston for Maine.

We had a letter from Frank to a Dr. Cooley, who was to give us work.

Bridgton turned out to be a very small town. A few dance-halls and several mo-

tion-picture houses were scattered about. The Summer camps nearby made it a thriving place in the Summer.

The Cooleys welcomed us. They were hospitable people. Jack and I were given a room together.

We walked about the town. There were cards in the store-windows announcing some fights for the following night, Friday, at the town hall. We decided to go.

Friday we both worked in the woods chopping wood for Dr. Cooley. We worked with our shirts off. The sun felt good on our city bleached bodies, staining us a bright red.

II

In the evening we strolled to the town hall. It was about seven o'clock. The fights started at eight.

I asked for Danny Smith. Someone sent for him. He came in a few minutes, a tall slim fellow of the lady-killer type.

"Are you the two fellows that wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yeah," I answered. "I'm Eddie Sullivan and this is Jack Collins. Didn't Frankie Burns write you about us?"

"He sure did," Dan replied. "How would you like to go on tonight? I need another fighter."

"I ain't in shape," I answered. "I'll go on in next week's bill though."

"I'd like to have you go on tonight," said Dan.

"We want to see your show tonight," I said. "We'll be back in an hour."

At eight o'clock about a hundred people were seated around the ring. We paid seventy-five cents admission and took seats four rows from the ring. Twenty minutes later Dan and another fellow came down the aisle looking over the crowd. He found me easily.

"Eddie, Bobby Grant didn't show up. Will you take his place? There's a boy here your weight."

Jack and I followed them to a rear room.

"Who's the fellow?" I asked.

"Frank Mason. Here he is," someone answered.

He was a big fellow—half a head taller than myself and built in proportion.

"How much do you weigh?" I asked him.

"One fifty-five."

He looked one-sixty. I was sure he lied. I weighed one-fifty myself.

"What do you think, Jack?"

"We need the dough, Ed. I guess the kid can hit, that's all."

It was to be four rounds. I borrowed some old tights and shoes and began to undress.

Jack went outside to watch the prelims. He came back in a few minutes, laughing.

"Jesus, Ed, y' oughta see 'em. They stand there an' see which guy can take the most on the chin."

We both laughed.

"All right, Ed, if I say you're from New York?" Dan asked.

"What's the matter with Boston?" I replied.

"It'll sound better with the crowd," he answered. "They think you're a big-time guy if you're from New York."

"Go ahead." I shrugged my shoulders.

"Are you from New York?" asked Mason, coming near.

"Sure," I replied.

"Then I ain't gonna fight him," Mason said to Dan. "He's had too much experience."

Between the three of us we finally persuaded Mason to fight. I was to go easy with him. I wasn't at all sure but he'd have to go easy with me. He looked pretty husky, standing there.

We were in the ring. Jack was in my corner. The gloves were put on. The referee, a farmer, called us to the center.

"Feel 'im out, Ed. I think he can hit," Jack cautioned.

Someone blew a police whistle. The fight was on.

Mason came out in an awkward crouch. I danced about, undecided.

I fainted with my left. He raised his arms. I connected with a right to the ribs. Mason rushed me, swinging his right. I ducked and he almost fell over me. The bell rang.

"He's easy, Ed. Use the left. He can't do a thing," Jack said in the corner. I felt good—breathing easy.

The second round was on. Left hooks to the stomach and left jabs had Mason tired and bleeding gobs of blood from his nose. Both of us were covered with it.

In the third round I hit him with a left hook. He fell—more tired than hurt. He was up at nine. I fainted and worked into a clinch. "Sorry I hit you hard," I whispered.

He mumbled something. His lips were puffed and bleeding. He was the kind that bleeds easily.

Everyone was yelling for a knockout, but Jack told me to take it easy. Mason was apt to fall at any moment from sheer exhaustion.

We clinched most of the fourth round. I missed some hard rights to the chin. Soon the bell rang.

No decisions are given in Maine. We left the ring for the dressing-room.

Jack helped me wash the blood from my body at a faucet.

"Frank was right," laughed Jack.

I was dressing. Dan came over. "How much do I owe you, Eddie?" he asked.

"Much as I can get," I replied.

He gave me ten dollars.

III

Every morning Jack and I would get up early and run. We'd run three or four miles. Back at the house we would lie down to let the sweat come out, and then rub down with some liniment.

Jack found an old meal sack. We filled it, half sand and half sawdust, and hung it under a tree. In the late afternoons we would have our workout. Someone was always watching us. We would box three rounds together, shadowbox, skip rope, and hit our sand bag a round apiece, and then go for a shower.

One evening Dan drove around and watched us work out.

Afterward he showed us some cards. I was billed to fight Young Myers six rounds in the main bout.

"He's a Jew from Rhode Island," Dan said. "Y' won't have any trouble with him. He's slower and can't hit as hard as you."

"How much do I get?" I asked.

"Fifteen dollars if a good crowd's there."

I shook my head. "That's no money," I said.

"They're only two-minute rounds," said Dan.

"Need da dough," said Jack.

"All right," I grumbled.

Friday night Jack and I walked to the town hall. Jack carried my outfit in a small handbag. Many men called to us, smiling.

Dan took Myers and myself to his house to weigh in.

Myers was tall and slim. He had a big nose.

We weighed with our clothes on. I was 158, Myers 151. Myers began to squawk.

"Aw right then," I said. "If I'm too heavy we can take it easy. Make it look good."

"I'm not used to fighting that way. I like 'em on the square," Myers answered.

"Oh, aren't you?" I sneered. Jack snickered.

We walked back to the town hall. "I'll make a monkey outa that guy," I said to Jack.

"Take it easy with him," said Dan while I was undressing. "We gotta make it look good."

"See how the Jew acts," I answered.

The prelims were over. Jack and I started for the ring. There were nearly two hundred people there.

"I oughta get fifteen bucks," I said to Jack in my corner. "There's a pretty good crowd here."

"Fergit da dough," laughed Jack. "You're gonna fight in a few minutes."

Myers was in his corner. He had brought a good crowd of rooters. Some fellow sitting behind me yelled, "Knock him out, Myers! All he's got is a sunburn."

"Coupla more weeks in the sun an' they'll be sayin' you're a shine," said Jack.

Three girls near Myers's corner were calling to him. One looked at me. I winked. She turned away.

The referee called us to the center. Myers was taller but slimmer than I.

"I don't think he's much," Jack whispered from outside the ropes. "Jab his head off."

The first and second rounds Myers would rush me against the ropes. Then he'd rough me along the ropes. The ropes had no flannel wrapped around them. They burned my back, leaving red, raw splotches.

In the third round Myers, swinging hard, hit me on the chin. I clinched, looking toward Jack in the corner. He signaled me to start fighting.

Myers wasn't in good shape. By the end of the fourth round his nose was bleeding and his ribs red from my right-hand punches.

"Make him eat his words," said Jack.

I felt fine, taking deep breaths.

During the fifth I was all over Myers. He was tired—clinchin' all the time. In one clinch in his corner my head was under his arm. I looked at the girls who were begging Myers to kill me. I grinned, winking at them. They looked insulted.

Near the end of the fifth I was driving Myers across the ring, hitting him at will. He fell against the ropes. We clinched.

"Take it easy, will ya, Ed?" he gasped.

"Sure," I answered, hitting him with a right to the stomach. He doubled up.

"I got him beggin' for mercy," I panted to Jack in the corner.

"That's the stuff. Don't try to knock him out. Hurts more this way," said Jack. "How y' feel?"

"Fine."

The bell rang. Myers barely left his corner. I smacked him around easily. The crowd yelled for a knockout.

Myers was covering up, protecting his stomach. He'd come out of his crouch to swing a wild right in my direction.

Near the end of the round I looked at Jack while in a clinch. He slapped his hand against his chin.

We broke. Myers, covering up, protecting his stomach. I hit him on the chin, dazing him. Up came his hands. I hit him in the stomach. He fell forward into my arms. The bell rang while I stood there holding him up, my hands under his armpits. I pushed him backward into his chair.

IV

Jack and I wanted a car. We had about ten dollars of Frank's money left. With the money I had got fighting we had thirty-five dollars.

We did not want to pay more than thirty for a car.

Just as we were casting about for a way to get more money Dan drove up one evening.

"How'd you fellows like to make ten or fifteen dollars apiece?" he greeted us.

"Sure," I answered.

"Doin' what?" asked Jack.

"There's a fellow running some fights over near Long Lake. He just called up and asked me if I knew a couple good fighters that would go six rounds. I told him I did. We have to be there by eight o'clock."

It was seven o'clock. Jack and I ran in the house to get our outfits, then jumped into Dan's car.

"You'll hafta win this fight," Jack said. "Keep that record of yours clean."

The place was a dance pavilion. A ring was pitched in the center. At least three hundred people were in the place. Many Summer people were there, lounging about in white flannels.

Our fight was next. Dan was in my corner; a fellow volunteered for Jack.

Jack was announced as coming from Portland.

The bell rang and Jack and I turned toward each other. We were both in good shape from our daily workouts. We were able to go at top speed.

In the second round I went down for the count of six. I didn't have to fake much. Jack can hit.

I knocked Jack down twice in the fifth and once in the sixth. I won the fight in everyone's opinion.

We were paid twenty dollars apiece. Dan got ten.

Two days later we bought a car.

That Friday Dan did not have any fights.

Tuesday afternoon I met him on the street. "Ed, would yuh like to fight in Portland tonight?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered. "What's in it?"

"Y' won't get so much the first time. But if y' put up a good fight y' get more next time."

"I'll be around the house. You can get me there if you need me." I walked away.

At six o'clock Dan drove up in his car. "He says he wants you," he called.

"Jack and I'll be out in a minute," I answered.

"Jack won't be able to come."

"Why won't he?" I came near the car.

"I can't get passes for two handlers. He told me only one handler."

"Do you mind, not bein' able to go?" I asked Jack, who was coming toward us.

"Naw, that's all right, Ed," Jack answered. "If he can't get me in, he can't, that's all."

I got my outfit and sat down in the car beside Dan. Jack saw us off.

"Knock the guy out early," Jack yelled above the motor's noise, "an' get home early." I waved my hand in farewell.

It was thirty-five miles to Portland. We arrived there shortly after seven. The fights were at the Exposition building.

The Exposition building was a large brick affair, somewhat like an armory. Dan and I came through the entrance. Fans were already buying tickets—two windows with long lines of patient men.

Dan stopped to get the passes. I waited for him with my handbag in my hands. Fans looked at me as though I were a prize animal.

We went to the room where the preliminary fighters dressed. The smell of liniment bit deep into my lungs. Fighters lounged about, dressed and undressed.

"Find out who I'm fighting!" I told Dan.

Dan left the room while I stripped, laying my clothes over the back of a chair.

He was back in a few minutes with a short, heavy-set fellow—the match maker.

"Johnny, this is Eddie Sullivan," said Dan. I rose. "Glad to met you."

"There's the boy you're fightin', Young Marcoux." He nodded toward several fellows sitting on the opposite side.

"Did he mean that guy in the black tights?" I asked Dan, indicating the fellow with my eyes.

"I think he did," Dan answered. "Is it all right with you?"

"Yeah, sure. That guy's been takin' plenty, though." The fellow's nose was flattened, his left ear lumpy and bulbous.

I weighed in at 147. Several others weighed in. As we stepped from the scales a doctor put his stethoscope against our chests. Then we passed on.

It was eight o'clock. The dressing-room door opened; the noise of the crowd rushed in upon us.

The first prelim was on. Fifteen minutes after they left the two fellows came back. They both bore marks of a bruising fight. It must have gone the limit.

Dan came over. "You're not fightin' that guy. Somebody else."

"Aw right," I answered.

A young fellow came near. "Say, Mack, lend me your cup. I'm fightin' the next fight."

"Sure thing." I handed him my aluminum cup from the chair beside me. "Best o' luck, kid!" He slipped it on, put his tights over it and left the room hurriedly.

Dan began bandaging my hands—sloppily. I missed Jack. Jack could bandage hands.

The door opened. Several men came in. "Christ, dat was easy!" The fighter began pulling off his bandages.

The kid came in. He walked over to me, still in a daze. A mouse was rising under one eye, a trickle of blood ran from one nostril.

"Gee, I was knocked out." He said it as

if it were something he had believed impossible.

"That's all right." I clapped him on the shoulder. "The best of 'em get it sometime."

Dan pulled his tights down and slipped my cup off. We sat the kid down in a chair. A minute later I left the room.

There was a good crowd—about five thousand.

The fellow I was to fight was in his corner. I jumped in the ring. I was nervous. Dan fussed around me asking foolish questions. It got on my nerves.

Dan looked at the fighter in the other corner. "I know that guy, Ed. He fought for me once." He leaned over me. "He's yellin', Ed. Keep after him. He's yellin'."

"Aw right," I answered, snappishly.

The referee bellowed our names and weights. Young Marcoux was 145. I was 147.

We were called to the center. I wanted to get Marcoux's goat. I started to grin as the referee spoke to us. Marcoux looked down, surly.

Back in the corners we scraped shoes in the rosin.

Dan yelled from outside the ropes. "He's yellin', Ed. Keep after him. He's yellin'." I missed Jack and the feeling of confidence he gave me.

The bell rang. All the lights went out but the ones over the ring. Marcoux came out fast.

He was a slapper. He hit with the palm of his glove, a fast blow that sounded loud. The crowd roared, thinking I was being hit hard.

I kept grinning. Marcoux couldn't hurt me. In a clinch I winked broadly to Dan. The bell rang.

In the corner Dan began, "Keep after him, Ed. Hit him a couple times an' he'll fold up."

"For Christ's sake," I snapped, "you tol' me that a dozen times. Gimme some water."

Marcoux was getting discouraged. He didn't swing so often. When he missed a punch I could hear the breath whistle through his mouth.

But I didn't seem able to hit him. He was pretty fast.

I knew I was behind. If Marcoux kept up the fight at his present speed he might win.

"Hit him in the belly, Ed. He can't take it there," Dan said between rounds.

The bell rang for the third round. I rushed out faster than before. I caught Marcoux with a pretty right to the chin. He stepped back. I pushed him to the ropes, both hands working to his stomach. A man can do nothing more than clinch or cover up when his back is to the ropes. They hinder his fighting.

When the referee separated us I would rush him again, pounding him.

Marcoux's seconds were yelling wildly for him to keep away from the ropes. The crowd was cheering for me. Fight crowds always cheer a man who has been beaten the first few rounds, and then comes back and beats his man later in the fight.

We were in the center of the ring, sparing for an opening. Marcoux had slowed up. I was hitting him often, almost at will. I started a left hook—fast—to the chin. He didn't duck. He staggered away. I caught him quickly with a right, flush on the chin.

He flopped to the canvas near his corner. The crowd was yelling madly. I could plainly hear Marcoux's seconds exhorting him to take a nine count.

When he stood up I rushed him wildly. He stuck out his left hand. It landed square in my face. I was off balance. My legs folded under me and I sat down. Marcoux was surprised. So was I. Before

the referee could begin a count I was up. Twice more Marcoux took counts—one for six, the other for nine.

"Try an' knock 'im out. He's yellin'," Dan said between rounds.

The last round I chased Marcoux around. When I hit him in the stomach I could hear the breath whistle through his teeth. I hit him another left hook and he was down for a short count. Near the end of the round he went down again, more tired than hurt.

Back in the dressing-room Dan was jubilant. "It means we fight here again," he cried. He took my gloves off, untied my shoe laces. He was happy.

Dan kept my gloves. After all the fights were over he presented them at the window. He was given ten dollars.

I was standing near, watching Dan. As he turned away to come to me, Johnny, the match maker, called him. Dan nodded his head, agreeing with what Johnny was saying.

"What'd Johnny say?" I asked Dan.

"Wants y' to fight next week for eighteen bucks."

"That won't be so bad," I replied.

Dan handed me ten dollars. I gave him back four to help pay for the gasoline. We left the place and got into the car. In two hours we were in Bridgton.

V

In the evenings Jack and I would take a short drive in the car. There were two girls staying at the house next to us. We would often take them to a movie or a dance at a nearby pavilion. The car seemed to have an abnormal appetite for gasoline. Jack and I were always broke.

Our first month's wages, twenty-five dollars apiece, we had already spent.

We had gone to a dance. The Summer

people wore white flannels. Jack thought they looked nice. So did I. Two pairs of flannel trousers cost twenty-four dollars. I was anxious for Tuesday night's fight.

The next few days we trained strenuously. I was in great shape and full of pep. There was a snap to my punches which even Jack commented on.

From the papers we learned that I was to fight one Rocky Stone. He was tough and a hard puncher.

Monday evening, the night before my fight, I was sitting on the porch reading. Jack was in the backyard, tinkering with the car.

He came to the porch and called, "C'mon, Ed. The girls want to go for a ride."

"You know I'm fightin' tomorrow, don't you?"

"C'mon! We'll be back early."

We stopped twice to have ice-cream. We went to a dance. It was two-thirty when we got home.

The following afternoon I took a nap for an hour. Jack woke me at four o'clock. After we ate we sat around, waiting.

I was determined to have Jack in my corner if I had to pay for his admission.

Dan drove up at six. Jack put my outfit in the back and squeezed in the front with Dan and myself.

People were already milling about the entrance when we drove up. A Negro, a world's champion at his weight, was fighting tonight.

Jack waited outside while Dan and I went in. I looked around for Johnny. I found him watching the ticket-sellers.

"Johnny, can I get a pass for my handler?"

"Sure." Johnny reached over and handed one to me.

Jack was waiting outside. In a few minutes we were in the dressing-room.

"I'll bandage your hands later," Jack said. "We got plenty time." He and Dan went out.

Other fighters came in. It was nearly eight o'clock. Outside the crowd was getting impatient.

I finished dressing and sat down in a chair with a towel over my bare shoulders. I felt tired. My eyes closed. The chatter of the men in the room seemed miles away.

Several men were talking a few feet from me.

"Yeah," one said. "He's fightin' this Eddie Sullivan tonight."

My eyes opened. I sat still, eyeing the group—interestedly.

"Sullivan put up a good fight las' week," another said.

"Hell, he's only a dancing master," the first speaker answered. "Rocky'll hit him plenty."

I looked at the young fellow hurriedly undressing. He looked tough.

Jack came in the door. "There's a good crowd out there, Ed."

I looked at the men and grinned. They looked surprised.

We weighed in. Rocky weighed 150, I was 149. As I stepped from the scales Rocky grabbed my hand. "Glad to meet you." He spoke with a French accent. We shook hands, each eyeing the other. I liked Rocky. He seemed like a good sport.

The first prelim was over. Jack bandaged my hands. I shadow-boxed a few minutes.

The door opened. A fellow yelled, "Sullivan an' Stone." He had two pairs of gloves. He gave a pair to Jack.

Jack put them on me. He cut the loose ends. Then he broke the gloves—pushing the padding back from my knuckles.

Stone was in the ring. I hurried down the aisle, Jack and Dan behind me.

I sat down in my corner. Jack held the water-bottle while I rinsed my mouth.

We could hear people in the ringside seats talking.

"This Sullivan is pretty good, ain't he?" a fellow said.

"Yeah, so's Stone. He'll take all Sullivan can give. An' he's got one sweet punch," his neighbor answered.

"Box this guy, Ed." Jack leaned over me. "He's slow from what I hear, so jab 'im an' keep away from his right."

The referee motioned us to the center. As he began his usual talk about breaking clean I started grinning at Stone. He grinned back.

We were back in our corners. "Jab an' step away," cautioned Jack from outside the ropes. The bell rang.

I came out easily. Stone came out dancing. I was surprised.

Stone wouldn't lead. I would step close to him and jump back quickly. I ducked and feinted toward him but he danced around me. We stepped around each other for almost half a minute.

I saw that it was up to me to lead. I feinted a left jab then swung a hook to the jaw, coming close. Rocky clubbed his right to the back of my head. It hurt. I held on for a few seconds as he flailed about with both hands.

We both started to slug. I made Rocky back up. Suddenly an awkward right hand swing caught me on the chin. As I backedpedaled away Rocky threw punches at my face, my body.

In my corner Jack gave me a sniff of ammonia. It cleared my head. He held my tights away from my body. I took deep breaths of the hot, smoky air.

"Lissen," said Jack. "Jab this guy. Keep jabbin' 'im."

All through the second and third rounds I jabbed at Rocky's face. He couldn't keep away. A stream of blood ran from his nose. He wiped it hurriedly with his soggy glove

as though it were a sign of weakness for a man to bleed.

One of his wild rights had closed my left eye. My lips were puffed and bleeding.

The fourth round was furious. I slugged with Rocky. We were both tired. When I took a deep breath the smoke burned my lungs. The bell rang. Rocky and I were standing in the center of the ring, flat-footed, throwing punches that could not have done harm to a child.

In the dressing room Jack sponged me off. "Ed, you fought like a bum tonight. Sluggin' with that guy!" We both laughed.

Rocky came over, a bottle of rubdown in his hand. "That were some fight, Eddie." He held out his hand.

I grabbed his hand. "Yeah, we certainly tried to kill each other."

We finished dressing. Jack kept the gloves. We watched the Negro champion annihilate his white opponent—playing with him, and finally knocking him cold in the fourth round.

Dan went to the window with Jack and received eighteen dollars in exchange for the gloves. I gave Dan four dollars.

VI

There was a fair in Harrison, eight miles from Bridgton. Dan was running some fights there. I was matched to fight a fellow from New Hampshire. It was to be six rounds. I was to get thirty dollars.

The fight was three o'clock in the afternoon. Our car got us there by two.

By two forty-five there were about twenty people, willing to pay the dollar admission, inside. A few of the preliminary fighters hung around.

Dan was fussing near, tightening the ring ropes, looking at the few people.

He came over to me. "Doesn't look like there'll be much of a crowd," I said.

"Ed, I don't think your man is gonna show up. I'm sendin' for Bobby Grant. He's runnin' the athaletic arena down the street," Dan answered.

"I've heard a lot about him," I said.

Fifteen minutes later, as I was standing near the door, through it came a man. I knew he was Bobby Grant.

He was of average height, heavier set than myself. One ear was crumpled beyond recognition; the other, well on the way. His eyebrows were scarred and misshapen; his nose was twisted. His blue suit seemed small for him; his biceps strained the sleeves.

He looked inside at the small crowd, then began talking with Dan. I looked away.

"You're Sullivan, ain't you?"

I turned. "I am."

"I'm Bobby Grant." He held out his hand.

"Sullivan," Grant continued, "what do y' think of movin' our fight down to my tent? We can charge the same admission an' you'll get twenty-five percent of the money."

"I guess that's best," I replied.

Grant made the announcement to the people inside.

His tent was set in a field. Other tents were clustered around. It was a small fair—Ferris wheels, games of chance, roulette wheels.

Jack and I went inside the tent. In the middle a piece of canvas had been stretched. Four posts held down the corners. One strand of rope separated the ring from the people.

The ground under the canvas was bumpy.

"Christ," I whispered to Jack, "I won't be able to step aroun' that guy in this place."

"This is no place to fight," said Jack.

Two corners of the tent were partitioned off with canvas. Grant told me to undress in the farther corner. He began to strip in the other.

Jack was wrapping bandages on my hand. We were sitting on the ground talking low.

A shrill horn sounded outside the tent. Then a barker talked, advertising the fight.

"Eddie, Bobby wants to see you."

Jack and I came from behind the canvas. "What does he want?" I inquired.

"Wants you to get up on the platform."

We went outside. Grant and the barker stood on the platform. I climbed up beside Grant. The barker gave a five-minute spiel about us. People filed slowly into the tent.

Grant called me behind his piece of canvas. He was sitting on the ground, lacing his shoes. I leaned over him. He spoke low.

"Ed, I fixed it up so the rounds will be only a minute an' a half." I nodded my head. "There's only a small crowd an' we'd be crazy to fight our heads off."

I smiled. "Sure, that's right."

"Well, here's to one Irishman from another." We shook hands.

There were forty-odd people crowded in the tent. It was hot.

Grant was in his corner. I went to mine. Jack stood outside, leaning over, talking to me.

The referee was a young fellow. He had fought in some of the preliminary fights in Bridgton.

The bell rang. Grant and I came toward each other. Grant fought with his head lowered. My jabs hit him on the forehead. He would lunge toward me. I took his punches going away from him or on my arms.

During the first and second rounds Grant did not hit me. I would jab and dance away.

"Keep it up," said Jack. "Jab 'im." The bell rang for the third. The crowd was yelling. It was a fast fight.

Grant had straightened up. His jaw was open. I rushed him, letting my right go. Grant caught me as I came in. His glove seemed to whistle through the air. A left hook to my stomach.

The breath left my body. I doubled over. My legs were numb. A giddy feeling came over me. I looked from between my gloves at Grant.

The people were yelling, "Knock 'im out, Bobby, knock 'im out!"

One voice I heard above the others. "Hey there, Ref, tie Grant's glove." It was Jack.

The referee rushed over to Grant. He looked at Grant's gloves. "They're aw right," he yelled.

"Tuck the laces in," answered Jack.

I straightened up. I tried to force air into my body. Jack and I exchanged winks.

Grant rushed toward me. I clinched, wrestling with him. The referee broke us. A right staggered me. The bell rang.

"You saved me, Jack." Jack didn't answer. He splashed water on my head, my neck. I took deep breaths of air.

"Feelin' better?" asked Jack.

"I'm all right now," I answered.

"Play the ropes, Ed, for the rest of the fight."

The bell rang. Grant rushed me. I backed away till I felt the rope on my back. As Grant came toward me, I jabbed him, grabbing the rope with my right hand.

Then I pulled myself around completely. Grant missed me by several feet. The crowd laughed, telling him to step on it.

I continued to do it. Several times I fooled him—lashing out with several punches.

Grant would stop and say to me, "C'mon an' fight." I grinned back at him.

"Keep it up, Ed," Jack said to me.

I did. In the sixth round I slugged a little with Grant. The bell rang. I turned toward Jack, heaving a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad that's over," I said to Jack.

"Lucky y' were in good shape or y' couldn't 'ave lasted," answered Jack.

VII

We had been in Maine seven weeks. We decided to leave.

The car was sold for junk. It brought eight dollars. A bill of twelve dollars was paid at the service station. Good-byes were said to our friends.

Jack and I were sitting in the dining-car of the train eating supper.

"Jack, how much money have you?"

Jack pulled out his wallet. "Not quite ten bucks."

I shook my head slowly. "And I have about fifteen."

"That's what we come up with," Jack said.

I said nothing.

"Wonder what Frankie'll say—coming back broke," said Jack.



MUSIC

ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE: A RECORD

BY ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

AMONG the several important distinctions between music and literature or painting is the fact that music reaches its audience through the collaboration of two fine arts, the fine art of the composer and the fine art of the performer. As one studies the record of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge during the twelve years of her public patronage of music one begins to feel that a third art may also enter into this collaboration—the fine art of paying the bill.

Mrs. Coolidge's contribution to the musical life of the present day differs conspicuously from the contributions of other patrons of the art. In general, it may be said that most of the money paid out by wealthy people for the support of music goes toward defraying the expenses of performances, particularly of performances of the lavish and grandiose order. It is in connection with symphony orchestras and opera companies, with the prima donnas of the baton and the *scena ed aria*, that one usually associates the names of wealthy patrons.

Mrs. Coolidge, on the other hand, has devoted her efforts almost entirely to the support of chamber music. Her musical benefactions outside that field (such as her establishment of a pension fund for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and her contribution to the construction of the music building of Yale University) have only rarely gone to the direct subsidy of

performance. But the chamber music performances she has sponsored have been given on an extraordinarily wide scale, both in quantity and in geographical distribution. A patron who pays for series of concerts for which no admission is charged in half a dozen different cities in the course of a single season, and may herself attend none of them, is a patron indeed.

And yet the most important of Mrs. Coolidge's contributions, the one that sets her most apart from other patrons, is the fact that she has entered directly into the musically creative life of her time, has had an influence in directing the stream of contemporary musical composition, and has brought significant works into being.

The history of her work in chamber music may be briefly told. Members of the Sprague family of Chicago can command both of the advantages of wealth mentioned by R. L. Stevenson—the private yacht and the private string quartette. Whether or not Mrs. Coolidge has cruised the seven seas in her own yacht I do not know. I am inclined to doubt that she has. But from the concerts of her private quartette has grown an important force in contemporary music.

The first public festival of chamber music which she sponsored was given on her estate on South Mountain, outside Pittsfield, Mass., in 1918. Series of concerts known as the Berkshire Festivals were given here annually to invited audiences until 1924. (The festival audiences are always invited. The concerts of the other

series Mrs. Coolidge has given have been open to the general public, always without charge.) The festival programmes then, as well as later, were made up of modern compositions, many played for the first time, and classics of chamber music. In connection with all but one of the festivals prizes were given for new chamber works, the form and instrumentation of which were stipulated. These competitions were open to composers of all nationalities. The jury of award, selected by Mrs. Coolidge, varied from year to year. In addition to the prize winning works new compositions commissioned by her, paid for by a direct grant of money before a note had been written, were also performed.

The performers at the Berkshire Festivals included Mrs. Coolidge's own quartettes, the first known as the Berkshire and the second known as the South Mountain, the Elshuco Trio (an organization whose name is derived from Mrs. Coolidge's by a process known only to the originator) and American and foreign artists. Some of these latter were brought over from Europe especially for the festivals. Mrs. Coolidge herself occasionally played the piano in ensembles.

By 1924 the Berkshire Festivals had attracted sufficient attention to justify Mrs. Coolidge in feeling that they were of greater importance than any ordinary private series. Consequently she moved them to Washington, built a chamber music hall adjoining the Library of Congress, and endowed the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, which is administered by the Music Division of the library. The Coolidge Foundation, with which she is no longer officially connected, gives festivals in the library every eighteen months, sponsors international prize competitions, gives occasional concerts at the library and

elsewhere (such as the two long series given by the Gordon Quartette in Chicago in 1927 and 1928), and most recently has gone into publishing, with the issuance of Charles Martin Loeffler's setting of "The Canticle of the Sun," a work which owes its existence to a Coolidge Foundation commission.

The establishment of the foundation took the burden of administration out of Mrs. Coolidge's hands, but she is not happy when she is not stirring the chamber music pot. Consequently she has continued festivals, prize competitions, concerts and commissions on her own. She returned to Pittsfield for one of the recent personal festivals, went to California for others, and gave the most recent one in Chicago last October. She has sponsored concerts other than festivals in a dozen cities of Europe and a dozen cities of the United States. (The point dividing a concert series from a festival is a rather fine one. So far as Mrs. Coolidge is concerned, a festival appears to be a series of five concerts given in not more than five days.)

This, in brief and generalized outline, is the story. Now let us fill in some essential details. Below are lists, as complete as the careful files of the Library of Congress and Mrs. Coolidge's long memory permit, of the works that have been commissioned by her and by the foundation, and of the works which have won prizes. A list is also given of interpretive artists introduced to American audiences by both agencies. It will be understood that the terms quartette, trio, and quintette refer to the usual combinations of string instruments or of strings and piano.

COOLIDGE COMMISSIONS

Paul Hindemith—*Konzertmusik* for piano, brass and harps.

Eugene Goossens—String sextette.
 Conrad Beck—Concerto for string quartette and orchestra.
 Maurice Ravel—"Chansons Madécasses" for voice and small orchestra.
 Gabriel Pierné—Trio for flute, 'cello and piano.
 Arthur Bliss—Quintette for oboe and strings.
 Ottorino Respighi—"Trittico Botticelliano" for small orchestra.
 Arnold Schönberg—Third quartette.
 Ildebrando Pizzetti—Trio.
 Henry Eichheim—"Japanese Nocturne" for small orchestra.
 Carlos Salzedo—"Pentacle" for two harps.
 Albert Roussel—Trio for flute, 'cello and piano.
 Charles Martin Loeffler—Partita for violin and piano.
 Rebecca Clarke—Rhapsody for 'cello and piano.
 Leo Sowerby—Trio for flute, viola and piano.

FOUNDATION COMMISSIONS

Charles Martin Loeffler—"Canticle of the Sun," for voice and small orchestra.
 Henry F. Gilbert—Suite for small orchestra.
 Frederick Stock—Rhapsodic fantasia for small orchestra.
 Howard Hanson—Quartette.
 Igor Stravinsky—"Apollon Musagètes" (ballet).

COOLIDGE PRIZES

1918: Tadeusz Jarecki—Quartette.
 1919: Ernest Bloch—Suite for viola and piano.
 1920: G. Francesco Malipiero—"Rispetti e Strombotti" for quartette.
 1921: H. Waldo Warner—Trio.
 1922: Leo Weiner—Quartette.
 1924: Wallingford Riegger—"La belle dame sans merci," for voice and instruments.
 1926: Mario Pilati—Sonata for flute and piano.

COOLIDGE FOUNDATION PRIZES

1926: Albert Huybrechts—Sonata for violin and piano.

1929: Josef Hüttel—"Divertissement Grotesque" for five winds.

(The prize offered by the Foundation in 1928 was not awarded because the judges felt that no work worth it had been submitted.)

INTERPRETERS INTRODUCED BY MRS. COOLIDGE

The London String Quartette.
 The Wendling Quartette.
 Harold Samuel.
 The Roth Quartette.
 Lionel Tertis.
 Emma Lübbecke-Job.
 The Brosa Quartette.
 Harriet Cohen.

INTERPRETERS INTRODUCED BY COOLIDGE FOUNDATION

The English Singers.
 The Rosé Quartette.
 The Pro Arte Quartette.

The significance of these several listings is not instantly apparent. In discussing them I am forced to depart from my original intention of composing an objective record, to deal in immeasurables, and to discuss matters about which opinions may differ.

There is, of course, the basic question. Is it worth while? There are those for whom all modern compositions bear the same title as that suite of Satie—"Pieces Causing One to Flee." There is always a great knitting and raising of eyebrows at Coolidge festivals. More than once have I heard the whispered word, *meschugge*. One of my supplementary amusements at the festivals is the comparison of the loud praise tendered Mrs. Coolidge with the expressed opinions of the praisers on the new works for the presentation of which the festivals are given. Often the opinion is not delivered in Mrs. Coolidge's hearing.

But there is no possible basis for argument with minds as tightly shut against their time as the minds of too many musi-

cians. If modern music means nothing Mrs. Coolidge's money is being wasted. If, as some of us believe, such men as Bloch and Schönberg and Malipiero are among the most significant figures in the history of their art, her patronage is as important as that of Prince Rasoumowsky or the Archduke Rudolf, if not more important. For these men who assisted Beethoven made no change in the impetus and direction of his work, whereas Mrs. Coolidge's assistance has been a factor in new developments in music.

She never plays safe. Her audiences are not beguiled with sweet froth. Consequently the festivals have come to serve as a sort of musical weathervane. They show us how the wind is set in contemporary music, as well as any single set of concerts can do so. At Washington in 1928 one heard one classical or neo-classical composition after the other, until one was tempted to rent silk knee breeches and a powdered wig in order to be appropriately dressed. At Chicago in 1930 all but two or three of the twelve new works presented contained passages or entire movements of a vigorous dissonant counterpoint, suggesting a generalized fusion of the more or less reactionary tendency toward classicism with the tendency, which has continued progressively across the centuries, toward extension of the concepts of harmony and tone color.

The debt of modern composers to Mrs. Coolidge is here indicated in so inadequate a form as to be misleading, as such cold tabulations often are. In most cases commissions given by her have no strings tied to them. The composer is free to write what he pleases, provided the result comes under the elastic category of chamber music. Occasionally, however, a Coolidge commission stipulates the form or the in-

strumentation of the work to be composed. In some cases this stipulation has had unusually fortunate results. The Bliss oboe quintette is a case in point. Mrs. Coolidge commissioned a work for oboe and strings from the English composer because she wanted something for the oboeist Leon Goossens to play, and the work is likely to assay higher than anything else Bliss has done so far.

In the last fifteen years a decided change has come over musical composition, a swerving of direction from large orchestral expression to the smaller forms of the chamber ensemble. Many factors would have to be brought in to account for this in full. Some of these factors would be purely mechanical, some would have to do with a change in the general æsthetic point of view of our time. One of them, I am firmly convinced, would be the patronage of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

The number of compositions dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge is almost beyond computation. In many cases this dedication means nothing more than that the composer hoped that dedication would mean performance. In other cases it has infinitely greater significance. Malipiero had written little or nothing in the way of chamber music before winning the Berkshire prize in 1920. Since then he has written many chamber compositions, most of them dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge. It is therefore quite possible that such remarkable and important works as the "Stornelli e Ballate" and "Sonata a Tre" of G. Francesco Malipiero owe the fact of their present form to Mrs. Coolidge. The case of Bloch is similar. Most of his chamber works have been written since the Berkshire prize was awarded him in 1919; many of these have been given their first performance at Coolidge festivals. (That

Berkshire prize, by the way, was perhaps the first important sign of recognition that Bloch won in America.) And the influence of Elizabeth Coolidge is similarly seen when one consults the lists of chamber works written by other composers of today. She has not only helped to present examples of the most important phase of contemporary music; she has helped in no small way to make chamber music supreme in the efforts of contemporary composers.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

- "SIEGFRIED." *Voice & Orchestra*
 By Richard Wagner. *Victor*
 \$15. Album of 10 12-in. records *Camden*
- "A FAUST OVERTURE." *Orchestra*
Ibid. *Brunswick*
 \$3. 2 12-in. records *New York*
- "LOHENGRIN" (Prelude to Act I). *Orchestra*
Ibid. *Brunswick*
 \$1.50 12-in. record *New York*
- "DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER" (Senta's Ballad). *Voice & Orchestra*
Ibid. *Victor*
 \$1.50 10-in. record *Camden*

The "Siegfried" album is not, of course, a complete recording of the music drama. It makes, however, a most agreeable compilation. Three orchestras (and four conductors) contribute their abilities: Albert Coates and his London Symphony, who are most prominent; Karl Alwin and members of the Vienna State Orchestra; and Leo Blech and the orchestra of the Berlin State Opera. The singers are Lauritz Melchior and Albert Reiss, tenors; N. Grünbaum, soprano; Emil Schipper, baritone; R. Boeckelmann, bass-baritone; Rudolph Laubenthal, tenor; Frida Leider, soprano. Prof. Robert Heger conducts the London band in some of the selections. A condensed "Siegfried," then—a sort of Wagnerian "gems of the opera." The "Faust" overture is played by the Berlin State Opera band under Oscar Fried; the fourth face of this release is devoted to Liszt's orchestration of Schubert's "Hun-

garian March" in C minor, played by the Berliners under Alois Melichar. The same band, under Max von Schillings, does the prelude to "Lohengrin." The soprano of the familiar ballad is Elisabeth Rethberg. The "Siegfried" anthology is, on the whole, a satisfactory performance. At times the orchestra overpowers the voices—a phenomenon not unfamiliar in stage productions of Wagner and somehow inherent in the very conception of the Master; the woodland scene—a triumph of genius over absurdity—comes off well, and especially effective is the episode of the sword-forging, which brims with youth and energy. The "Faust" overture is an inferior, or certainly a lesser, composition. It has interesting themes, but they get nowhere. How vastly superior to these wanderings is the "Faust" symphony of Papa-in-law Liszt! The "Lohengrin" performance misses somehow the ethereality of the now hackneyed music, though it is done under Von Schillings' practised baton. As for La Rethberg, it is always a pleasure to hear her sing.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in B flat Major.

- The Chicago Symphony Orchestra*
 By Robert Schumann. *Victor*
 \$8. Album of 4 12-in. records *Camden*
- SYMPHONY No. 6, in B Minor.
The Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By P. I. Tschaiikowsky. *Victor*
 \$10. Album of 5 12-in. records *Camden*

The last face of the Schumann album is devoted to Glazounov's "Pas d'Action" (Op. 52, No. 5), an exhibition of correct emotion in ballet form. This is, like so much of Glazounov, the visage of beauty rather than the soul. Schumann's symphony, a joyous outburst of gushing melody that is forever sweet without turning diabolic, wears its age well. It is almost ninety years old, yet its fanfares still herald an enduring masterpiece that is simply aglitter, in its vernal enthusiasm, with felicitous touches. Stock misses the impetuosity of the opening, but before long the music sweeps him on; the larghetto is done with understanding delicacy. A welcome addition, this, to the symphonic catalogue. . . . The same may be said for the Rus-

sian's "Pathetic" symphony, with its cloud-burst of tears, idle tears. What keeps Tchaikowsky popular is his geyser of self-pity; what keeps him musically alive, however, is a technical skill that, for all his unblushing morbidity and equally uninhibited joy, may still command admiration. The third movement, despite the contention of the album-pamphlet that the march themes are innately banal, is admirably conceived and as admirably developed. It stands forth alike from the composer's work and from modern symphonic writing. Far from being banal (it is essentially simple, which is another thing altogether), it fairly synthesizes good Peter Ilyich . . . Koussevitzky, when he does Tchaikowsky well, does a marvellous job. There is here a kinship of temperaments. Though he has made a most satisfactory recording of the famous Sixth, it is not up to the many actual performances that these ears have heard under his baton. The mounting excitement of the march movement, fine as it is on the records, does not equal Koussevitzky's best; occasional muddiness, too, blurs the Tchaikowskian depths.

SHEET MUSIC

"SAHARAN SILHOUETTES." *Piano*
By Lily Strickland. *Oliver Ditson*
\$1.25. 9¼ x 12¼; 21 pp. *Boston*

Four silhouettes comprise the unpretentious and not too effective collection. They are presented with suggestions for dance interpretations, and are named, in order, "Oasis," "Dervish Dance," "The Phantom Caravan" and "Desert Moon." The notes read like the wordy, uninspired comments of radio announcers—"caravans on the march . . . silent men on camels, moving eternally from the unknown to the unknown. . . . The magic of the desert has produced an infinite variety of phantasmagoria." The music itself dies down to a species of undistinguished drum-beating. What the composer really had to say—not much—she says in her programme notes.

SELECTIONS FROM "GIRL CRAZY."

Voice & Piano
By George & Ira Gershwin. *Harms*
30 cents 9¼ x 12; 5 and 7 pp. *New York*

Seven songs are available from the score of this recent Broadway hit, and even in the simplified form that is imperative for the purposes of popular consumption it is to be seen that the Gershwin brothers, far from having shot their bolt, are as felicitous as ever in their combination. "Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm" and "Could You Use Me" belong to the class of hit that is deliberately planted in a musical show. This feat is comparable to the hit-and-run strategy of baseball; when it works it comes off beautifully, and when it doesn't it is a sorry fizzle. These hits "work." There is sly insinuation in both the words and music of "Could You Use Me?" The rhythm song *is* rhythm, and "Embraceable You" has swing and charm. "Bidin' My Time" is really a production number, admirably "themed" by an excellent rube quartette. "But Not for Me" is more conventional sob stuff. The best pieces of the group are easily "Boy! What Love Has Done to Me!" and "Sam and Delilah" . . . Gershwin is constantly experimenting with variety inside the rather rigid 32-bar formula of the chorus. He devises new rhythmic figures; he evades the path of orthodox harmonic progressions; he imparts to his accompaniments a vitality independent of their conventional function as harmonic support; he inserts, almost furtively, little inner melodies. In the refrain of "Boy! What Love Has Done to Me!" he may be discovered accomplishing all these feats. The best piece in the production, however, is "Sam and Delilah," in which the stereotyped verse-and-chorus formula is abandoned for a wailing "blues" with an eight-bar refrain and a sixteen-bar commentary from the chorus. This broad entrance of the chorus, with a return into C major from the E-flat major of the refrain, chanting the opening melody a fifth higher, creates on the stage one of the most haunting moments that our musical comedy can boast of.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Cops and Their Ways

THE THIRD DEGREE, by Emanuel H. Lavine. \$2. 8½ x 5½; 248 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

MR. LAVINE is a police reporter of long practise in New York. In a way his book proves it, for it is written in slipshod and often irritating journalese, but in another way it conceals the fact, for he deals with the police in a frank and objective manner that is very rare among men of his craft. Most of them, after a year or two at headquarters, become so coppish themselves that they are quite unable to discuss the constabulary art and mystery with any show of sense. They fade into what Mr. Lavine himself calls police buffs; that is, police enthusiasts, police fans. A headquarters detective, though he may present to the judicious eye only the spectacle of an ill-natured and somewhat thievish jackass, becomes a hero to them, and they regard an inspector with his gold badge in the wistful, abject fashion proper to the contemplation of the Holy Saints. Every American newspaper of any size has such a police reporter on its staff; there must be at least a thousand in the whole country. But they never write anything about cops that is either true or interesting, and so the literature of the subject is a blank.

Mr. Lavine's book is scarcely to be called literature; nevertheless, it makes a beginning. His discussion of the contents of the average policeman's mind is searching, accurate, and withal humane. He does not ask men of a useful but still very humble profession to be philosophers, but on the other hand he does not exaggerate such

modest mental gifts as they really have. He sees them as fellows who, in the main, are as honest as the next man, but labor under a stupidity which makes them close to helpless before rogues in general and wholly helpless before rogues of their own corps. The tone of the craft, unfortunately, is set by the last-named. They perform the outrages that have come, in the United States, to be associated with the name of policeman, and they are safe behind the fact that the average cop would rather conceal and protect them than run any risk of besmirching the force in general. Thus it is hard for reformers to get evidence against police grafters, and it is almost unheard of for other cops to expose them.

As his title indicates, Mr. Lavine devotes a large part of his book to describing the so-called third degree. His accounts of it have the gaudy picturesqueness of good war correspondence. Blood not only flows in streams; it spouts and gurgles. He tells of criminals so badly beaten by police-station Torquemadas that they went *mashug-gah*, and Sing Sing had to yield them to Matteawan. But he manages to get through his account without any show of moral indignation. It is very uncommon, he says, for an innocent man to be thus ill used. The cops seldom get out their rubber-hose shillelahs and lengths of automobile tire save when they have a clearly guilty man before them, and are trying to force something out of him—say the names of his accomplices—that will aid them in their art. Mr. Lavine believes that few professional criminals are able to with-

stand a really brisk third degree. They may hold out long enough to be somewhat severely mauled, but by the time the ceiling begins to show bloodstains and their bones begin to crack they are eager to betray their friends and get to hospital. Many a time such a session *in camera* has yielded enough evidence to fill the death-house. Thus, while the third degree is clearly illegal, it is justified by the national pragmatism, for it undoubtedly works.

Mr. Lavine says that the curse of the cops, speaking professionally, is the sensitiveness of the district attorney's office to political and other pressure. Every day they see perfectly good cases go to pieces in the courtroom. As a result their most arduous labors, sometimes at the risk of their lives, go for naught, and they are naturally upset and full of woe. Not infrequently they beat up a prisoner because they fear that he will be able to escape any other punishment. They know that he is guilty, but they also know that he has a sharp lawyer, so they fan him while they have him. This fanning—or massaging, as they call it—is greatly dreaded by criminals. Says Mr. Lavine:

Strong-arm men, gorillas and tough gangsters who cheerfully commit dastardly and murderous assaults are usually not afraid of a mere arrest. . . . But massaging by the police is a different affair. The same gangster who would kick a stranger in the abdomen or use a blackjack on a passing citizen for refusing him the price of a drink will either whimper or scream with fear when the workout begins.

There is here a hint for lawmakers. Let them restore the bastinado, as has been done in England, and they will not have to resort to Baumes laws and other such extravagant and desperate devices, most of which do not work. The English, when they take a tough boy in an assault with firearms, give him what, in America,

would be regarded as a very short term of imprisonment, but they keep him jumping while he is behind the bars by cowhiding him at regular intervals. In consequence, there are very few gunmen in England. In the United States any such programme would bring loud protests from so-called humanitarians. But there is really no reason why whipping should be inhumane. In England its aim is not to butcher the culprit but simply to hurt him—above all, to invade and make a mock of his professional dignity. It is hard for him, when he gets out, to posture as a hero, for all his associates know that he has been flogged like a schoolboy, and they can imagine his yells.

Mr. Lavine's book deserves hard study by the ladies and gentleman who now appear before the country as penologists, and are full of plans to put down crime by metaphysical devices. He is not much of a philosopher, but he knows his facts. His picture of the police is the most accurate and illuminating ever got upon paper.

Mr. Hoover Under the Muckrake

THE GREAT MISTAKE, by John Knox.

\$3. 9 x 5 3/4; 176 pp. Washington: *The National Foundation Press*.

THE subject here is the Hon. Herbert Hoover, LL.D., thirty-first President of the United States, and the author, whoever he may be, takes a very unfavorable view of him. In fact, he hints more than once that the hon. gentleman ought to be impeached, and in support of that suggestion he brings forward a great deal of curious evidence, most of it having to do with the Hooverian activities, in the days before the war, as a promoter of mine stocks. I have read this evidence attentively, and I confess frankly that I did so in some hope of finding it convincing, but at the end I am forced to say that it leaves me full of

doubt. That the mine stock business is not very savory is known to everyone, but that Dr. Hoover contributed anything to it that could be rationally described as villainy is simply not proved. On the contrary, the very testimony adduced by this Mr. Knox shows that the Wonder Boy, as mine promoters ran in London thirty years ago, was a relatively conscientious and respectable one, and that he kept himself very far from even the shadow of felony.

The chief charge leveled at him has to do with the affairs of the Chinese Engineering & Mining Company, Ltd., aired in court in London in 1905. Four years before this, in 1901, Dr. Hoover was in China as the representative of the English firm of Bewick, Moreing & Company, and as such came into contact with a Chinese magnifico named Chang Yen Mao, director-general, by appointment of the old Empress Dowager, of all the mines owned by the Chinese government in the provinces of Chih-li and Jehol. China was in turmoil at the time, and Chang conceived the idea that it would be prudent to transfer some of the mines to a British company, and so make sure of protection for them in case of foreign intervention. Through a German named Detring he approached Dr. Hoover and without much difficulty an arrangement was made. By its terms Bewick, Moreing & Company were to organize the Chinese Engineering & Mining Company and take over its management and financing, and Chang was to transfer to it certain valuable mines. At the same time a supplemental memorandum was signed. By it Chang was to be retained as director of these mines, and a Chinese board was to be set up to assist in the management, though without any very definite duties or rights.

When the Empress Dowager heard of this contract she decided that it ran too

much in favor of the purchasers, and so she ordered Chang to get out of it and recover the mines, on penalty of having his head chopped off. This sent him rushing to England, and there, in 1905, he sued Bewick, Moreing & Company in the High Court of Justice before Mr. Justice Joyce. His main allegation was that Bewick, Moreing & Company had failed to carry out the supplemental memorandum—that they had deposed him as director and given no heed to the Chinese board. He also made certain allegations about the financing, to the general effect that Bewick, Moreing & Company were getting too much profit out of it. The case was heard at length, and Mr. Justice Joyce gave judgment in favor of Chang. He decided that the memorandum was an essential part of the agreement of sale, and that it would have to be carried out. But he added that Chang, so far, had lost nothing substantial, and so refused to give him any damages. The costs of the case—a somewhat lengthy and expensive one, with such bigwigs as Rufus Isaacs, now Lord Reading, at the trial table—were charged to Bewick, Moreing & Company.

I can find nothing in the testimony that is discreditable to Dr. Hoover, taking all the circumstances into consideration. Naturally enough, he made every effort, as the representative of Bewick, Moreing & Company, to drive the best bargain possible, but there is no evidence that he resorted to questionable devices to that end. The man in front of him, Chang, was admittedly a slippery fellow, whose eagerness to safeguard the interests of the Chinese government was considerably diluted by an enlightened regard for his own. Bewick and Moreing, having had long experience with Chinese officials, were disposed to treat him rough, but Dr. Hoover, it appears, inclined toward a milder course.

For one thing—and it is an essential thing—he strongly favored executing the memorandum to the letter, which would have given Chang substantially everything he asked for. Bewick and Moreing were against this—at all events, until the last days of the trial, when they made a change of front. Mr. Justice Joyce denounced that change of front as proof of their bad intentions, but certainly it was no indication of bad intentions on the part of Dr. Hoover; on the contrary, it showed that he had been right and fair all along. Nor is any importance to be attached to certain harsh words that the learned justice loosed from the bench on the subject of mine stock promoters in general, for the case had aroused much interest in China, and the British government was openly eager to have it end in the odor of virtue, that the Chinese might be willing to sell other mines to British promoters in future. Mr. Justice Joyce simply dealt a friendly lick to that end.

Thus it seems to me that Dr. Hoover came out of the business without any appreciable smirch. As a mine stock promoter, of course, he could not afford to be too squeamish, especially when dealing with Chinamen, but he surely did nothing worthy of serious reprehension. Nor is there anything discreditable in the other transactions that Mr. Knox sets forth, quoting from the Mining Annual. In those days, as in these, Dr. Hoover had a high veneration for money, and so he tried to get as much of it as he could. His common method was to find bankrupt mines in remote parts of the world, organize companies to rehabilitate them, float the stock in London, and then try to make them pay. Sometimes he succeeded but more often he failed. There was, however, no deception. The people who bought the stock knew that they were taking long

chances. When money rolled in they gobbled it merrily; when a keg of red ink was broached they had to grin and bear it. Dr. Hoover gave most of his companies high-sounding and fantastic names—the Inter-Siberian Syndicate, the Natomas Land & Dredging Trust, the Kyshtim Corporation, the Lake View and Oroya Exploration, Ltd., and so on. Obviously, these names, in themselves, were fair notice to investors that he was not offering government bonds.

Mr. Knox proceeds from Hoover the promoter to Hoover the uplifter, and is soon on firmer ground. He makes rather too little, it seems to me, of the Belgian relief enterprise—a highly dubious business at best. It was humanitarian only by a sort of afterthought; its main object was to serve as an agent of British propaganda in the war. Whether Hoover knew this object from the start or was hoodwinked by his English friends I don't know, but certainly he turned out, whether willingly or not, to be the most effective propagandist that they had, not even excepting Lord Bryce. Even here, however, the deception was preciously thin. Every American of any sense knew by the end of 1914 that Belgian relief was no more than a device to harass and defame the Germans. Its chief shouters on this side of the water, like its heroes at the front, were all notorious Anglomaniacs. Such devices must be accepted as legitimate in war, but it is certainly odd to find a man so useful to the English being elevated afterward to the chief place in the country that they dislike above all others, and upon which, when the time comes, they will undoubtedly try to wreck the moral indignation that but lately bathed Germany. Dr. Hoover is the first President since Washington who has actually worked for the English. It is something to think about.

Mr. Knox shows that the hon. gentleman was a qualified voter in Kensington from 1911 to 1915, and that he once wrote "London, Eng." after his name on the guest-register of a New York club. But these facts are trivial. Any man who pays taxes is registered as a voter in England, and Dr. Hoover's home was actually in London in 1917, though he retained his American citizenship. Nor is there anything apposite in the proof that, when he was Food Administrator in 1918, he diverted sugar from the United States to the Allies. That was simply the pleasant fashion of the time. A pathological yearning to Serve Humanity was on the American people, and they welcomed any chance to make sacrifices. Everyone knew that Dr. Hoover was doing precisely what he is now accused of doing. The verb *to hooverize* was invented to indicate one of the necessary consequences of his activity, and most Americans regarded it proudly. If, in fact, he had kept the sugar in America all the pro-Ally extremists, and especially all the Anglomaniacs, would have denounced him as a scoundrel, and he would never have got into Harding's Cabinet, or been launched upon his long struggle for the Presidency. It is silly to upbraid him now for what, when it was done, was regarded officially and popularly as the highest sort of virtue.

Thus Mr. Knox's main counts turn out, on examination, to be very feeble. He proves that Dr. Hoover was once a promoter of somewhat dubious mine stock—but the fact has always been known, and is, in any case, irrelevant. He proves that Hoover once served the English earnestly and even voluptuously—but so did Wilson and Roosevelt. He proves that Hoover was stingy with sugar during the war—but that is exactly what he was appointed to be. Such allegations, it seems to me, are

puerile and without effect. The true objection to Dr. Hoover does not lie in what he was or did on some half-forgotten yesterday; it lies in what he has said and done since he got within reach of the White House. I believe that most intelligent Americans regard him as a great failure as President, and that large numbers of them are in serious doubt about his dignity and integrity as a man. There are, indeed, obvious defects in his character, as his public acts reveal them. Some of them are common to all politicians, but he shows them in an exaggerated form.

One is a woeful lack of what, for want of a better term, may be called a sense of honor. There would seem to be very few things that he is resolutely and implacably determined *not* to do, given a plausible temptation to the doing. His whole course with respect to Prohibition, for example, has been that of a shallow opportunist, either without convictions altogether or willing to sacrifice them to the first advantage. So in his dealings with concrete men: he seems to see no distinction whatever between good ones and bad ones, provided only they can serve his ambition. He got into office by the aid of the worst gang of political rogues and vagabonds ever assembled, and on an issue that a more sensitive man would have shrunk from turning to profit. But Dr. Hoover's protests against the scurrilities and imbecilities of the campaign remained feeble and academic; he never took any forthright step against them. Nor has he shown any greater delicacy of feeling since his election. His appointments, in the main, have been atrocious, and he is still surrounded by men who prove that he is yet able to endure stench as callously as he did while he sat in Harding's Cabinet.

It is hard to respect such a man, whatever his talent may be. There is something

plainly inferior about him. He is not, in any rational sense, a leader, but simply a go-getter. Here, I think, is sufficient reason for the low esteem in which he is so plainly held. What he was up to back in 1901 is beside the point; most of his chief enemies, I daresay, were up to something quite as bad, if not worse. His estate and dignity as President are to be determined by his acts as President. It seems to me that they exhibit him as a lamentably pliant and devious fellow, with little sense of his grave responsibility and not too much self-respect.

The Old Religion vs. the New

GOD WITHOUT THUNDER: *An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy*, by John Crowe Ransom. \$3.50. 8½ x 5½; 334 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

MR. RANSOM, who confesses without any apparent shame that he is the son of one theologian and the grandson of another, is very serious in this book, and full of metaphysics; nevertheless, he might have chosen as its motto the immortal lines of Frank M. Stanton:

It doesn't matter what they preach,
Of high or low degree;
The old Hell of the Bible
Is Hell enough for me.

'Twas preached by Paul and Peter;
They spread it wide and free;
'Twas Hell for old John Bunyan
And it's Hell enough for me.

His main thesis is a perfectly sound one, and he maintains it with great plausibility. It is, in brief, that the current effort to reconcile science and religion, chiefly carried on by such romantic physicists as Dr. R. A. Millikan and Dr. Michael Pupin, can only result in reducing religion to the shabby level of Rotarianism. Either Christianity is true or it is not true. Either there

is a God or there is not. If the latter alternatives are embraced, then it is idle to talk of religion at all. But if the former are accepted, then human experience offers overwhelming support for believing that the God of Thunder of the Old Testament is nearer the true God than any of the pallid made-in-Greece Gods that infest the New Testament or any of the feeble abstractions invented by scientists eager to retain their respectability without actually getting on their knees. It seems to me that this is quite obvious. In so far as we human beings really apprehend a God in our daily lives, He is plainly the rough and illogical old savage of what the higher critics call the Yahwistic document—that is, the Yahweh of the Pentateuch. This God has His mild and even amiable moments, but He is generally harsh and forbidding. He is the God of politics and parturition, of woe and lamentation, of regret and remorse.

Mr. Ransom admits that He may be a myth, but contends that such myths have a deep reality, even surpassing the reality of objective fact. They fill the great gaps that science cannot bridge. Science, in the last analysis, deals only with small things, seizing upon them at a certain point in space and time. It can describe a microbe very acceptably (though surely not completely), but it is helpless in the presence of the Matterhorn, and absurd in that of the whole universe. The human mind, confronting its definitions, is always uneasily conscious that something more is to be said—that a vast congeries of causes and elements lies outside its reach. Astronomy, when it charts the movements of the stars, simply begs the question. Why? how? when? where?—these problems remain. A myth, says Mr. Ransom, is simply an effort to answer them in common human terms—a device to bring them out of

the region of the unknowable. It may be untrue in every detail susceptible to scientific examination, and yet it may have a sort of truth as a whole. Of such sort is the myth of Yahweh, the two-fisted, roaring, irrational God of the Old Testament. He is, as an objective fact, preposterous, and yet He accounts quite plausibly for the universe as man beholds it, for if such a Creature actually existed that universe might be substantially as it is.

Mr. Ransom interprets the story of the Garden of Eden as a myth designed to set forth the essential vanity of man's yearning to know God. Satan is the eternal scientist, bold, contumacious, bumptious and vain, and yet doomed to essential failure in the long run. Jesus he sees as a Greek philosopher elevated, by the stupidity of the early Christian Fathers, to unconvincing Godhood. The whole tendency of New Testament Christianity has been to get rid of the God made manifest in the universe, and substitute an unsatisfying abstraction. Like science, it fails to deal plausibly with the problem of evil. The God of infinite love, in the presence of the most ordinary human affliction, becomes a mere puzzle, and hence ridiculous. Mr. Ransom believes that there is a better answer to the eternal riddle in the Yahweh of the Pentateuch, with His violent likes and dislikes, His arbitrary cruelties and His sudden and incomprehensible mercies. He may not be a very savory character, but He at least accounts for the world that men must live in.

Mr. Ransom confesses, at the end, that he has no counsel for the concrete Christian. He hesitates to recommend a rush into the Orthodox Greek Church, and he hesitates equally to advise Christians to become Jews. The Jews, in fact, have got almost as far away from "the ancient God of Israel" as the *goyim*. Nor is there any-

thing inviting to the true customer of old Yahweh in Catholicism, or in its Anglican outhouse, or in the dreadful sects which flow from Calvin and Wesley. So Mr. Ransom leaves the matter unsettled. The one thing he is sure of is that the Godless pseudo-religion of Millikan, Pupin and company is a vile counterfeit, smelling of celluloid. All he offers in the way of definite advice is this:

With whatever religious institution a modern man may be connected, let him try to turn it back toward orthodoxy.

Let him insist on a virile and concrete God and accept no principle as a substitute.

Let him restore to God the thunder.

Let him resist the usurpation of the Godhead by the soft modern version of the Christ, and try to keep the Christ for what He professed to be: the Demigod who came to do honor to the God.

The book is overladen with purely metaphysical speculation, nearly all of it obscure and most of it unnecessary. The essential parts of it, given sufficient skill, might have been put into a tenth of the space. Nor is the style as graceful as it might be. Mr. Ransom practises as a poet, and poets, when they essay prose, commonly write it very well, but he seems to be an exception to the rule, probably because of his theological heritage. Now and then he falls into sheer absurdity, as when, for example, he protests that "it is very common to exempt literature from responsibility to the canons of naturalism while holding religion strictly up to the mark". The answer here is so simple that any schoolboy may be trusted to think of it. It is that literature, when it is imaginative, does not pretend to record a series of objective facts, but revealed religion always does. As poetry the Old Testament is quite beyond challenge, but as a record of fact it is preposterous.

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MATTHEW PAXTON is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.

ERIC SONNICHSEN is also the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.

WILLIAM E. WILLNER is a New York architect.

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